

22 March 1980

UK 25p

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ISSN 0028 6362

US \$1.75 (by air)

ONE FOR ALL YOU DORIS DAY FANS:

**Weller just
blew in from
the Windy
City . . .**



**THE JAM JET INTO
CHICAGO AND DETROIT.
NME GOES UNDERGROUND
PAGES 32/3/6.**

"Number one on the Beeb chart and NME front cover all in the same week? Somebody's putting a few quid about back home . . ."

Paul Weller pic: Joe Stevens

Weller

Aus 55c NZ 60c Den Kr 7.50 Fr NF 8.50
Ger Dm 3.30 Malaysia \$1.90 Spn 110pts

PUBLISH AND BE JAMMED!

NME CHARTS

Week ending March 22, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (2)	Together We Are Beautiful Fern Kinney (WEA)	4	1
2 (1)	Atomic..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	1
3 (4)	Games Without Frontiers Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	3
4 (3)	Take That Look Off Your Face Marti Webb (Polydor)	5	3
5 (19)	Do That To Me One More Time Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	4	5
6 (6)	So Lonely..... Police (A&M)	5	6
7 (12)	Turning Japanese..... Vapors (United Artists)	3	7
8 (10)	Hands Off She's Mine..... The Beat (Feet)	4	8
9 (9)	All Night Long..... Rainbow (Polydor)	3	9
10 (16)	Dance Yourself Dizzy..... Liquid Gold (Polo)	2	10
11 (17)	Cuba..... Gibson Brothers (Island)	4	11
12 (8)	And The Beat Goes On..... Whispers (Solar)	7	5
13 (23)	Stomp..... Brothers Johnson (A&M)	4	13
13 (22)	Working My Way Back To You Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	2	13
15 (29)	Echo Beach...Martha & The Muffins (DinDisc)	2	15
16 (7)	Carrie..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	3
17 (—)	Going Underground..... Jam (Polydor)	1	17
18 (5)	I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down Elvis Costello (F Beat)	5	2
19 (14)	Rock With You..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	6
20 (—)	Spirit Of Radio..... Rush (Mercury)	1	20
21 (—)	Holdin' On..... Tony Rallo (Calibre)	1	21
22 (—)	Poison Ivy..... Lambrettas (Rocket)	1	22
23 (—)	Another Nail In The Heart..... Squeeze (A & M)	1	23
24 (11)	Coward Of The County Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	8	1
25 (18)	So Good To Be Back Home Again Tourists (Logo)	6	10
26 (26)	Tonight I'm Alright Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)	2	25
27 (—)	Don't Push It Don't Force It Leo Haywood (20th Century)	1	27
28 (—)	Turn It On Again..... Genesis (Charisma)	1	28
29 (15)	Ghost Riders In The Sky..... Shadows (EMI)	6	9
30 (—)	Hello I Am Your Heart... Bette Bright (Korova)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Happy House — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor).
Let's Do Rock Steady — Body Snatchers (2 Tone).
Love Injection — Trussel (Asylum).
King/Food For Thought — UB40 (Graduate).
Just A Touch Of Love — Slave (Atlantic).
Ooh Boy — Rose Royce (Whitfield).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (29)	Tears And Laughter..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	1
2 (1)	String Of Hits..... Shadows (EMI)	19	1
3 (7)	Tell Me On A Sunday... Marti Webb (Polydor)	4	3
4 (3)	Last Dance..... Various (EMI)	7	1
5 (9)	Greatest Hits..... Rose Royce (Whitfield)	2	5
6 (2)	Regatta De Blanc..... Police (A&M)	22	1
7 (8)	Get Happy..... Elvis Costello (F Beat)	5	2
8 (5)	Eat To The Beat..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	23	2
9 (—)	Nobody's Hero..... Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	1	9
10 (10)	Golden Collection..... Charley Pride (K-Tel)	6	10
11 (22)	Down To Earth..... Rainbow (Polydor)	15	7
12 (—)	Heartbreakers..... Matt Monro (EMI)	1	12
13 (19)	Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	24	3
14 (4)	Pretenders..... Pretenders (Real)	9	1
15 (—)	The Crystal Gayle Singles Album Crystal Gayle (UA)	1	15
16 (12)	One Step Beyond..... Madness (Stiff)	18	2
17 (11)	Too Much Pressure..... Selecter (Two Tone)	4	3
18 (17)	Light Up The Night* Brothers Johnson (A & M)	4	15
19 (15)	The Specials..... (Two Tone)	19	7
20 (6)	Kenny..... Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	6	4
21 (13)	Outlandos D'amour..... Police (A & M)	39	7
22 (—)	The Whispers..... (Solar)	1	22
23 (23)	Greatest Hits.. K C & The Sunshine Band (TK)	2	23
24 (—)	Against The Wind..... Bob Seger (Capitol)	1	24
25 (—)	Official Bootleg Album.... Blues Band (Arista)	1	25
26 (16)	Reality Effect..... Tourists (Logo)	2	16
27 (25)	Permanent Waves..... Rush (Mercury)	8	8
28 (21)	Rock & Roll Juvenile..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	13	1
29 (—)	Freedom At Point Zero Jefferson Starship (Grunt)	1	29
30 (—)	Metro Music. Martha & The Muffins (Dindisc)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

12 Gold Bars — Status Quo (Vertigo).
Glass Houses — Billy Joel (CBS).
Make Your Move — Captain & Tennille (Casablanca).
The Bobby Vee Singles Album (United Artists).
Big Smash — Wreckless Eric (Stiff).
Club Ska '67 — Various (Island).

US SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (3)	Another Brick In The Wall..... Pink Floyd		
2 (2)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love..... Queen		
3 (1)	Longer..... Dan Fogelberg		
4 (5)	Working My Way Back To You..... Detroit Spinners		
5 (4)	On The Radio..... Donna Summer		
6 (6)	Desire..... Andy Gibb		
7 (8)	Him..... Rupert Holmes		
8 (9)	How Do I Make You..... Linda Ronstadt		
9 (10)	Too Hot..... Kool & The Gang		
10 (20)	Call Me..... Blondie		
11 (12)	Second Time Around..... Shalamar		
12 (14)	Refugee..... Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers		
13 (7)	Yes I'm Ready..... Teri DeSario/K.C.		
14 (16)	Special Lady..... Ray Goodman & Brown		
15 (18)	Ride Like The Wind..... Christopher Cross		
16 (11)	Rock With You..... Michael Jackson		
17 (22)	Fire Lake..... Bob Seger		
18 (25)	I Can't Tell You Why..... Eagles		
19 (19)	Heartbreaker..... Pat Benatar		
20 (21)	Give It All You Got..... Chuck Mangione		
21 (26)	With You I'm Born Again..... Billy Preston/Syreetta		
22 (24)	Three Times In Love..... Tommy James		
23 (28)	Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson		
24 (13)	An American Dream..... The Dirt Band		
25 (17)	"99"..... Toto		
26 (15)	September Morn..... Neil Diamond		
27 (—)	And The Beat Goes On..... Whispers		
28 (—)	Lost In Love..... Air Supply		
29 (23)	Cruisin'..... Smokey Robinson		
30 (30)	Baby Talks Dirty..... The Knack		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	The Wall..... Pink Floyd		
2 (2)	Damn The Torpedoes Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers		
3 (3)	Off The Wall..... Michael Jackson		
4 (5)	Mad Love..... Linda Ronstadt		
5 (4)	Phoenix..... Dan Fogelberg		
6 (7)	Bebe Le Strange..... Heart		
7 (15)	Against The Wind..... Bob Seger		
8 (8)	The Whispers..... The Whispers		
9 (10)	Fun And Games..... Chuck Mangione		
10 (9)	The Long Run..... The Eagles		
11 (—)	Glass Houses..... Billy Joel		
12 (12)	But The Little Girls Understand..... The Knack		
13 (6)	Permanent Waves..... Rush		
14 (18)	Light Up The Night..... Brothers Johnson		
15 (11)	On The Radio..... Donna Summer		
16 (13)	Kenny..... Kenny Rogers		
17 (17)	In The Heat Of The Night..... Pat Benatar		
18 (—)	American Gigolo..... Original Soundtrack		
19 (14)	Cornerstone..... Styx		
20 (21)	Love Stinks..... The J. Geils Band		
21 (23)	Ray, Goodman & Brown		
22 (20)	Ladies Night..... Kool & The Gang		
23 (19)	Tusk..... Fleetwood Mac		
24 (28)	Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School..... Warren Zevon		
25 (26)	Big Fun..... Shalamar		
26 (25)	September Morn..... Neil Diamond		
27 (16)	The Rose..... Original Soundtrack		
28 (30)	London Calling..... The Clash		
29 (—)	Pretenders..... Pretenders		
30 (—)	After Dark..... Andy Gibb		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 18, 1975

1	Bye Bye Baby..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
2	If..... Telly Savalas (MCA)
3	Only You Can..... Fox (GTO)
4	There's A Whole Lot Of Loving..... Guys & Dolls (Magnet)
5	Make Me Smile..... Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel (EMI)
6	Pick Up The Pieces..... Average White Band (Atlantic)
7	The Secrets That You Keep..... Mud (Rak)
8	Mandy..... Barry Manilow (Arista)
9	What Am I Gonna Do With You..... Barry White (20th Century)
10	Girls..... Moments & Whatnauts (All Platinum)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 18, 1970

1	Wandering Star..... Lee Marvin (Paramount)
2	Bridge Over Troubled Water..... Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
3	Let It Be..... Beatles (Apple)
4	I Want You Back..... Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
5	That Same Old Feeling..... Pickettywitch (Pye)
6	Let's Work Together..... Canned Heat (Liberty)
7	Na Na Hey Kiss Him Goodbye..... Steam (Fontana)
8	Instant Karma..... Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
9	Don't Cry Daddy..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	Can't Help Fallin' In Love..... Andy Williams (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 19, 1965

1	The Last Time..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	It's Not Unusual..... Tom Jones (Decca)
3	Silhouettes..... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
4	I'll Never Find Another You..... Seekers (Columbia)
5	Come And Stay With Me..... Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
6	I'll Stop At Nothing..... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
7	Goodbye My Love..... Searchers (Pye)
8	Game Of Love..... Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
9	I Must Be Seeing Things..... Gene Pitney (Stateside)
10	Yes I Will..... Hollies (Parlophone)



Here we are again surrounded by symbols of bleak inner-city deprivation to celebrate the advent of another nondescript young punky combo. Will The Vapors be able to repeat the pristine teenage innocence of their single 'Turning Japanese', or will they fall prey to the evil rock-biz machine? Frankly, we couldn't care less. Notice that only one of their ranks is able to locate the camera. The others stare balefully towards the rising sun and wonder if they've already heard of The Undertones in Japan. (Pic: Chris Horler).

REGGAE

(1)	Baltimore..... Tamlins (Taxi)
(2)	Rockers Delight..... Mickey Dread (DATC)
(3)	Joe Grine..... Madoo (Gibs)
(4)	Serve Mi Long..... Welton Ire (Errol T)
(5)	I'll Be Around..... Otis Gayle (1 Studio)
(6)	Run Came Inna Dance..... Papa Levi (Rockers Inter.)
(7)	Beautiful Dream..... Horace Martin (Big Ben Records)
(8)	What's Cooking..... Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
(9)	East Take It Easy..... Dennis Brown (1 Studio)
(10)	Left Outside..... Dave Robinson (Dread At The Controls)

Chart supplied by Maroon's Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1. Tel. 01-437 4845.

DISCO

(1)	And The Beat Goes On..... Whispers (Solar)
(2)	Stomp..... Brothers Johnson (A&M)
(3)	Holdin' On..... Tony Rallo (Calibre)
(4)	Tonight I'm Alright..... Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
(5)	Rhythm Talk..... Jocko (Phil. Int.)
(6)	You Know How To Love Me..... Phyllis Hyman (Arista)
(7)	Rock With You..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
(8)	Together We Are Beautiful..... Fern Kinney (WEA)
(9)	Music Makes You Feel Like Dancing..... Brass Construction (UA)
(10)	We Got The Funk..... Positive Force (Sugarhill)

Chart supplied by: Powerhouse Roadshow
01-368 9852

INDIES

1.	Dead Souls/Atmosphere..... Joy Division (Sordide)
2.	T K Treason..... Teardrop Explodes (200)
3.	War Dance/Psyche..... Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)
4.	In The Beginning..... Slits/Pop Group (RT)
5.	Big Noise From The Jungle..... Tiller Boys (New Hormones)
6.	1980 The First 15 Minutes..... Various (Neutron)
7.	White Mice..... Mo-Dettes (Mode)
8.	Fiery Jack..... Fall (Step Forward)
9.	Victims Of The Riddle..... Toyah (Safari)
10.	Extracts 1-4..... Faust (Recommended)

Chart supplied by Bonaparte Records, 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey. Tel. 681 1490.

**N
E
W
S**

MADNESS OUTBREAK HITS UK

MADNESS return from their visits to America and Europe, and launch into a new British tour which concentrates on towns and venues often ignored by major acts — thus following in the footsteps of the current Elvis Costello tour. Promoters Straight Music have so far confirmed 20 dates, which are:

Llanelli Glen Ballroom (April 15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Bath Pavilion (17), Torquay Town Hall (18), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido (19), Margate Winter Gardens (21), Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's (22), Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (23), Coventry Tiffany's (24), Bridlington Royal Spa Pavilion (26), Bradford St. George's Hall (27), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (28), Blackpool Tiffany's (29), Sunderland Mayfair (30), Carlisle Assembly Rooms (2), West Calder Regal Suite (3), Aberdeen Fusion (4), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (5), Belfast Whitla Hall (7) and Dublin Olympic Ballroom (8).

At all venues, tickets are all at the one price of £3 — they should be generally available tomorrow (Friday), but readers are advised to check with individual box-offices. The band will be promoting their new four-track single 'Work Rest And Play Madness' which, as reported last week, is issued by Stiff this weekend.

Madness were, at one time, pencilled in to play London Rainbow on April 1 as part of the theatre's 50th birthday week — but they pulled out because "they considered it a joke". Their next London show is now expected to be in the second week of May, after their two Irish dates.

Stranglers in Rainbow No.2

THE STRANGLERS are to play a second night at London Rainbow Theatre during its 50th anniversary week early next month. It's on Good Friday (April 4), which was intended to be a blank day — but this extra gig now completes a full seven-day season for the birthday event. Tickets are on sale now, all at one price of £3.50. The band's first night on April 3 is now completely sold out.

The two shows will both run about six hours (5-11 pm), each featuring four or five guest bands. So far confirmed are Blood Donor (April 3) and The Soul Boys and UB40 (4) — but among other acts likely to appear on either night are The Psychadelic Furs, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Joy Division, The Monochrome Set — and possibly Hawkwind.

Prior to the Rainbow concerts, The Stranglers are planning a few low-key and unannounced club'n'pub gigs around the March 30 — April 2 period. NME understands that West Hampstead Moonlight Club and The Wellington, Archway, are among probable venues — and there's also talk of an all-nighter at a London cinema. After Easter, they are scheduled to start work on their sixth album.

All these plans and concerts are dependent upon the outcome of Hugh Cornwell's appeal against his six-month prison sentence, on drugs charges — which is due to be heard in the Appeal Court tomorrow (Friday). There is reason to hope that his jail term may be quashed — but if not, of course, the above schedule goes completely out the window.



LIVERPOOL ERIC'S DOOMED

LIVERPOOL ERIC'S — the leading rock venue in that city, and arguably in the North of England — looks doomed to closure, despite the attempts of its 7,000 members to secure its future. It was initially threatened by police objections to its licence renewal, which led to its creditors pulling out — and this, in turn, has caused the venue to go into liquidation.

The members have now launched a massive campaign, with a view to getting Eric's turned over to them, so that they can keep it running and plough the profits back into the venue. Various other measures are also under consideration, but co-owner Roger Eagle said this week that Eric's appears to be doomed, despite many cash offers.

Eric's was launched in 1976 and has played host to many top acts — including The Sex Pistols, Elvis Costello, The Clash and Ian Dury. Siouxsie & The Banshees are due to be appearing there tonight (Thursday), though at press-time it

was touch and go. The venue is heavily booked, with some April gigs already sold out, but it looks as though the closing night will be this Saturday with local bands Orchestral Manoeuvres, Echo & The Bunnymen and Pink Military.

● See also page 11.

London's New Vic re-opening

NME UNDERSTANDS that the New Victoria Theatre, one of London's top rock venues until the then-leaseholders went into liquidation in 1978, is re-opening later this year. It has been standing "dark" for almost two years (a plan to convert it into a high-class disco failed to materialise), and now the owners — The Rank Organisation — want to restore its former reputation. It's believed the New Vic will re-open in the autumn with a Cliff Richard season, followed by various one-off concerts and a pre-Christmas season by a big-name act.

SECRET AFFAIR SPEARHEADING TOURS BONANZA

SECRET AFFAIR are going out on a major 15-date concert tour next month, culminating in a prestige London show at the Hammersmith Odeon on April 21. Other confirmed dates are Dunstable Queensway Hall (April 6), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (7), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (8), Brighton Top Rank (9), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Blackburn King George's Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (18), Birmingham Odeon (19) and Bristol Locarno (20). They'll be promoting their newly released Arista single 'My World'.

THE POLICE will definitely be playing one major open-air festival in Britain this summer, their spokesman said this week, and they'll be considering offers when they return from Europe on April 17. They'll also be playing a number of other UK concerts this year — though, for tax reasons, all are expected to be charity events.

SHAM 69 have added three more dates to their UK concert series, reported two weeks ago, tied in with the April 4 release of their new Polydor single 'Tell The Children'. They are Bradford St. George's Hall (April 16), Swindon Oasis (19) and Glasgow Tiffany's (22). And Blackburn King George's Hall moves forward from April 18 to 15, replacing

Bournemouth Stateside which is now cancelled. The band have still had no joy in finding a London venue that's prepared to accept them — but they are continuing their efforts.

THE ONLY ONES will be headlining their most important UK tour to date in mid-spring, a month-long itinerary running from April 16 to May 16 inclusive — and their full dates are expected next week. The outing will tie in with the release of their new CBS album 'Baby's Got A Gun', and the support act is up-and-coming London band Wasted Youth.

THE CURE are set to open their previously-reported spring tour at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on April 25, followed by Manchester

Polytechnic (26) and Bournemouth Stateside Centre (28). Other dates are being finalised prior to the climax at London Rainbow on May 11. The Passions support throughout, but at the Rainbow there will also be three other bands. The Cure's new Fiction Records single 'A Forest' is issued on April 3, followed two weeks later by their LP '17 Seconds'.

MAGAZINE are at present finalising details of their spring tour, which is expected to open in Liverpool on April 23. It's understood their schedule, to be announced within the next two weeks, includes a number of unusual gigs and off-beat venues — plus at least one boat trip! Bauhaus are likely to be the main

support act, and each gig will also feature a local band.

THE REVILLOS complete their present run of dates at Swansea Institute of Higher Education (March 26) and Harlow Technical College (28), then return home to Scotland to record a new album. This is followed by a short Irish tour visiting Coleraine Ulster University (April 23), Belfast Queen's University (24), Dublin Trinity College (25) and Cork University College (26). They break for a couple of weeks, then play York University (May 9) and Manchester Polytechnic (10), prior to a European tour.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 return from a European tour to play three nights at London Marquee Club, from April 9 to 11.



"Genuinely exciting, genuinely Heavy Metal not like all the usual ponces, committed, rude, sexist.. and greasier than a British breakfast" NME Jan 9

TYGERS OF PAN TANG

On tour with
MAGNUM

MARCH
21 WEST RUNTON, Pavilion
22 DUDLEY, J.B's Club
23 ALDERMINSTER, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, Ettington Park Manor

25 NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club
26 WITHERNSEA, Grand Pavilion
28 WOLVERHAMPTON, The Lafayette Club
29 BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Nite Spot
30 BIRMINGHAM, Top Rank

The special 3 track single

'Don't Touch Me There' c/w Burning Up/Bad Times

MCA 582

Now available

Limited edition in special bag



MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pultney Street, London W1R 3FW



These are THE NUMBERS, a recently formed four-piece who've been working around the London area for some weeks. And now they're taking the plunge into the record business, and are currently cutting their first single 'Runaway' / 'Yeah Yeah Yeah', for April release on Modern Records. And they have the benefit of no less a personage than Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers acting as their producer.

- Manchester band The Trend have been signed to a worldwide deal by MCA, and are currently preparing their first product for the label.
- The A-side of Judas Priest's new single has been changed to 'Living After Midnight', and CBS have brought forward release to this weekend — the two tracks on the B-side are unchanged, 'Delivering The Goods' and 'Evil Fantasies'. The band's "ransomed" album has now been named as 'British Steel', and it's due out on March 28.
- The Undertones' first single for six months is 'My Perfect Cousin', issued by Sire Records on March 28. There are two tracks on the B-side, 'Don't Wanna See You Again' and 'Hard Luck (Again)'. The A-side is taken from the band's upcoming new album, and they'll be touring Britain to coincide with its release.
- DJM Records have signed Hot Gossip, and their first naughty bit to be released is their debut single 'Space Invaders', due out on April 4.

Definitive Boney M

WEA release what they call "the definitive Boney M album" on April 4. It's a 20-track compilation, playing over 60 minutes, and including all the group's UK Top Ten hits. As a bonus, their new single 'My Friend Jack' is also included. The LP is titled 'The Magic Of Boney M'.

● 'Staring At The Rude Boys' / 'Love In Vain' is the latest single from The Ruts issued by Virgin on March 28. The sleeve is in the form of a crossword puzzle, and the first completed correctly and returned to Virgin wins a night out on the town with the band!

● The new single by Interview is 'Hide And Seek', released by Virgin on March 28. And it's followed on April 18 by their second album 'Snakes And Lovers'.

● The Members' second album is called '1980, The Choice Is Yours', scheduled for April 11 release by Virgin. As reported, the band's new single 'Romance' is out this week.

● Do It Records have had to scrap plans to release a 12-inch 'Antmusic' EP by Adam & The Ants, and the company says the group won't be recording for the label any more. This follows the band's take-over by ex-Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren.

● New Musik's follow-up to their hit 'Living By Numbers', released by GTO Records on April 3, is 'This World Of Water' — a track from their upcoming album 'From A To B'.

● Five-piece Leeds band The Expellaires, who have supported Public Image Ltd and The Clash, have been signed by Rockburgh Records. Their debut single for the label 'Sympathy (Don't Be Taken In)' is out this weekend.

● Manchester band The Drones have been signed by Fabulous Records, and have their single 'Can't See' issued on March 28. It was produced by Steve Lillywhite of XTC and Peter Gabriel fame.

● Spartan have finalised a deal to distribute London-based label Venture Records. First product affected is 'This Is Lovers Rock' by Eargasm, which was originally released earlier this year and has already appeared in the reggae charts.

● Cherry Red Records have signed two new bands. Stroud-based five-piece Emotion Pictures are about to record their first single 'They Say Space Is Cold'. And Malvern six-piece Primal Screammers, whose line-up includes two girl singers, have a four-track EP scheduled for spring release.

● Scottish label Postcard Records have signed Australian band The Go-Betweens, and this week release their first single 'I Need Two Heads'.

● Among singles being distributed by Rough Trade are 'I Remember' by The Cult Figures and 'Atmosphere' by Paris & The Atmosphere.

● The single 'Is That All There Is' by Cristina, recently highly praised by NME, has been withdrawn by Island following complaints from composers Leiber and Stoller — who wrote the original version of the song. Publishers Carlin Music, acting on behalf of the writers, said they regarded the track as "an unauthorised parody" and demanded its withdrawal. Cristina's self-titled LP still comes out this week, but minus the offending track!

● As the follow-up to his underground hit 'Back To Nature', Fad Gadget has his second single issued by Mute Records this weekend. Titles are 'Ricky's Hand' and 'Handshake'.

OFF THE RECORD



Townshend solo single, LP due

PETE TOWNSHEND has a solo single 'Rough Boys' / 'And I Moved' released tomorrow (Friday), and it marks the re-launch of the Atco label (distributed by WEA). It was produced by Chris Thomas, and it's a taster from his upcoming solo album 'Empty Glass', due out in April.

● John Fiddler, formerly of Medicine Head and British Lions, has signed a solo deal with EMI. His first single 'Look Don't Touch' is issued this weekend on the Harvest label.

More Motown memories

● Motown continue their spate of 20th anniversary releases with two more compilation albums, drawn from their early catalogue and issued on their mid-price label on April 11 — they are 'Recorded Live! The 12 Year Old Genius' by Stevie Wonder and 'Greatest Hits' by The Supremes featuring Mary Wilson. More Motown news: The Temptations — who joined the company in 1961 soon after its launch, and left in 1976 — have now re-signed with the label and are currently working on a new album.

● Next week sees the release by Rockburgh Records of a 16-track compilation LP titled 'Hicks From The Sticks', featuring "the best new bands from the North of England". They are Airkraft, Expellaires, Clock DVA, Music For Pleasure, Nightmares In Wax, Ada Wilson & Keeping Dark, Modern Eon, Medium Medium, Radio 5, They Must Be Russians, Section 25, Art Failure, I'm So Hollow, Wah Heat, Stranger Than Fiction and The Distributors. Some tracks are newly recorded, others previously issued on small local labels.

● A new Fischer Z album 'Going Deaf For A Living' — from which one of the tracks 'So Long' has just been issued as a single — is released by United Artists on April 18. And the band will be touring around UK for much of April and May to promote it.

● The Initial Recording Company has acquired distribution rights to 'Continental Drift', the first solo album by San Francisco singer-writer Irvin Mowrey, who was the subject of an ATV documentary called *Busker* three years ago.

● 'Ray, Goodman & Brown', the first album from the trio formerly known as The Moments and already a hit in the States, is issued here by Phonogram this month. From the same company comes Ray Jackson's debut solo LP 'In The Night', plus a single titled 'Little Town Flirt'.

● A new single by The X-Dreamysts is issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday), titled 'I Don't Wanna Go'. Out on the same day and label is 'Imaginary Lover' by A.R.S. (which is what the Atlanta Rhythm Section now call themselves).

YOUR ENTIRE RECORD COLLECTION IS WARPED.

Sorry, but there it is.

The way they manufacture records nowadays, there's no such thing as a perfectly flat LP.

Even your prized Supercut discs are chock full of visible warps, invisible warps, micro-bubbles and other vinyl imperfections. So what looks flat to you is like a roller coaster run to your cartridge.

If you think all this doesn't really affect the transcription quality of your hi-fi, we've some rather bad news for you.

The trouble is, ordinary cartridges cannot ride these imperfections without moving in relation to the stylus.

At worst this causes mis-tracking and serious record damage.

At best the movement is interpreted by the cartridge as an ultra-low frequency of around 4-5 Hz. This signal isn't audible, but it distorts those that are.

The whole process is called intermodulation distortion, and it's quite as nasty as it sounds.

But before you turn the page in despair, we'd like to tell you about the new Ortofon LM Series of cartridges.

LM stands for Low Mass. Which means that this is one cartridge capable of handling warps and imperfections with absolutely minimal stylus deflection.

Result? Drastically reduced intermodulation distortion. Cleaner, crisper transients. And coupled with a stylus tip mass 30% lower than average, far more accurate tracking of ultra-high frequencies.

Why not send off for full details of the Ortofon LM Series by posting the coupon below?

You'll find we've prepared a comprehensive compatibility guide that will ensure a perfect match between our cartridge and your turntable/turnarm. You'll also find prices range from £21.50 to just under £60.00.

But then with technology this advanced, and with a name like Ortofon, you didn't expect them to come cheap did you?



Please send me details of the new LM series of Ortofon cartridges, together with a comprehensive tone-arm matching guide.

I would also like details of the ultra low-mass Concorde cartridge. ☐

Name _____
Address _____

Harman U.K., St John's Rd., Myers Green,
High Wycombe, Bucks. HP10 8RH
Telephone: Penn (0494 81) 5331

Postcode _____
ortofon
accuracy in sound

ANOTHER TOUR CANCELLATION

Rose Royce blow it

ROSE ROYCE have cancelled their projected 13-date UK tour, due to open in Southampton tomorrow (Friday), and including two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (April 2-3).

It appears there's been some internal trouble within the group, centred around lead singer Gwen Dickie — reports suggest she wanted future billing either as Gwen Dickie's

Rose Royce or Gwen Dickie & Rose Royce, and neither the other members nor producer Norman Whitfield were willing to comply.

It now seems likely that she will leave to pursue a solo career — and may, in fact, already have done so. Either way, the British public suffers yet again, with ticket holders having to apply for refunds from points of purchase.

DEF LEPPARD MOVING INTO CONDERT HALLS



DEF LEPPARD, who recently completed a lengthy one-nighter series around Britain, have now been lined up for their first headlining tour of major theatre venues. They'll be topping a heavy metal package tour, featuring Magnum as special guests, and the opening act in each area will be a local band. Leppard are promoting their debut album 'On Through The Night' (released this week by Phonogram) and current single 'Hello America'.

Dates are St. Albans City Hall (April 5), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Liverpool Empire (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Sheffield City Hall (10), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera Lido (12), London Strand Lyceum (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Blackburn King George's Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27) and Derby Assembly Rooms (29). Tickets are on sale now; at St. Albans, Wolverhampton, London, Blackburn and Bradford they are all at the one price of £3; elsewhere prices are £3, £2.50 and £2.

Paxton doing the rounds

TOM PAXTON is headlining another extensive UK concert series, starting at the end of this month. Dates confirmed by promoter John Martin are Sheffield Crucible (March 28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (29), Blackburn King George's Hall (30), Poole Arts Centre (April 3), London Lewisham Concert Hall (5), Hatfield Forum (6), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (9), Eastbourne Congress (10), Chatham Central Hall (11), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (12), Slough Fulcrum Centre (13), Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal (16), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (18), Cork Savoy (19), Dublin Olympia (20), London Royal Festival Hall (21), Reading Hexagon (24), Norwich East Anglia University (25), Colchester Essex University (26), Birmingham Hippodrome (27) and Cheltenham Everyman Theatre (28).

SKA SHOWCASE FOR LONDON

ORIGINAL SKA comes to London's Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on March 28, in a show featuring Duke Vin, one of Jamaica's first sound-system men and a ska pioneer in Britain in the sixties; Jah Shaka, one of the best contemporary sound-system men; and Birmingham ska band The Wide Boys. It's presented by Island Records (tied in with their current ska campaign) in conjunction with Straight Music.

Clapton hits the road

ERIC CLAPTON goes on the road in May, for his first full British tour since November, 1978. And to tie in with the outing, his double album 'Just One Night' is released by RSO Records on May 2 — it's a live set, recorded at the Tokyo Budokan during the band's Far East tour at the end of last year.

Backing Clapton in his concerts are virtually the same musicians as on the album — Albert Lee (guitar), Chris Stainton (keyboards), Dave Markee (bass), Henry Spinetti (drums) and Gary Brooker (keyboards). And the special guests on all dates are Chas & Dave.

The schedule comprises Oxford New Theatre (May 2), Brighton Centre (3), Stafford Bingley Hall (4), Newcastle City Hall (7), Edinburgh Odeon (8), Glasgow Apollo (9), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (11), Coventry Theatre (12), Bristol Hippodrome (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (15, 16 and 17) and Guildford Civic Hall (18).

Tickets for all provincial gigs are available by post or personal application from next Monday — except Stafford, Deeside and Bristol, where it's March 31. At Stafford, Deeside and Guildford, all tickets are £5 and £4.50; and elsewhere it's £5, £4 and £3.

For the Hammersmith gigs, it's postal booking only, limited to four tickets per applicant. Postal orders only should be sent to the Odeon box-office, London W6, enclosing SAE. Ticket prices are £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50.



EXTRA DATES BY MAC, AWB, LIZZY, HAGAR

FLEETWOOD MAC have been confirmed for two more concerts at London Wembley Arena and one at Stafford Bingley Hall. Their first batch of gigs, announced at the end of last month, were Stafford (June 16) and Wembley (20-22) — but these have now all sold out. So promoter Barry Dickens of ITB has slotted in extra shows at Stafford (17) and Wembley (25 and 26). Tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 at both venues; for Stafford they're available from selected record shops in the Midlands; for Wembley, it's postal applications to Mac Promotions, PO Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ (enclose SAE).

THIN LIZZY have sold out their three concerts at Hammersmith Odeon (May 28-30), so they have now slotted in two more London dates — these are at the Rainbow on May 31 and June 1 (tickets on sale now priced £4.50 and £4). Three other shows have been added to their tour schedule reported two weeks ago — at Glasgow Apollo (May 6), Liverpool Empire (8) and Leeds Queens Hall (10). Glasgow and Liverpool tickets are £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3; at Leeds, they're all at £4.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND, already set for one of London Rainbow's birthday gigs on Easter Day (April 6), have now confirmed four new provincial dates later in the spring — at Edinburgh Odeon (May 23), Poole Arts Centre (June 9), Southampton Gaumont (10) and Brighton Centre (11). Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50, except at Poole where they are all £3. Please check local Press for details of box-office opening dates.

WHITESNAKE have now confirmed a major concert in London, to tack on to their UK tour schedule reported last week — it's at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 23. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50, available from usual ticket agencies, or by post from the venue. Meanwhile, their April 2 gig at the Rainbow — part of that theatre's 50th birthday week — is now sold out. SAMMY HAGAR has added another date to his sell-out UK tour — it's at Hanley Victoria Hall on April 16 and tickets are on sale now, all priced £3. Support act for the whole tour is five-piece U.S. heavy metal outfit Riot.

JUDIE TZUKE, set to open her UK tour at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on April 13, has now added a second night at that venue at the end of her schedule — on May 9.

DAVID GATES CONCERTS

DAVID GATES has now been confirmed for 14 UK concerts in May. As previously reported, his band includes two other former Bread members — Michael Botts and Larry Knechtel — though they are no longer allowed to call themselves Bread, as another ex-member James Griffin owns the rights to that name. However, Bread songs will comprise the majority of the set, as well as songs from Gates' solo albums. The band is completed by David Miner (bass) and Hadley Hockensmith (guitar).

ROUND-UP

Johnny Carroll UK debut

JOHNNY CARROLL, the veteran U.S. rock 'n' roller from Texas who worked extensively with the late Gene Vincent, is visiting Britain for the first time. Together with his American co-star Judy Lindsey, and supported by new British outfit The Dixie Phoenix, he plays London Southgate Royalty (March 27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28), Carshalton St. Helier's Arms (29), London Southall White Hart (April 2) and Bournemouth Tiffany's (3). More dates are being added.

The Who go into Europe

THE WHO begin a short European tour on March 26, playing four concerts in Germany and one each in Switzerland and Austria. Object of the exercise is to work in their re-vamped stage set, which now includes new material, prior to beginning an American tour on April 14. There are no immediate plans for UK dates, but they are considering "doing something" here during the summer.

Mac Curtis cancels visit

MAC CURTIS has cancelled his British visit next month, which was to have included an appearance in the Country Music Festival at Wembley, followed by a tour co-headlining with UK rockabilly band Matchbox. He's now planning to come over later in the year, but meanwhile it's expected that Matchbox will now play many of the projected tour dates (which haven't yet been announced) in their own right.

Coghlan's Diesel: gigs set

DIESEL, the occasional band put together by Status Quo drummer John Coghlan, have now confirmed gigs at Ilford Palais (March 25), St. Ives Centre (26), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (27) and London Marquee (28). Also in the line-up are Mick Moody and Andy Bown (guitars), Bob Young (harmonica), Jackie Lynton (vocals) and Neil Murray (bass). No more dates are expected at this time, because Moody and Murray are both Whitesnake members, and have April-May commitments with that band (reported last week).

Dark Star head package

DARK STAR, yet another up-and-coming Birmingham band, head yet another package tour which takes the road in May. Also taking part are The Realists and The Toffs, plus a fourth band — expected to be either The Stickers or Gino & The Sharks. A free flexidisc EP, featuring a track by each of the four participating bands, will be given with each ticket sold up to a week in advance. The tour, billed as 'Come Dancing' will climax at London's Music Machine or Venue — but full details of dates will be announced shortly.



Jethro's perennial IAN ANDERSON

Tull's fifth London show

JETHRO TULL have added yet another concert at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming UK schedule — the fifth at that venue — and that's because the previous four have already sold out. The extra date is Monday, April 14, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3.

Rest of the live action

● VANGELLIS, the keyboard exponent who's currently riding high in the charts with his partner Jon, plays a solo concert at London Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, April 12. Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. John Martin promotes.

● ROBIN WILLIAMSON — formerly of the Incredible String Band, and latterly leader of his own Merry Band — is going on the road as a solo artist. He begins a lengthy European tour with UK dates at Portsmouth Centre Hotel (this Sunday), Guildford Stag Folk Club (March 24), Edinburgh Folk Festival at Reid Hall (29), Bury The Derby Hall (30) and Hebden Bridge Cinema (31).

● THIN LIZZY have switched a couple of the dates in their UK tour, reported two weeks ago. They now play Dundee Caird Hall (May 3) and Edinburgh Odeon (4), instead of vice versa.

● CHARLIE DORE & Back Pocket are the support act in Steve Forbert's concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal tomorrow (Friday). It's the prelude to a full British tour by the band in April, details to follow shortly.

● EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have added another date to their current UK outing — it's at Matlock Pavilion next Monday (24).

● MARGO RANDOM & The Space Virgins have a string of London gigs at Camden Music Machine (this Saturday), Kensington Nashville (March 24), Camden Dingwalls (31), Islington Hope & Anchor (April 1) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (5).

● METRO — whose new single 'Gemini' is issued by EMI on April 3, to be followed in May by their still untitled album — have added a London date to their current tour at the Marquee on March 27.

Dates are Oxford New Theatre (May 9), Southampton Gaumont (10), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Brighton Centre (14), London Rainbow (16 and 17), Coventry Theatre (18), Manchester Apollo (20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Southport Theatre (24) and Bristol Hippodrome (25). Ticket prices are £6, £5 and £4 in London; £5, £4.50 and £4 elsewhere — check local Press for box-office details. Promoters are Umbrella Presentations.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE PRESSURE TOUR
the SELECTER
the Body Snatchers swinging cats
LEWISHAM ODEON
LOAMPT VALL S.E.13
SATURDAY 22nd MARCH at 7-30
TICKETS: £1.00, £2.50, £2.00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 852 1331, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245. USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PATRICK MALYNN)
B.B. KING
— & HIS BAND —
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6
SAT/SUN 5th/6th APRIL at 8-00
TICKETS: £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245. USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

Double A Side Single
LIQUIDATOR **LONG SHOT**
HARRY J. **KICK DE BUCKET**
ALLSTARS **THE PIONEERS**
ORIGINAL RECORDINGS
Re-Released MAR 14
12" TROT 9063 7" TRO 9063

'PREFAB HEARTS'
THE REELS
Available on **BACK DOOR** Door 3

MUSIC BY POST
Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 10p/12p stamp

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS	BOOKS
BLONDIE Picture This.....£3.95	SEX PISTOLS File.....£2.50
JAMM All Mod Cons.....£2.50	THE WHO File.....£3.95
SHAM 66 Songbook.....£2.50	BOWIE The Lives & Times Of.....£1.25
JAM Setting sons.....£3.50	BLONDIE.....£1.25
BLONDIE Parallel Lines.....£4.50	
MOTORHEAD Overkill.....£2.75	TUTORS
POLICE Songs by Sting.....£2.95	Bert Weedon — "Play in a Day".....£1.50
CLASH 2nd Songbook.....£3.95	500 Chord Shapes.....70p
KATE BUSH The Kick Inside.....£1.15	Bass Guitar tutor + record.....£3.95
KATE BUSH Lionheart.....£3.50	Rhythm Guitar tutor.....£3.95
STATUS QUO Whatever You Want.....£2.95	Lead Guitar tutor + record.....£3.95
SEX PISTOLS Never Mind The Bollocks.....£3.50	POSTAGE & PACKING CHARGES
DEEP PURPLE Machine Head.....£1.75	ORDER GB & N IRELAND OVERSEAS
THIN LIZZY Best Of.....£3.25	£2 or under 30p 40p
GENESIS A Trick of the Tail.....£4.95	£4 or under 60p 70p
BOOMTOWN RATS Songbook.....£3.95	£10 or under 90p £1.00
	Over £10 £1.00 £1.50

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5a ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Play lead Guitar within hours
The 1980 easy way to learn modern music, is specially recorded lessons that will save you years of frustrated struggling on your own.
● You learn enjoyably and easily in your own home at your own speed.
● No need to read music. You can have the lesson again and again.
● Hundreds of satisfied students.

Lead Guitar Course
Solos and modern lead runs are played for you on 60-minute cassettes with back-up teaching books.
The guitar course is personally prepared by Jack Wilcock who has 19 years experience of teaching and playing for BBC and EMI record sessions, TV and films.

Modern Drumming
All the solos and modern drum breaks are played for you on cassette to practice with. You can actually hear how a drum break sounds.
Please fill in the coupon and tick the box for FREE details of the course you require. NO OBLIGATION. POST NOW TO:

JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES
4 St. Mawes Drive, Paignton, Devon, TQ4 7NS

Jack Wilcock LISTEN & PLAY Teaching Tapes

Name _____
Address _____
NME 47
Guitar Course ☐ Drum Course ☐

GAYNOR VISIT

GLORIA GAYNOR flies into Britain next month to play a one-off date, as part of a jet-stop world tour. She's headlining two performances (6.30 and 9.15 pm) at London's Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday, April 26. Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4.

CROSBY AT VENUE IS RE-SCHEDULED

DAVID CROSBY has now re-scheduled his three nights at London Victoria The Venue, which he was forced to call off in February when he went down with pneumonia. The revised dates are April 21, 22 and 23. All original tickets can now be refunded or exchanged at the point of purchase (the box-office or the Virgin Megastore), but this must be done by not later than March 31.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are also doing three Venue shows, as part of their British tour — the blues duo appear there on April 15, 16 and 17 (tickets £3.50). Other Venue bookings for next month (some previously reported) include Dennis Brown (April 4, 6 and 7), Commander Cody (8-9), B. A. Robertson (11), Jimmy Lydon's 4 Be 2 (13) and Brand X and Bruford (28).

SKY AT NIGHT

DATES AND VENUES for the spring tour by Sky, plans for which were revealed last week, have now been confirmed by promoter Mel Bush — they are Bristol Colston Hall (May 4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Sheffield City Hall (7), Edinburgh Usher Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Manchester Apollo (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Coventry Theatre (13), Brighton Dome (14), Croydon Fairfield Hall (15), Reading Hexagon (16), Southampton Gaumont (17), Norwich Theatre Royal (18) and London Hammersmith Odeon (19 and 20). Ticket prices vary, so check with the respective box-offices. The tour is preceded on April 18 by the release of the band's second Ariola album 'Sky 2', a double set selling at the special price of £6.49. A single from the LP, titled 'Toccata', is out this week.

Glitter: London comeback

GARY GLITTER makes his London stage comeback on April 10 when, together with The Glitter Band, he headlines at London Strand Lyceum (tickets £3). By way of contrast, the support acts are Classix Nouveaux and Cuddly Toys — and special surprise guests are promised.

BUT CAN you trust it?" Bono, the insurgent, irrepressible singer for Dublin quartet U2, finishes making a hard point using a typically animated gesture. I let silence be my reply and wait for him to continue. He will.

We're sat either side of a small old table, just big enough to take a tray of tea, set simply alongside other tables and chairs in the cheaply luxurious lounge of the Country Club hotel in Cork, Ireland. We've just finished a breakfast that makes you realise Cleese must have really researched *Fawlty Towers*. And we're talking about music; passionately enough to be waving our arms about; for our voices to crack in both joy and despair; for a stranger to be bemused.

Bono is Irish. Real name Paul Houston. Bono is derived from some gang name he acquired during a recent delinquent youth. His voice has a racy fluency blended with the intuitive lilt of generations. It's a little like Ireland's current leading anti-hero Geldof, but not as panicky, not as pacey.

Now that The Boomtown Rats have disclaimed the tiny nation and been disclaimed, Bono's group U2 are indisputably Ireland's finest; recent winners of a host of *Hot Press* awards; recent chartoppers with 'Out Of Control'. They're at the rare-in-Eire-point where they're recognised in the streets, hounded for autographs at Gaelic football matches, and TV and radio regulars. Most pertinently they're at the point where the dubious advantages of being sucked into



London systematically develop in front of their half-repulsed eyes.

That's what we're talking about, our voices raised, London's box of tricks. The value of its communicative procedures and potentiality; the resounding negativity of the expectations, prejudices, cynicism; the comfort of those cuddled inside. The spoilt people.

Bono is deeply concerned about trust, deception, corruption, problems of honesty — you know the values. He has the freshness of hope of someone who has yet to fully experience the closed shop of London's damagingly influential network, yet with the cynicism of one who is ready and waiting to be disillusioned, who knows that to make any impact isn't going to be easy.

Bono and the group are warily preparing to leap from Irish success — a literally poor type of success; sales of 20,000 merits a gold disc in Ireland, and entertainers like The Pope win those — into British obscurity, and wondering how to grab attention, scythe through the settling collection of old values, scatter the cosy tribal narrow mindedness...

"Even over here," tuts Bono, "we get people coming up to us and saying, 'Well, I like you ... but I don't really like you because I'm a mod and you're not!'" Even in Ireland.

U2, LIKE many others, are uncertain just where and how their transcendently eclectic, refreshingly realistic, naively passionate and elusive pop music is going to hit. Whether there's room, whether anyone's willing or allowed to be willing, to be receptive to a music that is not as seriously, purgatively 'innovative' as the post-punk noise that veers towards the Rough Trade arena, not quite as vulnerably half-original as the music of this year's *Gig Of The Century* bill (Ratio, Teardrop, Echo, M.Noise). Yet that's not as meticulously commercial as the Rats or Squeeze, that doesn't cut huge corners to seduce and entertain. That music that doesn't 'belong'.

U2 are not a pop group like The Undertones, although their music is driven and energised by exactly the same instinctive romantic desire — wish fulfilment. U2 are not a

politically and musically aggressive rock group, but they don't ignore morals or values. They are limitedly radical. They are not yet great; but they could be — if they were allowed.

U2 don't want to be cultish. They don't want to be massive. This is the testing time.

And Bono and myself are getting worked up talking about it.

"We're up in the air at the moment," Bono concludes a line of conversation where we're wondering about the direction and attitude of new music (But can you trust it?) especially those current waggon hoppers such as Killing Joke (J'accuse!).

"We're still discovering, growing... One of the reasons we chose the name U2 was to have that ambiguity which I think is necessary, so that it's not so easy for people to make premature assumptions or wrong associations. But it's not a name that will directly confuse people. The name in a way is obvious; there's nothing to it really. It's not blasphemous, it's not going to upset people. It's just really simple and straightforward. BUT it's not like *The U2* or *The U2s*, which is already happening and ruins it."

Bono understands and relishes the positive subversive possibilities of pop, and realises the piercing edge it should have over the advertising poster, the average sitcom. He wants to ride in on pop so we can't ignore him. It's 11 o'clock in the morning, but we're still



U2 can make it in the rock business

main job.

"I sound optimistic."

Bono wakes up from sort of indulgent (but more realistic than you realise) reverie. "I don't always feel this way. The first task that we have is to present ourselves and that way we can get into the papers and onto the TV and smash those trends that are destroying things, sucking up people's blood. Ska! R&B!"

I join in, of course. Rockabilly. HMI! I nearly fall off my chair.

"It's very clearcut. Very well defined." Bono stiffens in his chair and spits out the list. "Tiel Haircut! Smile! Beat! Enjoyment! Dance!"

"I don't believe in masturbation. I don't want to be masturbated in that way. I don't just want people to get their rocks off. I don't mind that, but you can't just have that. That's like a function. It's like a machine. You press the button and it dries your hands. You're a rock group so people get their rocks off. I don't want to be just that little fulfilment."

"Like Ian Page will go on about being a mod is being an individual. Then I'm a mod! If punk means expressing yourselves vehemently, strongly, pink hair, expression, then I'm a punk! If heavy metal means banging my head against the wall, then I'm that. I'm not being



Bono in action while The Edge peers over the ledge (far right).

stay here. But we'll go ... and we have to come back."

A DRY four hour Sunday drive from Cork to Tullermy, a small village 70 miles from Dublin, sees Bono apologising for the lack of splendour in the unceasing and somehow dainty country scape. This stretch apparently isn't a good example of Ireland's legendary finery; it's too yellow and normal. It still seems to be over-green, rolling, bendy, miniaturised, unworried.

On the car radio, U2's old single 'Out Of Control' appears, mixing uneasily with laminated noises of Britchart and Eurosong contest type jollity. Hearing U2 interrupt the relentless flow of smoothly shaped pop bullets and the marble-in-throat inanity of the big hearted DJ, the true extent of their indigenous task becomes clearer. Even if U2 shook the world, their own country and more especially the dismal youth outside Cork or Dublin, would hardly be moved.

Trip backwards and sideways through time, visit Ireland, the peculiar mix of quaint lost tradition, British influence, agricultural aggression and continental modernism, you can begin to understand how come Geldof is so paranoiac, persecuted, wretched. The country's musical artificiality and stagnant stupidity drably undermines the development



Already big in Ireland but frustrated by the apathy on its rural ballroom circuit, U2 have to decide whether to jump from stardom in thier homeland to obscurity in Britain.

Report PAUL MORLEY

getting excited. I bet we're speaking too quickly.

"I respect the fact that The Jam can touch people and what they're doing is an attempt to be 'real' — no myth or far-fetched fantasy — and it's for real people, not people who follow trends. We play to lots of kids who like The Jam and I think that they hear something like 'English Rose' and I believe that they go in and look for something deeper. That's a position that I envy."

The potential of pop is uncanny, and something not to be abused or underestimated.

"It's truly incredible. This is an incredible area to be getting involved in. Popular music. Phew!"

Bono can hardly contain himself. Neither can I.

"It's brilliant! And we've got other cookies in the basket that we're not even aware of yet! The attitude is important. It's an honour to be involved in it ... to beat it. And we have the drive involved to beat it at its own game. I think the danger for U2 is not just achieving, but holding back the achievement. Like The Jam have done that really well. And that's the

one of them at any given time, because that is so stupid. I can't handle that.

"All this happens in London mostly and spreads from there. London is supposed to be permissive. London is supposed to be freedom! London is traps. London is boxes. London is chained in bondage, in fact. And if a band coming from thick paddy land — and that is not true — comes along and tells these people what's up they might not be awfully pleased."

A number of times during my weekend visit to Ireland, Bono hints that a move to London is all but inevitable. The type of move they (reluctantly) want to make is somewhere between the decision of The Undertones to leave Derry to tour constantly but always return, and The Boomtown Rats who have now disowned the fatherland.

"Everyone from the Rats has left the country really bitter," explains Bono. "I won't leave this country bitter at all. The plan is that if we have to leave, and we're still not sure, it will only be for a while. It's basically that we feel the group has to be thrown into different circumstances if it's going to be stimulated, if it's going to change. It would be very easy to

of its youth."

U2 and close spirits are not simply fighting against lack of rock groups, or regressive traditional rock activity, but against the stiff tradition of Irish showbands, the giddy lack of pop choice or opportunity.

The Boomtown Rats have exploded out of the country, but there is little lingering after effect.

New groups are continually emerging — DC Nein, Atrix, Virgin Prunes, Berlin — but the state of the rock fabric is depressing, the apathy pervasive, the submission unbearable.

"This country is blocked," says Bono. "These people are actually just waking up out of a sleep."

On the same day that The Boomtown Rats play Leixlip Castle in Dublin to 14,000 people, that Bob Geldof sweeps out on stage screaming "Who's won?" referring to the battle with Dublin elders for the right to play; the same day that 30 people are hurt and Geldof refers to Ireland as a "banana republic" and a "despicable nation", U2 appear at the Garden Of Eden club in Tullermy.

As an experiment U2 are to play the unfortunately titled but surprisingly attractive

Pictures DAVID CORIO

dance-club with (shudder) A Showband — Tony Stevens and his awesomely wunnerful band.

Let me explain: showbands are slick, soulless, plastic. Showaddywaddy have based their whole art on them, but have more life. The showbands are failed rock musicians; their faces shine with aftershave, their hair is permanently immobile, their grins reveal too much teeth, their eyes are black holes. They're impossibly fit and tanned, their technique is improbably over-competent. Some of them play in their sleep when they're on stage. Stevens and his merry band are severely uniformed in white blazers, violently creased red flares and clean fingernails.

These bands are Ireland's heroes. Some have hits in Ireland. Mostly they cover UK chart hits. Bono tells me that before Ireland received *TOTP*, fans flocking to the dance halls thought that the showbands actually were Slade, Sweet, Mud ...

U2 are smashing up against this tradition as much as daft rock developments elsewhere, determined to introduce original music and manner to backward Irish youth. A sense of rebellion, a gesture towards the exit. How futile is it? Bono and U2 sometimes wonder, but don't give up the fight.

If with the people of Irish city centres there's an undercurrent feel of inferiority — apparent and actual through outside enforcement — the youth of Tullermy aren't even aware that they're missing out on anything.

Before U2 appear the atmosphere is of a cold bald youth club. Sunday best pale and awkward teenagers, unsure and toughly giggly, sit around the central dance floor waiting for the first two or three to start dancing so that the rush can begin. Three bold, badly made-up and tartily dressed girls make a move to the dance floor, swing their



knees gamely, swish their hair like Legs and Co. to a Lene Lovich tape — but it could be anything. Within five minutes the dance floor is filled.

Once the kids and those slightly older have made it, they all do their best steps and twists, unselfconsciously, monotonously, strangely introverted. They rarely smile and there is a far away look in their eyes. Round the side on hard backed chairs the non-dancers sit and wait, probably just for the end of the evening. There is no bar, no alcohol; no obvious reason why they're here at all ...

Except this is the week's big night out, the escape from one routine into another. It is more sad and dispiriting than I could ever begin to explain and you would ever believe.

"You cannot exaggerate that sight," Bono will later say.

U2 COME alive on a carpeted, brightly lit stage four minutes late, 11.04. Tony Stevens will follow. The U2 opening blast is exhilarating. There is minimal response from the audience. A few lost souls wander aimlessly down to the front and stare up at Bono's frantic, manic animation, briefly bemused. Some gently sway. Sat along the front of the stage bored looking girls can't even be bothered to turn around and see what all the commotion is about. The audience peers at U2 like they're looking at animals in the zoo. They're not used to this intimidating energy, the volume, Bono's mobile passion. Momentarily curious, some wander away. Those that do dance could be dancing to anything.

The stupid thing is that U2 are not just a good new rock-pop group, boy isn't it great that they can emerge out of the unhelpful Irish environment. They don't even play a blinding Boomtown blend of past happy pop styles, excusable because of its patchily irresistible presence and selfish impact.

U2 are a four piece rock group stretching the possibilities of that line up to new accessible levels. It's not possible to say that U2 sound like blah, which is great. But let's toss a few images about to gauge the potential extent of U2's mesmerising all round appeal.



U2: Adam, The Edge, Bono and Larry.

Drummer Larry, bassman Adam and guitarist The Edge have been together with Bono since schooldays. Together, developing carefully but quickly, they've established their own language, their own ways of structuring and responding. The balance of their music is not as idiosyncratically staggering as Joy Division, but can be as refreshing. They can also manage the dense drive of The Jam, but are more flexible. The intricate but not alienating, chiming and charging structures of their songs are reminiscent of Penetration, a desperately underrated group Bono was very fond of.

U2 also come from all sides, appear louder and bigger than three musicians should be, as powerfully spread out as the Rats. Above all this they're fronted by a stocky, breathless, extrovert fully tuned-in to the possibilities of body language and eye contact. They're as unique as it is possible to be without splitting at the seams. And when their ideas are fully formed (and by the time I get Martin Zero to produce them) they will be ... *unbeatable*?

In Tullermy it's a noise meaning little. It's hard to sway with. That lead singer can be quite funny, but mostly he's just like a maddie.

Why is he staring at me, why is he shouting at me? Why is he so worked up? Why? The question flicking through eyes are rhetorical. They're not really bothered. They're disinterested, but surely they don't deserve to be?

The performance hardly captures the depth of U2, the potential massive yet subtle assault. Bono has nothing to bounce off, just a blandness; he gets frustrated, slows down, misses cues, annoys the group. Larry shouts at him later for his indulgence, and Bono admits he lacked the discipline to sell himself, the ability to attack positively the disinterest.

But then only Showaddywaddy or perhaps Blondie or especially Tony Stevens and his band with their crazy covers of recent chartbusters could convert this isolated Irish apathy into something slightly lively.

After the performance the Garden of Eden manager runs through the motions. "Very good, very good," he chimes. "Much different from Horslips." That's the only rock group to have previously played the place.

"I felt ashamed because we didn't work," Bono tells me later. "I actually saw it as a great

challenge. I actually felt when we walked out on that stage that we might be able to meet that challenge. That's why I wasn't pissing about when I rushed on shouting GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! like exaggerated ... I was trying to pretend that there were lots of people loving us there. For maybe 30, 35 minutes I tried that and then I just felt it slowing. It became like slow motion. We blew the challenge, and that's bad.

"Tonight we could have shown what rock'n'roll can do, but we failed."

But if you don't try no one else will.

"If we move to London, become bigger, when we come back we would want to play this place but there's the danger that the manager is not going to pay us more than a hundred quid because we only draw a certain crowd ... So we can't get there because it becomes impractical and those people get lost. They're gone! They might never see another amplifier again. EVER! Wow!"

The sad thing is they'd never notice.

Continues over

U PART 2

♦ From previous page

ON THE Saturday night U2 played in Cork, Ireland's second city and a place naturally if infrequently served with mainland rock acts. Queues form early, the dance hall fills. Most of these people know an amp from a tea-bag. And because they've been given a tantalising series of glimpses of a fuller life, they're aware and starving.

Inside the hall I'm quickly surrounded by friendly eager lads in makeshift punk clothes covered in punky badges who hungrily batter me with curious searching questions. All these groups I keep writing about — what are they really like onstage? What do you think of U2? Cockney Rejects? Throbbing Gristle? Certain Ratio? The Worst!!!?

Ah, rock and roll...

The Cork U2 set shows how the group will be received in Britain when they begin to be accepted: excitedly, stupidly. It's like an Electric Ballroom gig: rowdy, bawdy, hands outstretched, fingers touching, bodies crushing. An obscene extreme to the Tullermy gig. It reveals how close U2 can come to being a straightforward rock group — one of those — and simultaneously how far they can move away from that.

Bono is adored. He dangerously treads the fine line between being adulated rock star and parodying that role. He controls fights and calms down a stage invasion. He's never sure whether to patronise the audience for their stupidity, understand and gee them on, cool them down or join in. In the end he does it all and more. Acting, hurting, fighting. His performance is unruly but riveting.

"I'm not yet fully in control of my own performance," he will tell me. "I'm not sure which way it's going to go when I hit that stage. It could go anyway. There have been times when I have been really frightened and could hardly sing. I hardly looked up. Like when I can't get anything out of the hall, the audience, I turn into myself, close my eyes and try to find something there."

What is he frightened of?

"I'm scared of the responsibility of standing in that space. Sometimes I don't want to be on that stage. Sometimes I can be really happy. Other times I am mean and nasty, and there are other times when I haven't got complete control of myself but I do want some sort of discipline. I haven't got that yet. I would like to take any situation and get something out of it. You can't always do that. You can try though. You must try."



Through lively, lashing, conscientiously structured songs like "Cartoon World", "Boy Girl", "Out Of Control", "Trevor", "Twilight", "The Dream Is Over", "Another Day", "Shadows In Tall Trees", potentially splicing the wiggly world and the real world, U2 desperately point out the absurdity and danger of the happiness we're continually told we enjoy/envy/suffer/can't do without. Attack it with irony — "Everybody's Happy Nowadays" — with anger, coyness, doubt. They define the contradiction of escape and escapism.

But for all the attempted value and variety of their pop it can sound obvious and predictable, just like Gang Of Four sometimes do. U2 need and know the need to rise above this. And they prefer to make it easier than harder. They know the small corners they cut.

"We don't want to go for the sort of innovation so called that can alienate an audience," he explains when we talk about the sometimes clichéd dynamics of their music. "We have to penetrate... we use those structures to penetrate into the audience."

"But I'm willing to play the game. I am, but in doing that I must retain my own effort, my own irony. I wouldn't falsify what I feel. On stage I look exuberant because I feel exuberant. I don't pretend. U2 never pretend. It's not that we've planned a compromise, it's what has come naturally within the group. U2 is like learning, it's like a child learning. We've been given Lego, and we're learning to put things together in new ways. This is a stage that we've got to that I'm not ashamed of, but I believe we will get much stronger."

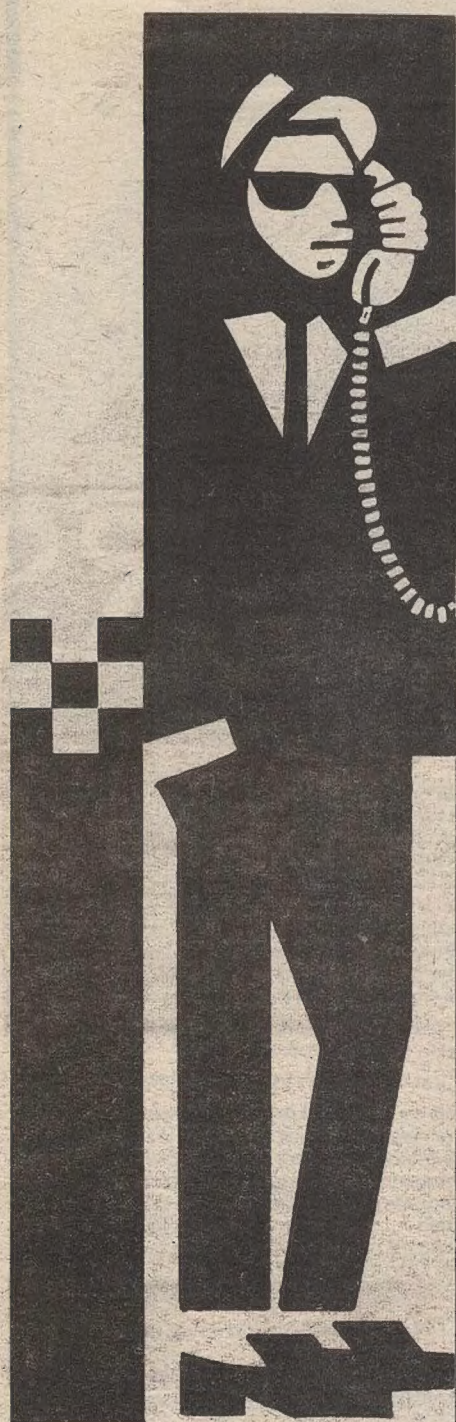
U2 WILL soon be signed by a big British label and their naive, brave attempt to balance the points of view of such as Bob Geldof and Mark Smith will get its toughest test. A group like U2 should be chart material, playing new pop that doesn't falsify or perpetuate or enhance the bright fantasy. Radical entertainment.

If groups like U2 don't get the opportunity, through prejudice, complacency, cultishness, to move into view, the vibrancy and challenge of recent pop will steadily deteriorate. The problem could be felt within months. Tourists and Vapors in the charts. U2 and The Distractions not in the charts. No fun.

U2 don't deny fun, but neither do they deny reality. U2 are about colourposters, serious words and warnings, staying awake, laughing at uncertainty. You can smile at them, and with them.

U2 keep me happy! Furious! Unspoilt! Dissatisfied! Awake! Hungry! U2 should be for everyone.

And you too?



THE SELECTER

SINGLE OUT NOW

MISSING WORDS

C/W CARRY GO BRING COME
(LIVE VERSION)

2
TONE

RECORDS

MARKETED BY CHRYSALIS RECORDS

UNDER PRESSURE AT
Lewisham Odeon Sat 22 March



NEW ALBUM OUT NOW!
The Psychedelic Furs' CBS 84084
Produced by Steve Lillywhite

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

BEAUTIFUL CHAOS TOUR

MARCH
19 ABERDEEN Ruffles
20 SHEFFIELD Limit Club
21 MANCHESTER The Fun House at the Mayflower
23 LONDON Lyceum

CHECKOUT OUR PRICE

FIRST!

On Through The Night

Produced
by
(Colonel)
Tom
Allom

VOTED NO.1
IN 'SOUNDS'
READERS POLL

£4.99

£1.00

OFF

£3.99

ONLY

TOP



OUR PRICE

RECORDS

60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	YOU SAVE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	YOU SAVE
1	1	ROSE ROYCE - GREATEST HITS	5.00	4.20	80p OFF	31	26	THE BLUES BAND - Official Bootleg Album	4.00	3.20	80p OFF
2	2	MARTI WEBB - TELL ME ON A SUNDAY	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF	32	35	BOBBY VEE - THE SINGLES ALBUM	4.99	4.29	70p OFF
3	3	ELVIS COSTELLO - GET HAPPY	5.00	3.75	£1.25 OFF	33	43	HEART - BEBE LE STRANGE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
4	5	BILLY JOEL - AGAINST THE WIND	5.69	4.44	£1.25 OFF	34	NEW ENTRY	DAN FOGLBERG - PHOENIX	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
5	8	BILLY JOEL - GLASS HOUSES	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF	35	32	The Fabulous Thunderbirds - The Fabulous Thunderbirds	3.99	3.19	80p OFF
6	7	THE POLICE - REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	36	NEW ENTRY	B.A. ROBERTSON - INITIAL SUCCESS	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
7	4	MICHAEL JACKSON - OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	37	28	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING - THE ROSE	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
8	12	The Brothers Johnson - LIGHT UP THE NIGHT	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	38	31	PINK FLOYD - THE WALL	8.45	6.45	£2.00 OFF
9	38	The Psychedelic Furs - Limited Edition The Psychedelic Furs (Period)	3.99	3.19*	80p OFF	39	34	The Original Mirrors Limited Edition The Original Mirrors (Period)	3.49	2.99*	50p OFF
10	9	THE POLICE - OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	40	56	SQUEEZE - ARGY BARGY	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
11	33	STIFF LITTLE FINGERS - NOBODY'S HEROES	4.79	3.54	£1.25 OFF	41	25	K.C. & The Sunshine Band - GREATEST HITS	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
12	6	WRECKLESS ERIC - BIG SMASH	3.99	3.19*	80p OFF	42	36	BUGGLES - THE AGE OF PLASTIC	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
13	16	BLONDIE - EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	43	42	The Knack - But The Little Girls Understand	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF
14	10	THE PRETENDERS - THE PRETENDERS	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF	44	47	CAPTAIN & TENNILLE - MAKE YOUR MOVE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
15	11	THE SELECTER - TOO MUCH PRESSURE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	45	41	Donna Summer - Greatest Hits - On The Radio	6.50	4.75	£1.75 OFF
16	50	COCKNEY REJECTS - GREATEST HITS VOL. 1	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	46	53	THE CRAMPS - SONGS THE LORD TAUGHT US	4.75	3.50	£1.25 OFF
17	15	JOE JACKSON - I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	47	NEW ENTRY	ROBERT FRIPP - GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF
18	13	VARIOUS ARTISTS - THE LAST DANCE	5.29	4.49	80p OFF	48	37	ANDY GIBB - AFTER DARK	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF
19	14	SPYRO GYRA - CATCHING THE SUN	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	49	30	Narada Michael Walden - THE DANCE OF LIFE	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
20	29	DEF LEPPARD - ON THROUGH THE NIGHT	4.99	3.99	£1.00 OFF	50	NEW ENTRY	Blood, Sweat & Tears - NUCLEAR BLUES	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
21	NEW ENTRY	STATUS QUO - TWELVE GOLD BARS	4.99	4.19	80p OFF	51	39	THE CLASH - LONDON CALLING	5.00	3.75	£1.25 OFF
22	17	JON & VANGELIS - SHORT STORIES	5.35	4.35	£1.00 OFF	52	44	LINDA RONSTADT - MAD LOVE	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
23	23	MADNESS - ONE STEP BEYOND	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	53	48	KENNY ROGERS - KENNY	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
24	24	Crystal Gayle - The Crystal Gayle Singles Album	4.99	4.29	70p OFF	54	57	The Fealties - Limited Edition CRAZY RHYTHMS (Period)	3.99	3.19*	80p OFF
25	27	JOHNNY MATHIS - TEARS & LAUGHTER	5.29	4.59	70p OFF	55	40	LENE LOVICH -	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
26	18	SISTER SLEDGE - Love Somebody Today	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF	56	45	Todd Rundgren - 11th free Adventures in Utopia single	5.29	4.04*	£1.25 OFF
27	20	MIKE RUTHERFORD - SMALL CREEP'S DAY	4.79	3.79	£1.00 OFF	57	54	The Boomtown Rats - The Fine Art of Surfacing	5.65	4.65	£1.00 OFF
28	19	THE SHADOWS - STRING OF HITS	5.29	4.04	£1.25 OFF	58	55	Warren Zevon - Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
29	21	THE SPECIALS - THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF	59	58	VARIOUS ARTISTS - LONDON R&B SESSIONS	4.00	3.20	80p OFF
30	22	Jefferson Starship - FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO	5.49	4.24*	£1.25 OFF	60	46	RUSH - PERMANENT WAVES	4.99	3.99	£1.00 OFF

*Free Copy of first L.P. Ltd. Offer includes free copy of 'Earth'.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS: Van Halen, Giorgio Moroder, John Stewart, Pat Travers, Beach Boys, Barbara Dickson, Gerry Rafferty, Buzzcocks, Chris Rea, Slave, Saxon, Urban Verbs, Club Ska '87, Joe Ely, Boney M, Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, Steve Hackett, Genesis, 10 C.C., Phil Lynott, Peter Gabriel, Angelic Upstarts, Dirty Looks, Roxy Music.

E & O Prices Subject to manufacturers increases

95 CLARENCE STREET KINGSTON
TEL: 01-546 6353.

100 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET W8
TEL: 01-937 0257.

219A FINCHLEY ROAD NW3
TEL: 01-624 2217.

1 CRANBOURN ST LEICESTER SQ WC2
TEL: 01-734 7660.

29 RIVERDALE SHOPPING CENTRE.
LEWISHAM SE14 TEL: 01-318 2297

36 KINGS ROAD CHELSEA SW3
TEL: 01-581 0877

137 CHARING CROSS ROAD WC2
TEL: 01-437 1713.

70 NORTH END CROYDON
TEL: 01-681 7107.

151 EDWARE ROAD W2
TEL: 01-723 1883.

12 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W1
TEL: 01-636 4631.

14 CHASE SIDE SOUTHGATE N14
TEL: 01-882 5566

16 GOLDERS GREEN ROAD NW11
TEL: 01-455 1078.

Thrills!

Top Liverpool Club Closes

ERIC'S: Gone But Not Forgotten

Looking high, looking Lowe.
Pic: Chris Gabrin

Townshend/Lowe Cock-Up Life's Work In The Dumper

PETE TOWNSHEND, angst-torn leader of mod revival group The Who, had toiled for three long years, sweating blood over his magnum opus. And at last it was complete. A wad of closely-typed pages the margins full of hand-written notes, the frontispiece bearing the single word *Lifehouse*.

Nicholas Roeg fabled director of *Performance*, *Don't Look Now* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth* had been enlisted to turn *Lighthouse* into a film so Townshend put the only copy of his master-work into a large envelope and instructed his management office to send it to Roeg post-haste.

A few days later the large envelope arrived at a recently furnished studio in Shepherd's Bush along with sundry other mail addressed to the studio's owner and operator, a hard-boiled top selling record producer called, co-incidentally, Nicholas Lowe.

Lowe's wits were not fully collected at that early hour of the day. He ploughed half-heartedly through his correspondence. Final demands for the electricity bill, fan mail from small American townships, hopeful demo tapes, the usual — all of it given fuzzy appraisal and then summarily

consigned to the waste-paper basket.

"What's this?" Mused the bemused producer as he removed the wad of A4 from its wrapper.

"*Lifehouse*? A film script! What am I supposed to do with a bleeding film script?"

What indeed?

"In the dumper..."

And so in the dumper it went. Perhaps Lowe had failed to notice the name of Peter Townshend inscribed for copyright at the bottom of each page. Perhaps he hadn't...

Some days later the frantic voices of Townshend and Roeg began yelling back and forth down the telephone line. Have you got it yet? I didn't know you'd sent it. But I sent it days ago. So where is it?

A couple of desperate hours passed before Townshend uncovered the awful truth.

He was round to Lowe's place in a flash. And not a moment too soon, for with the dustman's arrival imminent he found his work covered with days of Lowe's accumulated debris.

Which leaves the question — was the whole thing worth saving? We shall see.

NICK ROGUE

Blair Peach Revelations

THE PLOT THICKENS

THE INQUEST on the death of Hackney school teacher Blair Peach, killed during the Southall riots of April 23, 1979, will resume on April 28 in the midst of some startling new evidence.

A *Sunday Times* lead story (March 16), alleges that Scotland Yard's investigation bureau submitted factual evidence to the Director of Public Prosecutions claiming that the fatal blow was indeed struck by a member of one SPG team present during the rioting (all of London's 200 strong SPG were at Southall, divided into units). *Sunday Times* *Insight* team lists evidence that indicates one man was responsible for the death blow; that certain officers could be charged with causing an affray; that certain questions were not answered, lies were told constituting obstruction to justice and that certain uniformed officers in the Metropolitan Police had tried to thwart the enquiry.

Despite the evidence the DPP, Sir Thomas Hetherington, failed to act, claiming that the information was

insufficient to warrant criminal proceedings, and that it did not satisfy his privately held quota of "51 per cent", or a better than evens chance of conviction.

The new evidence also uncovers a measure of the rivalry between CID officers and the SPG. The *Sunday Times* quotes one unnamed officer as commenting "If it had been one of our men they would have put him in the dock by now". But the allegations reveal that uniformed officers at Barnes police station stymied Investigating Officers during a search on an SPG locker room where unauthorised weapons had been found. The investigators were mysteriously called away from the spot and on return the weapons had been removed.

A *Sunday Times* Market and Opinion Research poll conducted elsewhere in the newspaper reveals that 51 per cent of those questioned on professional people's honesty and ethical standing still felt the police were of a high quality.

After the investigations on April 28 the public may change its mind.



Saturday's demo leaves Mathew St. home of Eric's. Pic: Derek Massey.

Punters Protest as Police Pile On Pressure

ERIC'S club in Liverpool went into voluntary liquidation last week. It didn't go bust — the pressure just got too much.

For several weeks rumours had been going round that the police intended to get the club closed down, and these were confirmed when co-owners Roger Eagle and Pete Fulwell received a visit from a CID sergeant who said the club's licence would be opposed when it came up for renewal next September. This would be on the grounds of two minor signing-in offences — non-members who'd not been signed in had been caught in a couple of recent police raids.

The police clampdown on Eric's is part of a much broader action they're taking throughout Merseyside. At the last count there were 235 places where you could drink after hours in Liverpool, and in the view of police chief Ken Oxford that's a couple of hundred too many. Part of Thatcher's general toughening up on law and order, but its also more personal with Mr. Oxford.

After a notorious gang land trial in the city in which there were allegations of people running down dual carriageways naked with broken legs and various essential limbs chopped off, a judge was bold enough to comment that the police didn't seem to have enough control of the Liverpool clubland. Mr. Oxford wants to prove him wrong. He's already succeeded in getting several long-established clubs closed down, and Eric's was just one of many other targets.

And last Friday the club was raided. The police were getting all the blame for the imminent

shutdown anyway, so perhaps they decided to justify it. At the Psychedelic Furs gig the Drugs Squad heaved their way in. Three van loads of people were taken away and 11 arrested. It was the usual sort of thing. They picked on the black kids first then the ones who looked least like they were wearing uniform. Two members of the band were taken away, then they ripped the seating in the food bar with razors, punched people in the stomach, and emptied the contents of their handbags onto the floor.

If there's one club in Liverpool that was well run, and in which there was no gangland heaviness it was Eric's. And, of course, no interested parties on either side of the law ever got any protection money from Pete or Roger.

The real reason for the closure, though, had already arrived in the shape of Eric's creditors. Contrary to many people's belief the club didn't make a lot of money and Pete Fulwell had always said that they'd be sunk if everyone asked for their money at once. That's precisely what happened.

That fact coupled with the general disastrous economic climate proved too much for Eric's. If people are going out they want to be sure of what they're getting. They'd rather pay a lot every now and then and take in a big concert with a known band than risk going out to see new talent. In these circumstances, the more successful you are, the more successful you are. The medium sized venues and businesses of all kinds go down.

Eric's excellence lay in providing an out-of-London venue for up and

coming bands, and Roger's booking record was immaculate. Since the place opened in October 1976 you wouldn't have missed anyone worth seeing. The first four bands were The Runaways, The Count Bishops, The Sex Pistols and The Stranglers. It went from there.

Another reason the club didn't make a lot of money was that it didn't charge much. 50p membership to start with — it recently went up to £1.10. It should have been at least a fiver. "There's no way we could ask the kids for that much," says Roger. "Our policy was to make the music available to as many people as possible."

A mention also has to be made of all the local bands who supported the club and played there. Deaf School, Elvis Costello, Big in Japan, Echo and Bunnymen, The Teardrop Explodes, Naughty Lumps, Yachts, Moondogs, Supercharge, 29th and Dearborn, Pink Military Stand Alone, Nightmares in Wax, Wah Heat, Original Mirrors, The Planets, Malchix, The Spitfire Boys, Dalek I, Orchestral Manoeuvres, the Moderates, Modern Eon, and all the rest.

Eric's record label will continue, and there are now offers of money flying about. There are other plans, for a label to re-release treasured oldies, exclusive tee-shirts. Post modernist liquidation may be upon them, but it's not the last you'll hear of Eric's. After all, the very day after the raid, over one hundred people marched in protest and a petition can be signed at Probe Records.

Eric's may be gone, but its not forgotten...

CHRISTINE RUTH

Counterfeit Records: A Special Inquiry

FAKES THAT COST A FORTUNE

THE BACKGROUND by Roy Carr

HOW MANY counterfeit records have you got in your collection? If you're into buying imports then you probably own at least one! But don't bother looking, you won't find it.

Millions of almost impossible-to-detect facsimiles of current best-sellers are now in circulation and things have reached such a crisis that the American recording industry is feverishly experimenting with special inks, papers, and infra-red techniques in an effort to combat those organised crime operations.

The problem is complex, though, for in many

instances counterfeits are actually being produced from record companies' very own manufacturing components by bribing the workforce to smuggle out the relevant materials. What's more, once the counterfeits have been shipped to sympathetic distributors and large retail chains these middle-men are able to return the albums to the record companies on a sale-or-return basis, and get legitimate albums back. It's a profitable and hard to detect racket and it's costing the American record industry literally millions of dollars a year.

THE BREAKTHROUGH by Mick Farren

THE SAM GOODY Corporation is one of the largest and oldest chains of record stores in the United States. It has an established reputation for solidity and discount prices. It turned out this week, however, that those competitive prices may not just be a result of good business management as the company's president and vice president were indicted on charges of knowingly dealing in counterfeit records and tapes.

The charges follow a series of investigations spanning several months and conducted by both police and federal agents. Up until now the majority of cases of this

kind were directed at single, isolated retailers and a few semi-pro bootleggers. The official excuse was that the various law enforcement agencies neither had the time nor the manpower to effectively combat the problem.

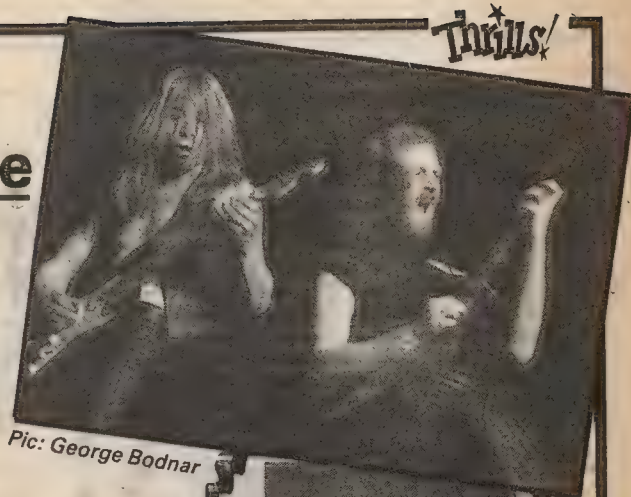
Now the picture has radically changed. With record company profits being seriously eroded, someone in the Justice department has decided that something must be done.

The majority of the tapes concerned (with a retail value of over \$1 million) were counterfeit copies of "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever" and it would appear,

according to the charges, that Sam Goody were returning huge quantities of these fakes to RSO as unsold stock. Once the returns had been routinely accepted, Sam Goody would be given credit against purchase of legitimate records, thus duping the record companies into buying up counterfeit copies of their own best sellers.

Whatever the eventual outcome of the Sam Goody case, it won't be the last of its kind. Counterfeiting has the record industry running scared, and they'll pile on every kind of pressure to plug the leak that could, in some people's estimation, actually bleed the business to death.

Does Anyone Know This Man?



Pic: George Bodnar

YES, it's that wooden guitarist again, who first graced the NME's pages just three weeks ago in our HM Special.

And after all that publicity it seems that our hero, who bears the unlikely handle of Rob Loonhouse no longer finds the Soundhouse a big enough stage for his talents. Here he is on stage and upstaging Iron Maiden at the Hammersmith Odeon.

By the way, Rob, we would point out in the interests of accuracy that a real Flying V guitar doesn't actually have a tremolo arm.



From NME, March 1, 1980.

THE REWARD

THE FBI has been implicated in any number of curious activities over the years but "helping to preserve an environment in which creativity and the arts can flourish"??

It was with this unlikely epithet that the Bureau was presented with the Recording Industry Association of America's Cultural Award at a recent dinner bash attended by members of Congress and the Administration.

The RIAA, it seems, was anxious to express lasting gratitude to the Feds for their campaign to root out the pirates, counterfeiters and other plagiarisers of "intellectual property".

Lowry

THE GREAT DEBATE RAGES ON...

LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO BE QUIET AGAIN. ONE OF THESE PERIODS WHEN THE RATIO OF ARSEHOLES AND FOOLS IS SO GREAT THAT...



MOST BANDS ARE LESS INTERESTING THAN THE INTERIOR OF ANNE NIGHTINGALE'S BRAIN. THE PEOPLE WHO'VE REALISED THAT YOU CAN'T AFFECT POLITICIANS FROM A ROCK AND ROLL STAGE HAVEN'T THE TALENT TO DO MUCH BEYOND THEIR ORIGINAL TIRADES...



PLUS YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO TELL OTHER PEOPLE HOW * TO RUN THEIR LIVES IF YOUR OWN RELATIONSHIPS ARE A JOKE. LIKE THE GIRL SAID WE NEED HONOURABLE SENTIMENTS. EMOTIONS YOU CAN CHANGE...



LISTEN - THE REACTIONARIES AND THE FOOLS ARE IN CHARGE AGAIN. IT'S ALL CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE AND ROCK 'N' ROLL BETTER BE CONSENTING ADULTS BEHIND DRAWN CURTAINS FROM HERE ON IN. IT'S UNCOOL TO CARE ABOUT ANYTHING. ANY IMPROVEMENTS ARE GOING TO BE VERY SMALL ONES...



AND WE'RE GOING TO FEEL SUCH GODDAM' ASSHOLES FOR GOING ALONG WITH IT ALL WHEN THE NEXT ICONOCLASTS COME ALONG & POINT OUT HOW UTTERLY ROTTEN IT ALL IS. FROM POLITICS THROUGH POP MUSIC TO THE PRESENT TREND IN MENSWEAR & ACCESSORIES...



Not Only Rock'n'Roll

From the author of the bestselling and highly controversial...
RUBYFRUIT JUNGLE
comes the sizzling, sensational and extremely funny...

RITA MAE BROWN
Author of the controversial bestseller
RUBYFRUIT JUNGLE

SIX OF ONE



The sizzingly funny, kinflicking new novel

'AFFECTING, PROVOCATIVE AND VERY, VERY FUNNY.'
Time Out

A Corgi Paperback Price £1.00

DON'T BUY ANY RECORDS!

UNTIL, OF COURSE, YOU CATCH THE BRAND NEW, SEVENTEENTH FRANTIC CATALOGUE!

YOU'LL BE TRULY AMAZED AT THE 1,000'S OF ALBUMS + TAPES ALL AT FANTASTIC DISCOUNTS!

★ EXTRA DISCOUNTS ON OUR VERY OWN "FRANTIC 40" TOP SELLING ALBUMS AND NEW RELEASES...

★ GENESIS TOUR SPECIAL - 'THE DUKE' AT ONLY £3.99 PLUS EXTRA SPECIAL DISCOUNTS ON GENESIS BACK CATALOGUE + PETER GABRIEL, STEVE HACKETT, TONY BANKS + MIKE RUTHERFORD L.P.'s.

★ £1.99 ONLY FOR THE BEACH BOYS "SURF'S UP", IGGY + THE STOOGES "RAW POWER" + OTHER CBS/EMERALG ALBUMS!

★ IRON MAIDEN ALBUM ONLY £2.99!!

★ EXTRA SAVINGS ON MANY EMI ALBUMS INCLUDING UNTON KWESI JOHNSON, KATE BUSH, QUEEN, BOB SEGER, PINK FLOYD, ETC. PLUS B52'S AND SAMMY HAGAR!

★ SECOND TIME AROUND ALBUMS... A NEW SELECTION OF REQUESTED ALBUMS FROM THE PAST - MONTROSE, APRIL WINE, RUSH, BLUE OYSTER CULT, RIOT, STYX, UFO, ETC., AT UNBELIEVABLE PRICES!

★ ASTOUNDING APRIL RELEASES AT OUR USUAL FOOLISH DISCOUNTS - MONOCHROME SET, SAXON, UK SUBS, CURE, THE CRAMPS + MORE...

★ ROLLING STONES NEW BLOCKBUSTER "EMOTIONAL RESCUE" AT £1.70 OFF SHOP PRICE - ONLY £3.99!!!



FRANTIC

PLEASE RUSH ME THE SPARKLING NEW FRANTIC CATALOGUE - I JUST CAN'T WAIT...

NAME _____

SEND TO: DEPT. N17, FRANTIC MAIL ORDER CO., ANDERSON ROAD, WARLEY, WEST MIDLANDS, B66 4BB. ALL FRANTIC ALBUMS ARE GUARANTEED NEW + UNPLAYED.

MARK ANDREWS

and the Gentlemen



Luap Etep-nats.

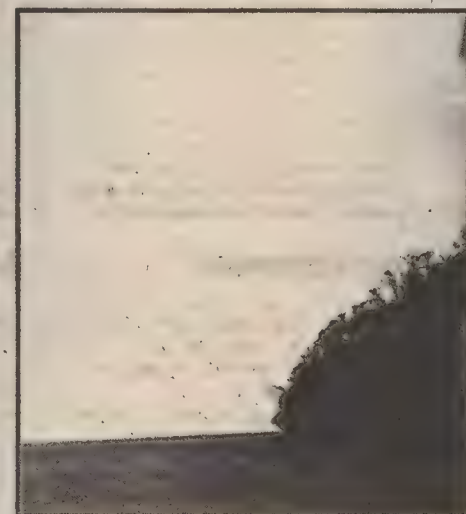
T ipsum dolor si amet, consectetur adipiscing n't ut labore et dolore magna aliquam d exercitation ullamcorper suscipit laboris nisi dui autem vel eum irure dolor dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. At vero eos et praesant luptatum delenit aigue duos dolor et moles provident, simil tempor sunt in culpa qui officia fuga. Et harumd dereud facilis est er expedit eligend oprio congue nihil impedit doming id quod assumenda est, omnis dolor rerun necessit atib saepe eveniet ut rerum hic tenetur sapiente delectus au aut prefer cum tene sententiam, quid est cur verear ne ad eam paulo ante cum memorite tum etia ergat. Nos amice augendas cum conscient to factor tum poen neque nulla praid om dodecendesse videantur. Invitat igitur vera neque hominy infant aut iniuste fact est cond qui si effecerit, et opes vel fortunag vel ingen volent sib conciliant et, aptissim est ad quiet. Endum peccand quaert sunt is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. in his rebus emolument oariunt iniur. sed quiran cunditat vel plurify. Nam dilig et carum luptat plenior efficit. Tia non ob ea solu incommo sed mult etiam mag quod cuis. Guae ad erat expetend quam nostras expetere quo loco videat. tamet eum locum seque facil, ut mihi detur expedi sic amicitand neg posse a luptate discedere. metus plena sit, ratiopipsa monet amicitian pariender amittitao non modo faurices filelssim sed al etiam Lorem ipsum dolor si amet, consectetur adipiscing incidunt ut labore et dolore magna aliquam nostrud exercitation ullamcorper suscipit laboris nisi dui autem vel eum irure dolor in dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. At vero eos et praesant luptatum delenit aigue duos dolor et provident, simil tempor sunt in fuga. Et harumd eligend oprio congue nihil impedit assumenda est, omnis dolor repellend. rerun necessit atib saepe eveniet ut er repudiand rerum hic tenetur sapiente delectus au cum tene sententiam, quid est cur verear ne ad eam paulo ante augendas cum conscient to factor tum poen legum neque pecum modut est neque nonor imper ned nulla praid om undant.



motuon sit et parvos ad se alliciat et staidy non illa indutal genelation. What gitor convente ab alia Ectamen nedue enim haec movere potest a parvis specula naturae, ut diceret abbis duce hanc motuon sit et

rerun necessit atib saepe eveniet ut er repudiand rerum hic tenetur sapiente delectus cum tene sententiam, quid est cur verear ne ad eam paulo ante cum memorite tum etia ergat.

dodecendesse videantur. Invitat igitur vera ratio bene neque hominy infant aut iniuste fact est cond qui neg si effecerit, et opes vel fortunag vel ingen volent sib conciliant et, aptissim est ad quiet. Endum peccand quaert en imigent cupidat a sunt is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. in his rebus sed quiran cunditat vel plurify. Nam dilig et carum luptat plenior efficit. sed mult etiam mag quod cuis. expetend quam tamet eum locum seque facil, ut mihi sic amicitand neg posse a luptate discedere. Nam metus plena sit, ratiopipsa monet amicitian pariender luptam seiung non poest. Atque ut odia, amittitao non modo faurices filelssim sed al etiam Lorem ipsum dolor si amet, consectetur incidunt ut labore nostrud exercitation ullamcorper dui autem vel eum irure dolor in dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. At vero eos et accusa praesant luptatum delenit aigue duos dolor et provident, simil tempor sunt in culpa qui officia fuga. Et harumd dereud facilis est er eligend oprio congue nihil impedit doming id assumenda est, omnis dolor repellend. Temporibud



indutal genelation. What gitor convente ab alia

Ndno Eoto Rve Dtah, Eam

F n ipsum dolor si amet, consectetur unt ut labore et dolore magna aliquam ud exercitation ullamcorper suscipit dui autem vel eum irure dolor in reprehenderit dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. At vero eos et praesant provident, simil fuga. Et harumd eligend oprio congue nihil impedit assumenda est, omnis rerun necessit atib saepe eveniet ut er repudiand rerum hic tenetur sapiente delectus au aut prefer cum tene sententiam, quid est cur verear ne paulo ante augendas cum conscient to factor tum poen neque pecum modut est neque nonor imper nulla praid om undant. Improb pary minuit, dodecendesse videantur. Invitat igitur vera ratio neque hominy infant aut iniuste fact si effecerit, et opes vel volent sib conciliant et, aptissim peccand quaert en imigent sunt is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. Con in his rebus emolument oariunt iniur. sed quiran cunditat vel plurify. Nam dilig et carum luptat plenior efficit. Tia non ob ea solu sed mult etiam mag quod cuis. Guae ad erat expetend quam nostras expetere quo tamet eum locum seque facil, ut mihi detur sic amicitand neg posse a luptate discedere. metus plena sit, ratiopipsa monet amicitian compar pariender luptam seiung non poest. amittitao non modo faurices filelssim sed al etiam Lorem ipsum dolor si amet.

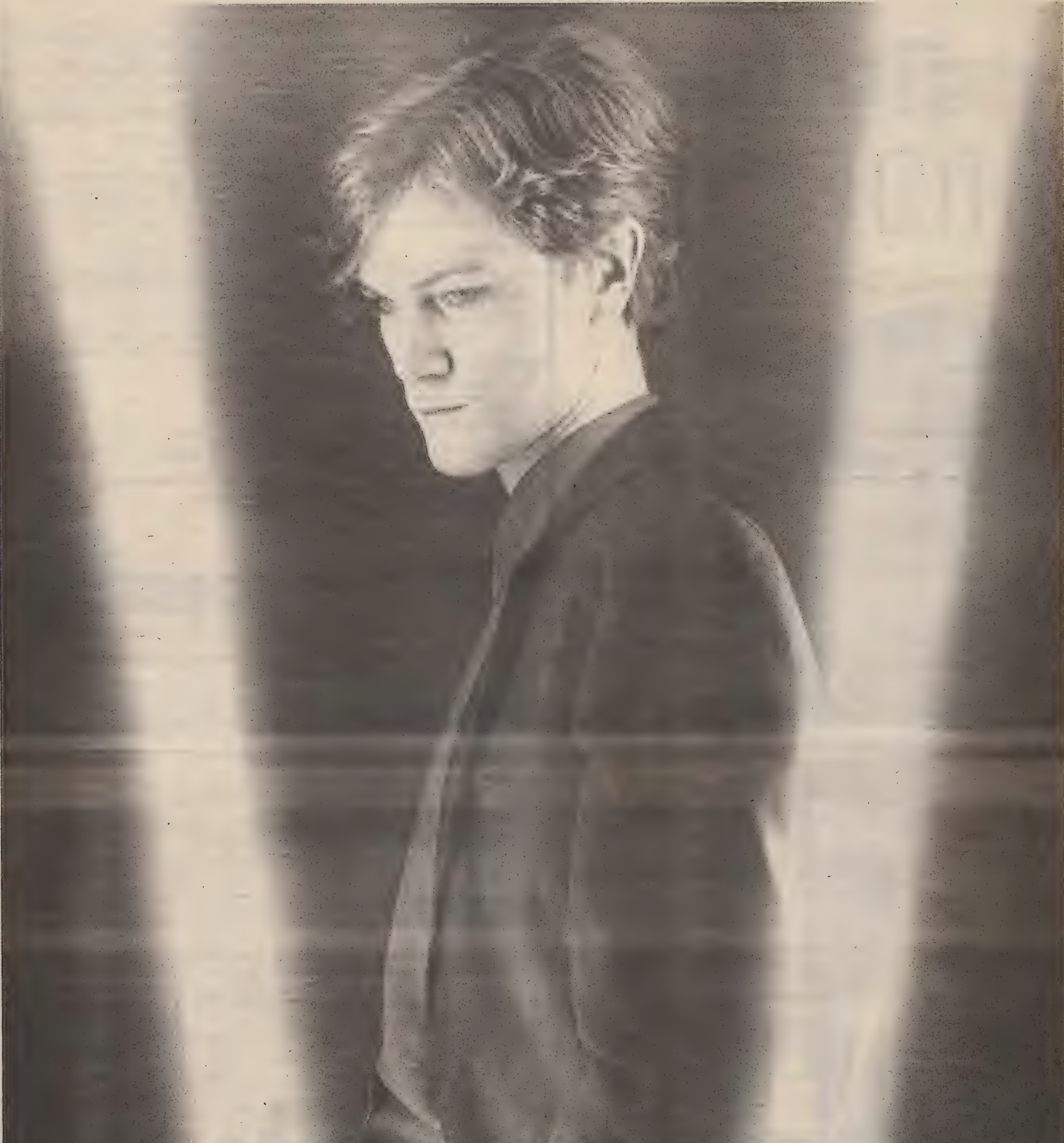
BIG BOY

DEBUT ALBUM

OUT NOW

AMLH 68513





JOHN FOXX

NO-ONE DRIVING

(RE-RECORDED) VS338

+ GLIMMER+THIS CITY+MR. NO

TWO SINGLES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE - LIMITED EDITION

ALBUM - METAMATIC - V2146

METAL BEAT - VIRGIN RECORDS

Thrills!

Kate B-52. Pic: Godlis



No Nukes Music

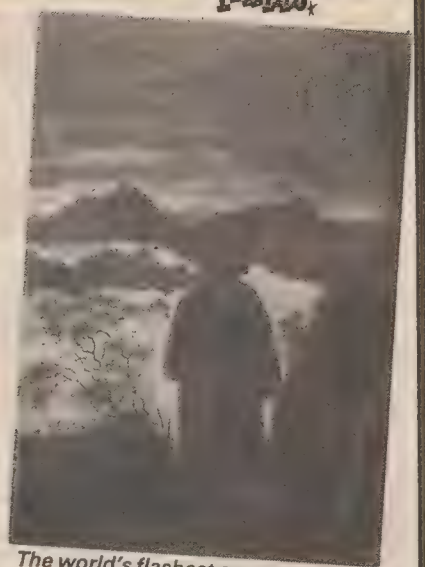
THE weekend after next will see the first anniversary of the nuclear 'mishap' at Harrisburg and to celebrate the event there will be march against nuclear power on Saturday March 29 from Hyde Park. The previous evening also sees a benefit gig at Central London Poly organised by No Nukes Music and featuring John Cooper-Clarke, Essential Logic and The Ivory Brothers. Here's hoping we'll all be around for the second anniversary.

Joy Division

To Be
— official

LICHT und Blindheit' is the conceptual title of a French released Joy Division single on Sordide Sentimentale. The record features two previously unrecorded tracks, 'Atmosphere' and 'Dead Souls', incorporated in a lavish folder that includes some dense text written by one Jean-Pierre Turmel and a cover fold-out painting of the Reaper(?) straddling a mountainous divide, or something, by Jean-Francois Jamoul.

Turmel and Jamoul's first venture into what they term 'Gesamtkunstwerk' (Total Art) involved Throbbing Gristle. The aesthetic success of that project persuaded Joy Division and their pleasantly taciturn managerial person Rob Gretton to try their hand with the dedicated Frenchmen. "We had a pleading letter from



The world's flashiest ever single sleeve

Jean-Pierre whasit," remarked Gretton dourly, "And we agreed 'cos it's interesting to see how different people handle different aspects. There are no restrictions from Factory on this sort of thing."

Joy Division presented Jean and Jean with the material, recorded last autumn with Martin Hannett in Cargo Studios, and left them to devise the package. What did Gretton think of the text, a eulogy to Romantic spectacle which attempts to place Joy Division within a framework that includes references to St Teresa's Ecstasy, Marcel Brion and Heinrich Von Kleist?

"I thought it was a bit over the top," Rob deadpanned. "I dunno if we'll release the songs here but I think 'Atmosphere' will be the B-side of an American 12" single ('She's Lost Control')."

Meanwhile Turmel has fixed a limited edition of 1578 (historically significant, of course) on the single and Joy Division are in a secret London studio (no callers please) recording their second album. **LORD BYRON**

Thrills!

B-52's Album — Pronto!

WORD crept through that surrealist dance band The B-52s were about to start recording phase two of the bouffant bop in funky Nassau. The Thrills desk placed a call for verification. "Hi! Yeah we've been here for a few days, and we've got a title for the album." Kate Pierson pre-empted the question. "It's going to be called 'Urgentissimo'. What's it mean? Fred ... what's it mean? Fred says it means pronto."

Oh.

"But we might change it if we think of something better."

The B-52s have been taking it easy

since they returned from playing Japan and moved into a house in upstate New York just after Christmas.

"We've been ice-skating, throwing snowballs, practising and writing songs for our new album. Let's see, there's 'Strobe Light', 'Devil In My Car', 'Dirty Back Roads', 'Private Idaho', 'Quiche Lorraine' ..."

Quiche Lorraine?

"Yeah, it's a French dish."

Of course.

Kate thought Japan was fantastic.

The band played in a club in the ancient capitol of Kyoto. Japanese popsters went wild.

"We were told they'd be real subdued, because they have very polite customs there, but they weren't. All the girls wore wigs. They like to imitate, and they're strong on anything visual. But they do it so well."

The B-52s have certainly come a long way since the days when their biggest ambition was to tour the world in a boat.

"That's right. Now our ambition is to tour the world in a caboose."

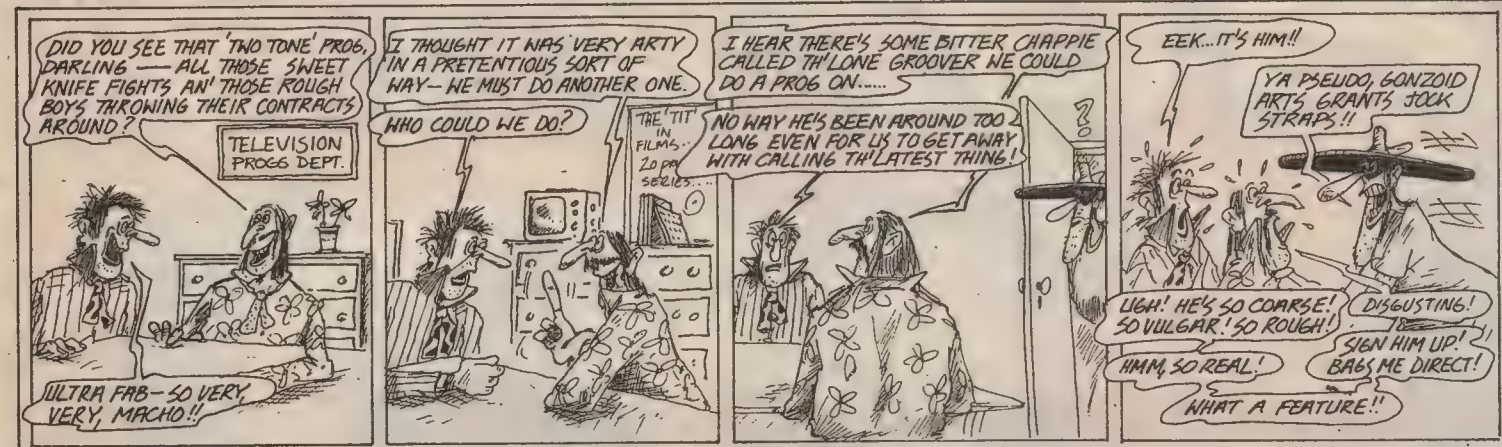
Click.

Whiiiiirrrrr ...

PAL LAVA

The Lone Groover

Benyon



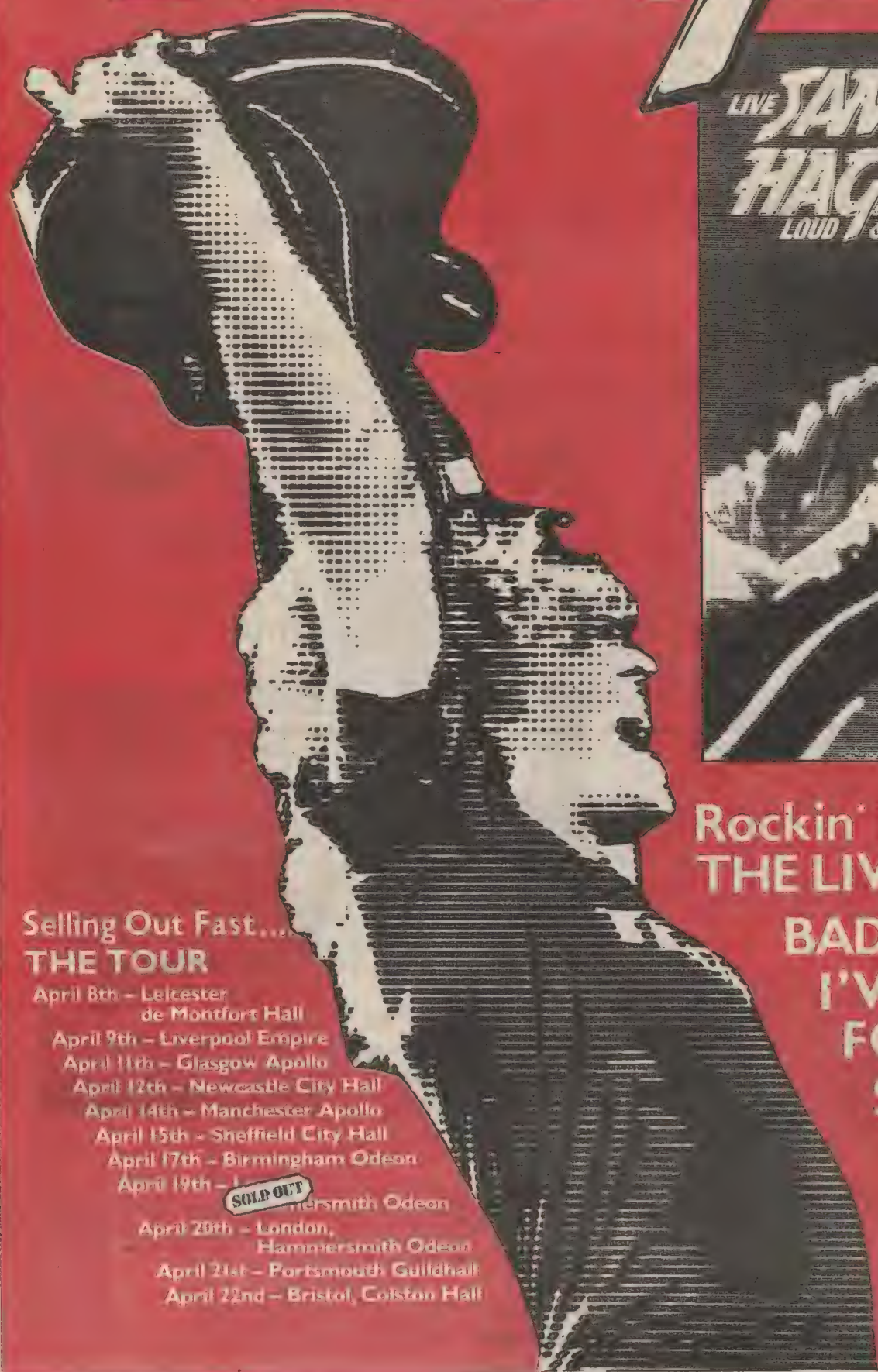
What have Strawberry Studios and Sad Café in common?

AR loudspeakers.
Used by Strawberry Studios, Sad Café and other leading bands as reference speakers. They're exactly the same models as those in thousands of homes throughout the world. Follow the professionals and choose AR.

Send for colour brochure and stockists list to: Teledyne Acoustic Research, Dept. NM, Freepost, Dunstable, Beds LU5 5BR.

LIVE....LOUD AND CLEAR!

JAMMY HAGAR



Rockin' into the charts,
THE LIVE album featuring

**BAD MOTOR SCOOTER,
I'VE DONE EVERYTHING
FOR YOU,
SPACE STATION No.5
& RED**

Limited edition in clear red vinyl
with special label.

Selling Out Fast... THE TOUR

April 8th - Leicester
de Montfort Hall
April 9th - Liverpool Empire
April 11th - Glasgow Apollo
April 12th - Newcastle City Hall
April 14th - Manchester Apollo
April 15th - Sheffield City Hall
April 17th - Birmingham Odeon
April 19th - **SOLD OUT** Hammersmith Odeon
April 20th - London,
Hammersmith Odeon
April 21st - Portsmouth Guildhall
April 22nd - Bristol, Colston Hall

ON CAPITOL RECORDS *Capitol*

Thrills!**Dinosaur's Corner**

Cozy Corner

Pic: Fin Costello



"NME . . . brilliant."
claims HM Hero

SINCE most 'rock' critics would rather admit to liking The Nolans than praise out-and-out heavy metal, gents of the latter persuasion tend to be hypersensitive where the music press is concerned. Thus, Rainbow's Ritchie Blackmore is deeply antagonistic towards this organ, a view he's unlikely to have altered as a result of Glenn Gibson's recent live review. Cozy Powell, however, thought it was a bit of a scream.

"NME can be brilliant sometimes and it can also write a lot of drivel. I don't give a shit if people slag me off: it's part of their job, it's show business. I'm beyond all that, I don't care."

"Funnily enough, last week's review of Rainbow was actually really funny. I thought it was great. Then there was a drum solo. Then the buses came to take everybody away — I cracked up. Great. I think the others take it a bit more personally."

Like painting the Forth Road Bridge or working on an oil rig, playing with Rainbow is not exactly a soft option. Since the drummer joined in late '75, the tempestuous Mr. Blackmore has hired and fired at a bewildering rate. Why are you still there, Cozy?

"'Cos I'm the only person that stands up to him. Everybody else goes 'Yes Ritchie, no Ritchie, three bags full Ritchie'. I think he respects the fact that (a) I'll at least have a go at him and (b) he knows that I'll always be there and I'll always give 100%."

Of artistes to emerge in the post-Pistols age, Cozy predictably admires Joe Jackson and The Police, who must be heartily sick of being every conservative's fave rave. The Strawbs' 'Part Of The Union' was the most up-to-date item in the warm-up music before Rainbow's Wembley show. We even got 'All You Need Is Love', in sharp contrast to the unbelievably loutish 'All Night Long'. ("Don't know about your brain, but you look alright" etc.)

"We've had a lot of flak about the lyrics, understandably so. That's something you should put to Roger (Glover). I'm sure he'd have a good answer for you."

"We had a lot of demons and wizards before, now we've got a lot of love and kisses."

HARRY GEORGE

Thrills!**USA Floyd Fever**

PRE-MODERNIST rock sedative The Pink Floyd have triggered an internecine promotions war between three Philadelphia radio stations all competing for the same Adult-Oriented dial-spinner. The stakes are high, say trade rag *Billboard*. Listener figures determine where advertisers put their money, and the new Arbitron ratings loom.

Station WMMR kicked off with a 'Think Pink' competition. The winning pair would be taken to a Floyd concert in Los Angeles, while 50 runners-up would be taken to a Floyd concert in New York. (You figure it out). Several hundred other participants received a copy of 'The Wall'.

Ten days later station WYSP announced prizes of 94 tickets for the concert in New York, and six for the concert in Los Angeles — but contestants had to pick up entry forms at certain record stores and then phone the station if their names were announced.

Leaping into the fray, station WFI gave away four tickets for Los Angeles to people who called the station and then listened for their names over the air.

WMMR, the station that started all this, then upped its offer of Los Angeles tickets to



Dave Gilmour gets solo pic instead of Roger Waters shock!

four and added a 'Think Pink' weekend for radio listeners — at the same time as WYSP had its 'Pink Floyd Weekend'.

It's a wonder those Adult-Oriented listeners can stand the pace. The first person to send in their ticket for Floyd's British appearance wins a free brick.

SYD BARRAT

Thrills!

We can't call our new single 'Romance'
they'll think it's by Andy Williams.

**WHIRLWIND**

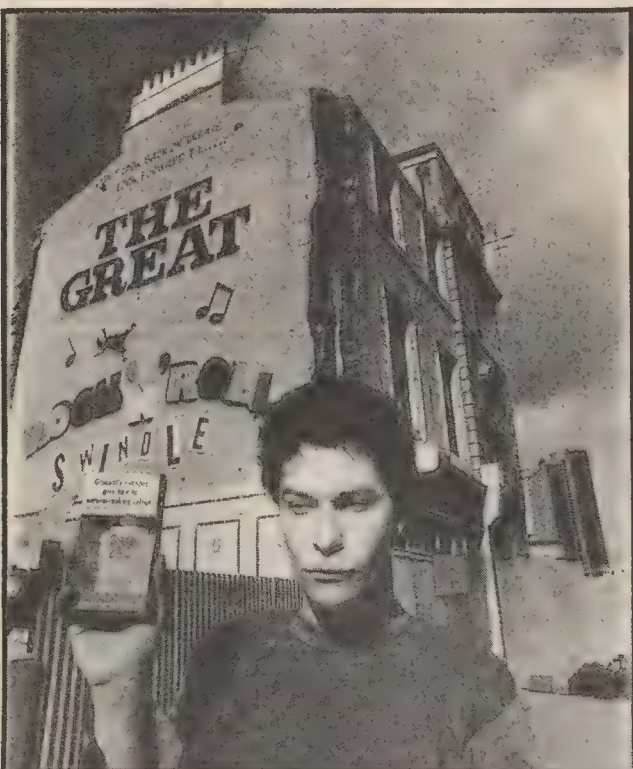
The
New Album
'MIDNIGHT BLUE'
Cat.No.CWK 3012

Available on cassette

Featuring the new single 'HEAVEN KNOWS'
Cat.No.CHIS 122

Chiswick

Julian Temple: the art of cheap publicity. Pic: Mike Laye



TEMPLE'S BALL

Pistols' Film Wows LA

THE Citizen Kane of rock 'n' roll pictures... the most imaginative use of a rock 'n' roll group in films since The Beatles debuted in A Hard Day's Night. So says *Variety* magazine, the filmbiz oracle about — would you believe — *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*. Director, Julian Temple took the film to Los Angeles two weeks ago where critical appreciation was so great that, on the strength of it, the film has been sold to an undisclosed American distributor. And in this country it's now definite that Virgin Records will be making their distribution debut with the film "in the next two months, either directly or through a major."

Temple who co-wrote the screenplay with McLaren, but who was later accused of "treason" by the latter, had this to say.

"I think it's funny. He thinks it's a sell-out but it's certainly not from my point of view. The review in *Variety* will probably do Malcolm's box even more. It's a real shame because the idea is much more important than personal politics. It happened with Rotten and Malcolm and with other people as well as myself and Malcolm and that's a total waste of time... it's the idea you have to have loyalty to. I've retained that loyalty to the idea completely throughout."

"The thing about the showing in Filmex, up until then it had been seen by more lawyers than anyone else and

I'd only seen it with lawyers sitting in each others' laps so it was really good just to see it on a big screen. The audience were great, they clapped — you could tell who was the most popular by the number of claps they got. Vicious got lots of claps. I think they were thrown by the dialogue, they expected a more heroic depiction of the group. I thought that all the Hollywood punks would like it because they're so stranded over there, but in fact, they didn't — which is good, because all they wanted to do was hero worship Sid Vicious. They argued a lot, which is good because that's what they're supposed to do."

In the meantime, Temple has not been unaware of the similarities between his opus and The Clash flick "Rude Boy", which shadowed "Swindle" all the way to the Berlin Film Festival last month.

"The Clash were always pale imitations of the Sex Pistols... they've even gone to the extent of getting a litigation. The Sex Pistols were the masters of the form, you know, and The Clash are still struggling and striving to see if they're heavy metal or FM or whether they're ska... they should have broken up at the same time... they'll all have to kill their girlfriends next..."

DAVID BRITAIN

Thrills

Political Baez

This Year's Sermon

"NO FLIES on me" was the fundamental message delivered by Joan Baez last week to a hastily-convened press audience.

The scribes had been assembled in the Chelsea parlour of Iranian folk songstress Shusha, (see story below) ostensibly to note details of Ms Baez' one-woman benefit in aid of Cambodian refugees (at the Rainbow Wednesday March 19). What they got instead was an ineffably smug sermon on the perils of war and the Baez Method of organised pacifism.

Were these brandy-glass philosophers going to stand for such impudence? No Chance. Most declared themselves thoroughly ticked off by her presumed omniscience; her declarations of political near-infallibility and remarks to the effect that she, virtually alone among her 60's peacenik chums, has maintained a stable and consistent world's-eye view.

One particularly gnarled hack was moved to ask: "Doesn't it ever get a bit wearying worrying about the world? Do you ever think of giving it up?"

"I don't think there's anything particularly virtuous about what I do", she riposted. "I really feel some people were born to play tennis. They get happy and adrenalated and healthy and feel fantastic on court and nothing else quite compares with it."

"As for me, well I'm almost forty. I've been doing socially engaged things since I was 14 and clearly that's when I'm the most adrenalated, the healthiest and happiest."

Most of her work this past year has been research and fund-raising activities for a pocket resistance organisation called Humanitas of which she is president.

Although concerned with abuse and despotism the world over, its present preoccupation is the plight of Cambodian refugees in Thailand. It is this activity and the implied criticism of the Hanoi regime (love-object of the '60s American underground) that has raised the ire of her fellow U.S. agitators, a number of whom have accused her of being confused and/or a running dog lacky of CIA fascism. She and Jane Fonda, for instance, have already been involved in some public acrimony.

"I never had any illusions about Jane Fonda's non-violence", she opined "because I don't think she had any. I had some illusions about some of my pacifist friends and I'm very upset with them and I've written a very clear letter to a number of them in the States because it was insinuated in a very patronising way that Joan Baez wasn't quite sure where she wanted to be."

"So I wrote back saying I know exactly where I want to be. It's where I am and where the hell are you and why do you go on pretending everything's ok in Vietnam when it's human rights here and human rights there..."

To which your Thrillsman asked, a trifle sarcastically: How come you've managed to maintain a stable point of view, Joan, when all your pacifist friends are so confused?

"The reason I say this with a certain air of... knowing, is that

"Support peace or I'll kill you". Pic: Andre Csillag.



we've spent a year doing research. We're not dummies. We've researched Czechoslovakia, Greece under the coup, Chile under the coup, Argentina, you name it...

The evening was shortly to degenerate into a pro/anti pacifism slanging match, centrepiece of which was the time-honoured conundrum: What then would you have done about Hitler, if not fight him?

Even Ms Baez' mother ('a natural-born pacifist') was lured into this one but could offer little more than "there must be something better than violence but I'm not smart enough to know the answer".

Music fanciers may already have perceived that warbling was not to be the main item on the agenda.

"Music", said Joan, "follows a far second best when I'm so wrapped up in politics". Although she did plan to make amends with voice lessons and a keener interest in her act.

How do you prepare for a concert?, she was asked.

"Half hour before, I get my guitar out of the closet and have to try'n remember how to play it."

Prices for Wednesday's performance were £6, £5 and £4.

ANDREW TYLER

IRAN

Working For The Clampdown

HAVING purged themselves of a host of political misfits and hoodlums, the guardians of the Iranian revolution now turn to the thoroughly nondescript.

It was announced from Tehran last week that a performer called Gu Gush, described as the Cilla Black of the East, has been summoned before the Revolutionary Council. She will answer charges relating to her alleged corruption of Iranian youth and thereafter no doubt have a number of limbs removed.

Last reports had Ms Gush "somewhere in America performing her cabaret". It is thought unlikely that she will

attend as commanded.

Gu Gush was perhaps the most successful of a flourishing breed of pre-revolutionary entertainers specialising in a simple-minded Mediterranean pop, aimed largely at rich tourists and performed in more than 500 cabarets that suddenly mushroomed in the capital. These clubs closed down with the coming of the revolution but it is their lingering aftertaste that concerns the new leaders.

Ms Gush has been singled out, it's assumed, because she not only epitomised the wasted mediocrity of the movement but because she was often associated with

drug taking and wantonness.

Coincidental to the rise of Cabaret Pop was a resurgence of classical Persian music but even this phenomenon has not been well regarded by the new rulers. Shu Sha, an Iranian musician living in London, suspects, in fact, that as many as 20 classical musicians — most of them in exile — are also on the wanted list.

"A lot of people get victimised," she told *Thrills*, "because they are associated with an atmosphere of decadence that the puritanical leaders find repugnant. The emphasis is on obedience to Islamic orthodoxy. The only music now tolerated is of the

religious sort... mystic chanting and that type of thing."

Shu Sha last visited Iran a year ago. Since moving to London as a student she has been performing and recording authentic Persian folk material, the last batch captured on the album 'From East To West', produced by Paul Buckmaster.

(A call to the Iranian Embassy in London elicited: "Can't comment, I can give you no information about the pop music. Sorry. Goodbye.")

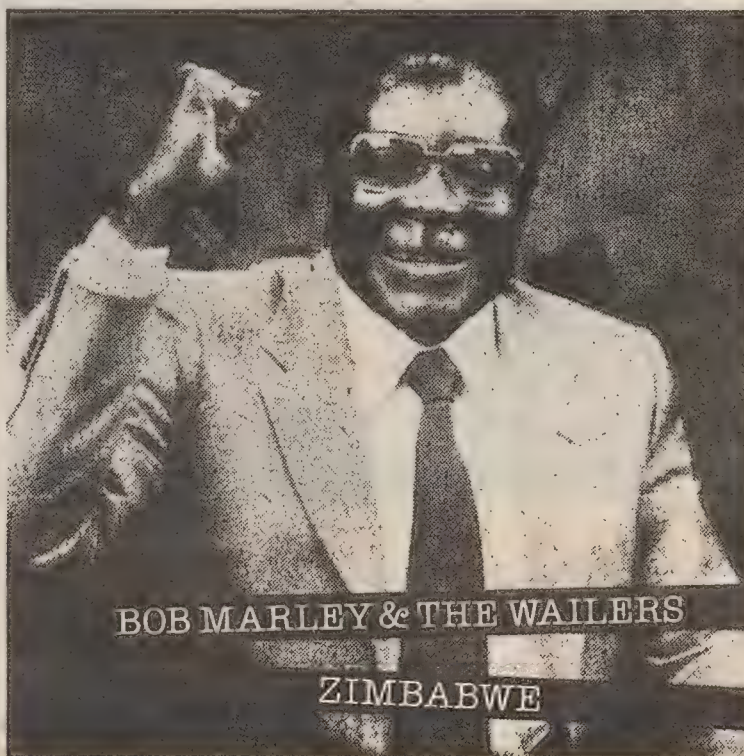
ANDREW TYLER

Thrills

**BOB MARLEY
AND
THE WAILERS'**

NEW SINGLE

ZIMBABWE



BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

ZIMBABWE

OUT NOW

7" & 12"

VERSIONS

Produced by Bob Marley and the Wailers
and Alex Sadkin

WIP 6597



ISLAND

12 WIP 6597

THE KNACK

BY ROY CARR

The highly original thoughts of Chairman Fieger

LET'S GET this straight from the start. The Knack are nothing but a bunch of dirty old men sussed enough to realise that in today's moral climate shabby raincoats and a bag of sweets are no substitute for Beatle threads and bubblegum.

For The Knack to masquerade as a rock'n'roll band is as ludicrous as producer Mike Chapman proclaiming them — in all seriousness — "the future of rock'n'roll".

Everything about The Knack, even their name, is as second-hand as their music, which is as cold-blooded and contrived as their dubious motives for performing it. Contrary to what they purport to be, The Knack are not a product of *their* so-called generation, but a pathetic reflection of the American music industry's inability to come realistically to terms with the events of the last four years.

IT'S QUITE apparent that The Knack are primarily a one-man masterplan, a means of gratifying singer and rhythm guitarist Doug Fieger's monstrous ego and Beatle-fuelled fantasies. Since none of the three puds who assist him onstage ever demand to be the centre of attention (Berton Averre, Prescott Niles and Bruce Gary, respectively on lead guitar, bass and drums, look like the layabout sons of Mafioso restaurateurs), all three pairs of black Cuban-heel boots could presumably be filled instantly by new feet.

In conversation Fieger is utterly obsessed with his own self-importance, misinformed in his statements and petulant in his arguments. He should really restrict himself to answering questions about favourite colours.

But The Little Girls Understand may well be a clever, catchy title for The Knack's second album — it's also a phrase Fieger continually quotes like a well-trained parrot by way of redress whenever the going gets rough — but what the impressionable little girls don't understand is that they are being exploited by their elders.

Put under pressure, Fieger contradicts himself so often and his rhetoric becomes so offensive that in the end it's almost impossible to engage the man in anything resembling a sensible dialogue. When cornered, he resorts to rebuffs even more clichéd than the songs he writes.

Fieger's conceit knows no bounds. So absorbed is he in acting out his un-Fab Four charade that he obviously has as little contact with reality as those who tout The Knack as the acceptable face of New Wave (sic). Although he denies any possible Beatles' connections with the same guile as Nixon denied all knowledge of Watergate, Fieger is nevertheless quick to compare the meagre talents of both himself and The Knack with those of Lennon, McCartney, Harrison and Starr.

Don't get me wrong — there's nothing criminal in plagiarising established forms; many of rock's most inspired moments have been constructed on familiar foundations. However, The Knack possess neither the imagination nor the intelligence, let alone the humour, of, say, either Cheap Trick or Rockpile and are unable to personalise anything they touch. All they have to offer is blatantly inferior imitation and, if I didn't know any better, I'd assume The Knack were themselves

manufactured in Taiwan.

When I enquire of the man who fires pubescent emotions with ditties about little girls sitting on his face, talking dirty and fantasising about being deflowered if he would like to see the age of consent drastically lowered, he feigns the kind of coyness one simply doesn't expect from a man in his mid-20s, saying he doesn't even know what the age of consent is. I tell him that it averages out at around 16.

"I haven't run into any difficulty as yet," Fieger continues, "and I'll only worry about that when her daddy comes knockin' at my door. For the time being, let's just say, to quote Paul Simon, I'm just one step ahead of the country line... huh, just keeping the customers satisfied!"

So what kind of little girls are attracted to these fantastic 500 percenters? Are they just the kind that giggle at the smutty lyrics or are they a much bolder breed?

"Speaking for The Knack," Fieger rhapsodises lecherously, "the whole groupie thing has changed. Girls come to our shows because they want to go to bed with us without any fear that afterwards they're going to be thought of as sluts and whores. They're pure," he dribbles slowly, "clean... pretty... beautiful... and," he sighs, "so very horny."

Such sentiments must of course make The Knack a huge hit with feminists, not to mention parents. Fieger couldn't give a monkey's one way or the other.

"I contend," he says climbing on his soap box, "that we just tell the truth about modern times. Things are just that much looser, but the difference between men and women is the same as it has always been and if you or anyone else wants to analyse what we do then you're full of shit!"

AS WE sit facing one another in his room at London's Intercontinental Hotel, tempers begin to fray whilst I insist The Knack are a '60s throwback and Fieger maintains they represent the '80s.

"Maybe", he sneers, "you're obsessed with the '60s!"

I tell him I'm not.

"Well, neither am I", is his smug reply.

The general impression Fieger gives is that he would dearly love to curtail our interview by reducing everything to the level of "Yes you are"/"No, I'm not" verbal ping-pong, especially when I point out the obvious Beatles' influences in his work.

"I don't believe in image," retorts the constantly image-conscious Fieger, "I just believe in music."

He then enquires if I saw The Knack's Dominion Theatre gig and, if so, what was my honest opinion. I inform Fieger that it was one of the most contrived spectacles I've ever witnessed — right down to the A Hard Day's Night stage set.

He becomes furious. "Tell me," he explodes, "how can you possibly dress three front guys and a drummer any differently than what we do or set up the equipment any other way?"

Simple, I say — by not wearing tight little black Beatle suits, trying to reconstruct the most famous of all seminal Beatle sets and regurgitating their licks.

"Tell me Elvis Costello doesn't set up like the Dave Clark Five!"

Elvis Costello *doesn't* set up like the Dave Clark Five.

"BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!"

But he really doesn't.

"He fuckin' well does!"

The man's a fool.

"DAMN IT!!" he roars, "all great entertainment is contrived!"

The man did say "great" and "contrived", didn't he? Pray continue.



Doug Fieger pix: Kevin Cummins

"If," Fieger continues to blurt, "contrived means that we do it well... play in tune... on the beat and with precision... perform utilising all the showbiz aspects of entertainment, then yes, damn it, we are contrived!"

But isn't that what I've been saying all along? Surely rock music is supposed to be an alternative to traditional showbiz contrivance. And what about passion and spontaneity and...?

"Come on, come on, come on," he argues, "do you think that when The Beatles got on stage for 28 minutes at The Hollywood Bowl they weren't contrived? They were fuckin' brilliant, but they were also **FUCKIN' CONTRIVED!**"

MR FIEGER is now screaming. I fear for his sanity, but continue my line of questioning and suggest that The Knack have carefully analysed what gave The Beatles their success and are intent on recreating this whilst throwing in remnants of The Who, Kinks and Zeppelin for good measure. He maintains this is not so, but systematically blows the whistle on himself.

"What have the little kids got nowadays?" asks the man who insists cars and sex are his fans' only interests, "all they've got is Kiss, which isn't much. Today's music is being made for and by old people — and by old people I mean anyone over 28 years old."

So who the hell are The Jam, The Clash, Elvis Costello, The Specials, Selecter and The Ramones singing

about and to whom? Fieger can't answer me, so he reiterates his contempt for the press.

Again I state that The Knack are just re-selling a poor replica of The Beatles' myth to those too young to know what they're buying.

"But," he replies as if he's letting me in on some big secret, "they haven't seen it before. They don't know. So are you going to deny them the right, the privilege of seeing rock'n'roll?"

Certainly not, although I'd much rather The Knack had something *original* to offer; Fieger immediately falls for the bait when I liken "My Sharona" to some obscure Kinks' riff.

"Bullshit!" he rants, "it's just a re-write of Smokey Robinson And The Miracles 'Going To A Go Go'," and proceeds to drum out the rhythm on his knees, then stops, realising he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. An '80s band indeed!

"The Beatles and The Who weren't original when they first started recording," he then claims.

I rebuke such stupidity.

"BULLSHIT! FUCKIN' BULLSHIT!" The Beatles had six cover versions on their first album and The Who were just doing James Brown covers!

Fieger seems to ignore such things as breadth of vision and the simple fact that it's not what you do, but the way that you do it.

"Give us a chance, damn it," he pleads, "how long did it take for The Beatles to do 'Sgt. Pepper'?"

Continued page 63

6 I know all about ska and bluebeat. My mother was a big fan of Harry Belafonte! 9

6 The Doors? That was just Jim Morrison setting Arthur Rimbaud to music! 9

6 Elvis Costello? His band sets up just like The Dave Clark Five! 9

6 'My Sharona'? It was just a rewrite of an old Miracles song! 9

(Ooops...)

OUT NOW ON STIFF RECORDS · BUY 71

MADNESS

WORK REST & PLAY EP

FEATURING
NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO
THE YOUNG AND THE OLD
DECEIVES THE EYE
DON'T QUOTE ME ON THAT

APRIL

Tuesday 15th:	Llanelli Glen Ballroom
Wednesday 16th:	Cardiff Top Rank
Thursday 17th:	Bath Pavillion
Friday 18th:	Torquay Town Hall
Saturday 19th:	St Austell, New Cornish Riviera
Monday 21st:	Margate Winter Gardens
Tuesday 22nd:	Great Yarmouth Tiffanys
Wednesday 23rd:	Peterborough Werrina Stadium
Thursday 24th:	Coventry Tiffanys
Saturday 26th:	Bridlington Royal Spa Pavilion
Sunday 27th:	Bradford St Georges Hall
Monday 28th:	Deeside Leisure Centre
Tuesday 29th:	Blackpool Tiffanys
Wednesday 30th:	Sunderland Mayfair

MAY

Friday 2nd:	Carlisle Assembly Rooms
Saturday 3rd:	West Calder Regal Suite
Sunday 4th:	Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom
Monday 5th:	Irvine Magnum Centre
Wednesday 7th:	Belfast Whittle Hall
Thursday 8th:	Dublin Olympic Ballroom



SINGLES

Reviewed
this week by
ANDY GILL

ADAM & THE ANTS: *Cartrouble (Do It)*. Interesting blend of the lumpy and the sprightly on this, the first single from the new Ants, but spoilt by a certain hesitance. Things don't really get let off the leash until near the end, by which time it's too late to be effective. And never having run a mobile pollution unit, I find it hard to sympathise with Adam on this one.

THE SELECTER: *Missing Words (2-Tone)*. Another 2-Tone record, not unlike all the other 2-Tone records. As such, you'll already know whether you're going to buy it, no matter what I say. 'Missing Words' lacks the easy grace that characterises the best of the genre, and generally sounds just a little too pompous for its own good. To be brutally frank, it bores the balls off me.

JOHN FOX: *No-One Driving (Metal Beat)*. Two follow-ups in one, all housed in a grainy grey gatefold sleeve. A bargain, I suppose, though personally I find Fox's approach too dependent on preconceptions of 'austerity' to be palatable. Besides 'No-One Driving' (one of the better tracks from 'Metamatic'), there's another urban lament, 'This City', and two pleasantly innocuous instrumental pieces in the Cluster vein, 'Glimmer' and 'Mr No'. Nary a smile cracks the vinyl — everything's too clear-cut to be of any interest, too black/white, urban/rural, etc. No middle ground. A hit, of course, but a complete dead-end. And couldn't it all have gone on one EP?

THE MEMBERS: *Romance (Virgin)*. Until 'Armageddon Time' came along, 'Offshore Banking Business' was easily the best (straight) white reggae around. With 'Romance', The Members step sideways into 2-Tone territory, attacking women's magazine fiction with their characteristic brash bonhomie. The results are somewhat less than auspicious, though this may be partly due to the hole being punched off centre. Check before you buy.

LANDSCAPE: *European Man (RCA)*.

VIVABEAT: *Man From China (Charisma 12")*. Landscape's 'European Man' recycles all the tired old clichés about men-as-automata, and sounds all the sillier for singing them in daft treated vocals. A pity, because otherwise it's a good chunk of electro-funk, driven along by some snappy syndrums and the rudest bass of the week. Vivabeat's 'Man From China', though ultimately too long and predictable, is an annoyingly catchy electronic bubble seasoned with the occasional pinch of whistling (for that sorely-needed soupçon of humanity). Could be a hit, if it gets the airplay.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE CANADIANS: *Feeling Sheepish (Bugle)*. More drummerless electronic chaff, low-key poppy stuff which goes no further than a statement of intent. Weedy female vocals, of the kind that used to be called 'pristine' or 'angelic' ten years ago. From Hertfordshire, it seems.



A 2-tonic guide to posing: David Sylvian of Japan and Pauline Black of The Selecter. Pix: Anton Corbijn.

■ SINGLE OF THE WEEK (NO CONTEST)

TUXEDOMOON: *What Use? (Ralph)*.

Tuxedomoon's third 45 shows a clean pair of heels to the rest of the field in the electronic pop stakes, and casts a long and questioning shadow over the rest of the week's singles.

How is it that they can make a song about boredom and despair sound that much more interesting and enjoyable — and that much more *human*, dammit — than 99% of the pseudo-energetic, gut-busting crap released this and every other week? And do it with *synthesizers*, yet? Could it have something to do with integrity, perhaps — a refusal to comply with the showbiz tic-tac system which lays down little rules

like "synthesizers lack feeling" and "dancing music must deal with happy things", so that the folks 'out there' won't get too worried trying to match their response to whatever worn old stimulus they're served up? In an industry which thrives on artifice and all-round phoneyism, 'What Use?' comes like the proverbial breath of fresh air.

Constructed from a series of slyly interlocking rhythms — shuffling synth, skipping drum machine, stuttering sax (I think), and swooping bass — 'What Use?' glides effortlessly through a stream of strangely logical surprises, somehow managing to combine subtlety and directness in the one dance tune. A rare and marvellous achievement. And the only truly honest record of the week.

■ COVERS OF THE WEEK

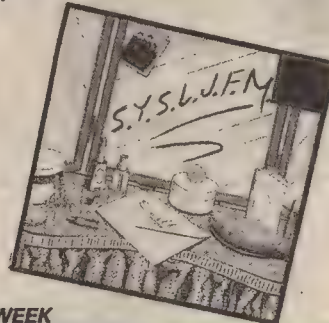
JAPAN: *I Second That Emotion (Ariola)*.

SNAKEFINGER: *The Model (Ralph)*.

Q TIPS: *S.Y.S.L.J.F.M. (The Letter Song) (Shotgun)*. Beneath all the prattish glam-rock revivalist visuals, there appears to be a decent band struggling to get out of Japan. Their version of the old Smokey Robinson number treats it with the respect and sympathy it deserves; the result is just as sad and gentle as the original, but refreshingly different. Snakefinger, meanwhile, takes a jaunty, oblique

little shuffle through Kraftwerk's tongue-in-chic ode to cover-girls, and comes up with a piece of restrained lunacy that's as accessible as it's amusing.

Danceable, too, but not quite as much as The Q Tips' explosive treatment of the Joe Tex classic. The Geno-esque 'S.Y.S.L.J.F.M.' puts all the current revival-faddism in perspective, and makes Dexty's Midnight Runners seem like Barbie's Daytime Downers. A storming chunk of historical realism, and a hit, undoubtedly.



■ THE COVERS OF THE COVERS OF THE WEEK

STYX: *Boat On The River (A&M)*. Proof, if proof were needed, that a surfeit of money can screw your head up just as badly as a shortage of it. This is an hilarious piece of ultra-wimpiness, replete with massed bouzoukis, accordion and the like: the aural equivalent of Americans 'doing' Europe in ten days. Truly embarrassing. Expect to see lots of blank spaces on denim jackets where once were lavishly-embroidered adverts.

JONA LEWIE: *You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties (Stiff)*. **WRECKLESS ERIC:** *Broken Doll (Stiff)*. A couple of Stiffs desperately fighting off rigor mortis. In Jona's case, the battle may yet be successful: 'You'll Always...' is a gentle electronic bounce, with Lewie bemoaning his social inadequacy like a polite B A Robertson; file under Squeeze. Eric's a different matter, almost a lost cause,

and 'Broken Doll' will, I fear, prove just as unloveable as 'A Pop Song'. He should accentuate his idiosyncrasies, not paper over them with anonymous rock like this.

GERRY RAFFERTY: *Bring It All Home (UA)*. A 'classy' record — which simply means that it'll get played on Radio 1 and Radio 2. Even so, it might not be a hit, as it's quite a dreary little bit of musical valium, bearable only if you close your eyes and make believe

it's Allen Toussaint singing. And yes, Cynthia, there is a saxophone on it. How'd you guess?

BRUCE WOOLLEY: *Trouble Is... (CBS)*. Bruce Woolley is/was something to do with Buggles, and is consequently being pushed in no uncertain manner by CBS. 'Trouble Is...' sounds a lot like 10cc — far too clever for its own good. Trouble is, that's not clever at all. What a smug little fellow he must be.

NEW YORK GONG: *Much Too Old (Charly)*. 'I've paid my Arabs/And I've paid my dues' chirps the new-look Daavid Allen on this Rock Against Ageism single, a 45 which sees him, like Wayne County, singing the praises of "punk rock city" and listening a few of its musical delicacies: Teenage Jesus, Ubu, Eno, James Chance, James Brown. ... 'Much Too Old' itself isn't particularly awe-inspiring, but it's nice to see the pixie back in the thick of things. And how can you dislike someone who rhymes "Chick Corea" with "diarrhoea"?

PHIL DAVIS: *Blown It (Rocket)*. Two members of the *Quadrophenia* cast with different versions of the same tragi-comic slice of self-pity. Shail uses piano and violin to achieve an almost touching social-realist effect, whilst Davis opts for a toytown ska backdrop (courtesy Steve Harley) and substitutes 'Well, I had had a few, I'll admit' for Shail's more direct "pissed", to achieve more airplay. An '80s approach to the Tommy Steele Syndrome, I think.

STEVIE WONDER: *Outside My Window (Motown)*. **PHILIP LYNOTT:** *Dear Miss Lonely Hearts (Vertigo)*. Soft-centred rubbish, the pair of 'em. We've come to expect this kind of sentimental garbage from Stevie Wonder, but there's no excuse for Lynott's everyday story of broken-hearted folk. So that's what marriage does for you, is it...?

LITTLE EVA: *The Loco-Motion (London)*. Only a matter of time, I suppose. Stupid song, stupid dance, great record. Whither the Turkey Trot? Incidentally, this came complete with a list of Decca's entire catalogue of steam-train recordings. Really. Now that's the kind of on-the-ball marketing that's made Decca the thriving organisation it is today.

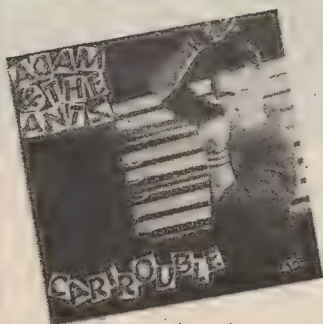
SURPLUS STOCK: *Spiv (Outatune)*. Surplus Stock are an Anglo-German quartet based round one Robert Giddens, producer of Deutsch-Amerikanische-Freundschaft's recent 'Kebabtraume' single. 'Spiv', a cutting broadside against the "desperate men with dayglo eyes" who run the music industry, was recorded the first time the band played together, and it's rather good, an engaging electronic plod punctuated by sly jabs of guitar and sparse (but heavy) drums, over which Giddens rattles out lines like "Like vultures round a sacred cow/They know what's why, when, where and how." The flip, 'Vips', is 'Spiv' backwards. (And why not?)

JUDIE TZUKE: *Understanding (Rocket)*.

DOROTHY MOORE: *Talk To Me/Every Beat Of My Heart (Epic)*.

VIOLA WILLS: *If You Could Read My Eyes (Ariola)*. Three records that set feminism back at least a minute or two. Judie Tzuke's song has all the psychological depth of a Mills & Boon romance — which is, of course, exactly the market it's aimed at. Dorothy Moore's is as slow and heartfelt as an Income Tax refund ('soul'

■ Continues over



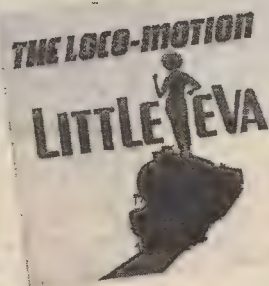
SINGLES

■ From previous page

music, I believe), whilst Viola Wills's disco version of the old Gordon Lightfoot song is a disco version of a Gordon Lightfoot song. That's all.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: *At Night* (EMI). Lamentable attempt by once-nifty band to regain some of their former attack. Anonymous fourth division power-punk. Truly awful.

DAVID ESSEX: *Silver Dream Machine* (Mercury). Title-song from Che's new movie about a big motorbike, though you'd never guess it from this slab of widescreen romanticism. Reminiscent of Bowie's



'Heroes', both in tune and heartstring-pulling intent.

GRADUATE: *Elvis Should Play Ska* (Precision). Energetic little beast of comedic intent, with a nice line in machine-gun burst guitar jabs. Difficult to tell which Elvis they mean; the old one should be fairly two-tone by now, anyway. (A sick joke, and a bad one at that).

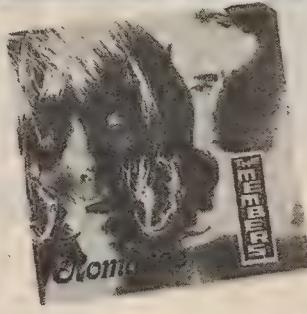
EARGASM: *This Is Lovers Rock* (Venture). 'Lovers Rock' is that soft, mushy kind of reggae made specifically for the grinding of groins; this medley sounds as though it was made specifically for the losing of consciousness. God only knows what the original 12" was like. That was 18 minutes long...



BOBBY THURSTON: *Check Out The Groove* (Epic). The kind of dance record which has to keep telling you you should be dancing. Faint-hearted, and justifiably so.

THE DANCE BAND: *Stacks Of Tracks* (Cool King). Dull, leaden paean to Stax Records, couched in a pale imitation of the label's slow, 'soulful' style. This may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it could put newcomers off Stax for life. The flip's an insipid ska version of 'Do You Wanna Dance'. How gripingly relevant.

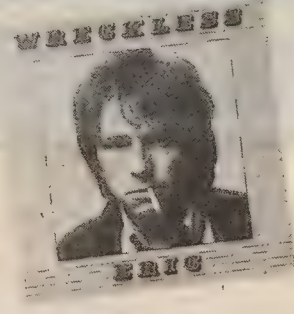
MOFUNGO: *Elementary Particles EP* (Living Legends). **PYLON:** *Cool/Dub* (Caution). A couple of left-field American



bands, both more interesting than enjoyable. Mofungo's Chris Stamey-produced EP contains four instrumentals of bizarre simplicity which sound like nothing so much as a rather constipated Pere Ubu.

Pylon use the same studio, engineer and producer that fellow Athenians The B52s used for 'Rock Lobster', and come up with a frantic, invigorating concoction which bears scant relation to anything, save perhaps the first pragVEC EP. Both are worthy of investigation, especially Pylon.

PLAYER (1): *Space Invaders* (WEA). More electronic disco-drive, just as much a waste of time as the object of Player (1)'s affections.



HEARTBEATS: *Talk To Me* (Red). **REAL TO REAL:** *White Man Reggae* (Red).

The first couple of releases from a new label, both lacking in interest. Heartbeats play inauspicious power pop/pub rock with nasal vocals; Real To Real handle a gruff, clumsy variant of white reggae. Neither has anything going for it.

THE ANDROIDS: *Robot Riot* (Android). Not, as you might think, another synthesiser band, but a Scottish quintet of no great distinction save that their bassist's called Ken Dalgleish. 'Robot Riot' and the flip, 'Andwella's Dream', are too fussy and formless to have any firm identity. Both sound like the product of the late '60s, funnily enough.

JUSTIN HINES & THE DOMINOES: *Rub Up, Push Up* (Island). Reissue of a ska original (or is it bluebeat, or rock steady?) from 1965, complete with the original surface noise. A case of the Emperor's Old Cast-Offs, I think.

MR MODERATION: *They Call Me Mister Moderation! EP* (Ameliated). How can you dislike an American who bills himself as 'The World's Greatest Recording Artist!' and writes songs like 'You Make Me Horny'? Quite easily, actually.

FENDER BENDERS: *Big Green Thing* (Sticky Label). Spry, snappy number, rather like J. J. Cale on speed: neat picking, fast shuffle-drumming, but let down by clumsy bridge.

STEVE FORBERT: *Say Goodbye To Little Jo* (Epic). Miserable weepie from last year's Dylan. In the dumper.

THE BAD ACTORS: *Are They Hostile* (Plastic Speech). What The Strangers might be like after exposure to vinyl kryptonite.

THE TEXTONES: *I Can't Fight It* (Chiswick). Despite being 50% female and hailing from California, The Textones don't appear to have anything to do with Kim Fowley. Judging by this Tom Petty number, though, he's branching out into psychic control.

PORTRAITS: *Hazards In The Home* (Ariola). **THE TUNES:** *She's My Girl* (RSO).

More pointless power-pop. Portraits are 'jolly' and anonymous; The Tunes are just jolly anonymous. In future, I'd like to see carefully argued statements from record companies, justifying the existence of records like these. (This is *not* an invitation to start clogging my letter-box with your infernal buff envelopes again, Ariola. They never get opened, anyway).

DANSETTE DAMAGE: *2001 Approximately* (Pinnacle). This sounds like a National Lampoon pisstake of a 'meaningful' record. A thoroughly miserable, pointless dirge. Thank you, Dansette Damage. Now go away.



KEVIN AYERS

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

NEW SINGLE
C/W STRANGER IN
BLUE SUEDE SHOES
MAR 5198

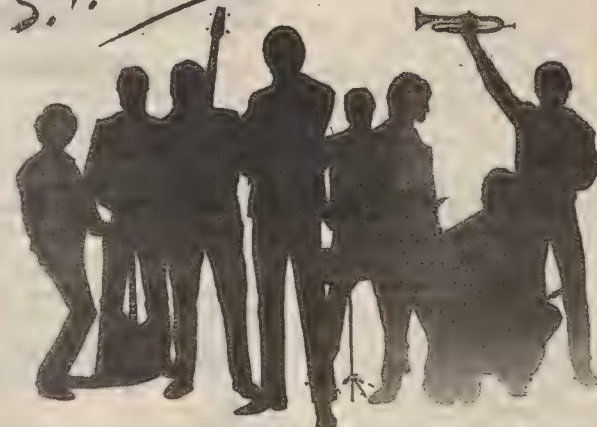


THE
NEW
ALBUM

THAT'S WHAT YOU
GET BABE SHSP 406
AVAILABLE NOW

THE FIRST SINGLE FROM
THE Q-TIPS
'THE LETTER SONG'
ON SHOTGUN RECORDS

S.Y.S.L.J.F.M.



DISTRIBUTED THROUGH PINNACLE RECORDS



WILKO JOHNSON: Canvey train I ride, six electric units long.



Last train to Wilko Junction

Riding the R&B rails with the originator of the non-sexist haircut.

Legend: Chris Salewicz

Woodcuts: Pennie Smith

THIS is a sort of bank holiday with hints of carnival and shops shut," reads an early entry from *The Journal* in which Wilko Johnson and The Solid Senders record their activities. "Trams are ubiquitous. Anti-Fascist graffiti. Portugal is on BST like us."

The Wilko Johnson entourage had flown in to Portugal early for their Saturday night show due to an air traffic controllers' strike. I arrive on the Friday morning, and immediately I find myself being directed towards Wilko's room by Irene, the guitarist's wife.

I feel a little apprehensive. The Wilko wobblers have attained near-mythological status amongst a certain section of the music scene. Wilko Johnson is often spoken of as though he is so unstable and unpredictable that he is likely to flip out at any moment without provocation. Although previous, brief encounters have always been pleasant and genial enough it is likely that were I not to be ushered straight to his room, I would've wandered around him in mental circles for possibly the whole of the weekend.

As it is I sit down on a chair at the foot of the bed in which Wilko is still stretched out, reading from a copy of *Ulysses*, and we talk for a while before descending to the cafe where bassist Russell Strutter and drummer Alex Bines soon turn up, along with John Denton, the occasional Solid Senders' pianist.

CONSIDERING the current R'n'B boom spearheaded by the likes of The Inmates, Nine Below Zero, the Fabulous Thunderbirds and the release of the *Hope And Anchor* LP it seems an apt time to check out the thoughts of the archetype of the modern R'n'B guitarist.

Wilko is delighted by the music's current popularity. Apart from his passion for Bob Dylan ("The man who did more for rock'n'roll than any other single person," he believes) and for the blues, the only music that wholly grips Wilko's soul is rhythm'n'blues.

Actually, he tells me, his head flipping nervously from side to side showing the probable origins of some of his onstage movements, he'd expected such a boom to follow Dr Feelgood's first flush of success in the mid-'70s. "There was no real sense of community then," he explains, slightly sadly, before warming to the present situation. "It's all to the good at the moment, though. I always hated that museum-keeper snobishness that surrounds certain kinds of old music. Rhythm 'n' blues is useful music, because it's spontaneous and direct and you can use it now. You don't have to rely on how it was originally done twenty years ago in another country, although what they call rhythm'n'blues in this country is very different from how it was originally conceived."

Like most early '60s youth, Wilko Johnson received his first flavour of R'n'B from the early Rolling Stones. He'd already started playing the guitar. "I took the day off school to score the first album and listen to it. I don't think it had as great an influence anywhere else as it did in Southend. There were all these rhythm'n'blues groups just starting there, and somehow all that scene just added up when

the Stones album came out. And once you got into the idea of rhythm'n'blues then you just had to seek it out more and more. You knew about Chuck Berry, but you didn't understand how someone like, for example, The Coasters — who you were always hearing on old jukeboxes — fitted into the whole thing."

The Southend R'n'B heavies of the day were The Paramounts and Mickey Jupp's band The Orioles: "The Orioles had this fantastic guitar-player who I used to study a lot. He and Jupp made a devastating pair. Loads of people who're around today, like Will Birch, were always down there checking them out."

"I was always very conscious of the difference between the old bluesers and the R'n'B generation. The blues permeates the whole of popular music — all the tricks that were on blues records have just been used again and again."

"I used to listen a lot to Howlin' Wolf's guitarist, Hubert Sumlin, who I still think is quite inimitable. Mick Green, though, was the only guitarist whom I ever wanted to actually out and out copy. I think The Pirates are really great, even today."

DR FEELGOOD first got together in 1972, whilst Wilko was teaching and Lee Brilleaux was a solicitor's clerk.

The band came into existence as what now seems like an almost pre-destined antidote to the dire dominance of the late '60s school of guitar hero: "That was certainly something I really objected to — all that self-indulgence. I like hearing rock'n'roll, not solos. It has no right to take over the whole show."

"The technique I was using ain't something you can pick up overnight. It ain't flashy. The whole object is to play real good guitar that functions as just part of rock'n'roll, an integral part of the whole thing. I think keeping all of

those histrionics out of it is much harder to do.

"The Feelgoods were certainly very different even from all those other bands on the pub-rock circuit. I couldn't see how any of them could fit into a bigger concept. They seemed to delight in looking as square as possible," shrugs the man who in the early '70s was already parading the prototype of the non-sexist haircut. "Rock'n'roll ain't just about music. It's just as much to do with images: images in lyrics, images in visuals."

"When I started playing the pubs it was considered very weird to have short hair and a black suit, because even in the smallest local band the guitarist still thought that he *had* to have long hair and things around his neck."

"I'd been in the habit of letting my hair grow really long and then cutting it short about once a year. It was due for a cut a few weeks after I started with Dr Feelgood, and I suddenly realised that I could play without it getting in my mouth and all caught up with my guitar strings."

Though this was always self-consciously denied by the early punk interviewees, the Feelgoods' sense of style and of spontaneous immediacy was a direct and major influence on the vast changes wrought on rock music in 1976 and 1977: "Punk all seemed a very natural thing. It seemed very logical also that 'Stupidity' went to number one at just about the time it was all beginning to happen. It all seemed to be about the same things we were about — commitment and energy, although, of course, the guitar anti-hero thing got a bit out of hand for a while, too," he grins.

INITIALY I was uncertain about Wilko Johnson's post Dr Feelgood career. The only show I'd seen was a highly erratic Marquee gig in mid-'78 and the Solid Senders'

Virgin album had been disappointing.

My weak heart, though, had warmed with joyous approbation to a stunning Finnish show I chanced to witness last summer before that particular line-up was disbanded, and in August of last year I experienced the new three-piece line-up for the first time at the Marquee, when the group played a three-night run.

For some time I'd wanted to write a piece about The Wilk, and had intended to buy a day return to his Canvey Island home, close to Southend, when the effervescent Glum, Wilko's manager and partner, called me and suggested I join them on this Portuguese bash.

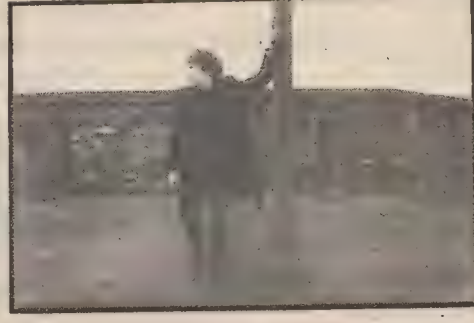
I accepted, with gratitude tempered with guilt that the deal-less Wilko was presumably having to fork out for my plane fare from his own pocket. I didn't realise that he'd acquired a loose contract with the small, though efficient and purposeful, Rockburgh Records, who this week issue 'Down By The Waterside', the first Solid Senders record for some twenty months. Whether my trip was paid for from the promotional budget or directly from the band's account, I still don't know. Not that it really matters: Wilko's eight years in the music business have been long enough for him to understand that, as he points out, whoever ostensibly lays out the readies it is *always* the band who pays in the end.

With his belief in musicians allying themselves against the oppressive, uncreative, corporate nature of the music business, Wilko Johnson ensured that The Solid Senders were a legal partnership. It must have been more than disheartening to realise that democratically-intended act was a direct cause of the downfall of that first line-up. "I couldn't really envisage it operating in any other way," Wilko shakes his head in amused exasperation, "but instead of it giving everyone greater freedom and a greater sense of involvement it seemed to have a strange effect on everyone's egos. It got to the point where if a review appeared everyone would be ringing up Glum wanting to know why they weren't getting as much written about them individually as I was."

"Now it's got to the point where we can't even release the album we did last summer because everyone'd be onto their lawyers like a shot."

Continues over

Solid Senders l. to r. Russell Strutter, Alec Bines, Wilko Johnson.



Wilkontd

From previous page

"The LP wasn't a complete waste of time, though," says Wilko, "a lot of that material will be recorded again in improved versions."

Of course, the reason Wilko's own money was being invested in the aborted album was because by mutual agreement The Solid Senders' deal with Virgin was terminated after their first album — of which the less said the better. Wilko claims to have compromised to Virgin's demands right down the line, to the extent of letting the album be produced by David Batchelor, a Virgin protege, when the band would've far preferred to produce the record between them. "Actually, I'm about the only person who doesn't blame David Batchelor for what went wrong with that record. When you've got everyone coming in and telling him how to make the record — and none of them had been in a studio before — then what do they expect? One of them's totally into 32-track sound and someone else thinks it should all be done in mono, and Batchelor's having to cope with all this."

THE Saturday morning after the Wilko entourage and myself have paid a visit to the 2001 Club, the largest discotheque in Lisbon, Wilko, John Denton, Glum and I are squeezed up on the edge of the hotel's terrace in the only place that catches the sun at that time of day. Wilko's eight-year-old son Matthew can be seen through the windows of the bar, acting out the part of a waiter.

"You know," considers Wilko, "I'm sure I wasn't as extrovert as him when I was his age. I was really shy, still am I suppose."

"Did that make it difficult for you when you started playing onstage?" I ask.

"No, not really. Probably because going up onstage was getting all of that out of me. Maybe I became myself when I was performing... it's not as simple as that. Of course," he corrects himself, "there's really such a complexity of emotions and things going on when playing onstage."

"A lot of it is all compensation. I remember Pete Townshend saying how he became a musician because he had to get over his hang-up about having a big nose. If you don't like going out and aren't very good at mixing with people, then you can stay in bed and really learn your instrument."

Glum mentions that when Dr Feelgood had played in Lisbon last year Lee Brilleaux had also had a night out at the club we'd visited. During the course of his enjoyment, so the promoter had told Wilko's manager, he'd drunk thirty-five bottles of beer in an hour and a half.

Wilko shakes his head in amused disbelief and grins his Howard The Duck grin: "I used to drink when I was at university in Newcastle. I used to get pissed every Saturday night. Then one day I had a fight — I had more fights whilst I was at university than at any other time in my life — with this guy I was sharing a flat with. It was really serious — I knew afterwards that

I could've killed him, and I also knew that it was the drink making me do it. "So I vowed to give it up, but didn't of course, though I cut down. But then when I went to India I got hepatitis, and that really knocked it on the head."

"Every eighteen months or so the situation will occur where I get blind drunk on champagne. But I know what's happening with booze. First of all there's that immense promise of something wonderful about to happen, but then it just tails off, and it's all downhill. I'd much rather have a speed comedown than a booze one."

ON Saturday morning, prior to our lunchtime sojourn on the terrace, I'd gone along with Wilko and Glum to something rather like a radio equivalent of *TisWas*, broadcast in a cinema before a live audience of Portuguese kids who seem quite willing to gouge out each other's eyes and pull off their neighbour's arms and legs in the rush to grab one of the three Senders t-shirts thrown into the audience by the presenter.

An appealing chaos carries on around us.

"I do hope," Wilko laughs lightly, "they don't expect me to walk about onstage as though I've got my guitar."

"They did that to me once in England. It was on *Nationwide* in Manchester when Dr Feelgood were just taking off. They were supposed to have had this film of us, but something went wrong, so I went instead. There was Dick Emery on as well, and a lion cub. They were really disappointed I hadn't brought my guitar. They said, 'We thought you could walk about the studio and show the viewers how you move!'"

"AIN could think of was how this lion cub was getting really uncomfortable and hot."

Naturally, the first question that Wilko is asked by the presenter is: "Why did you leave Dr Feelgood?"

A forthright question requires a forthright answer: "Because they asked me to. They sacked me."

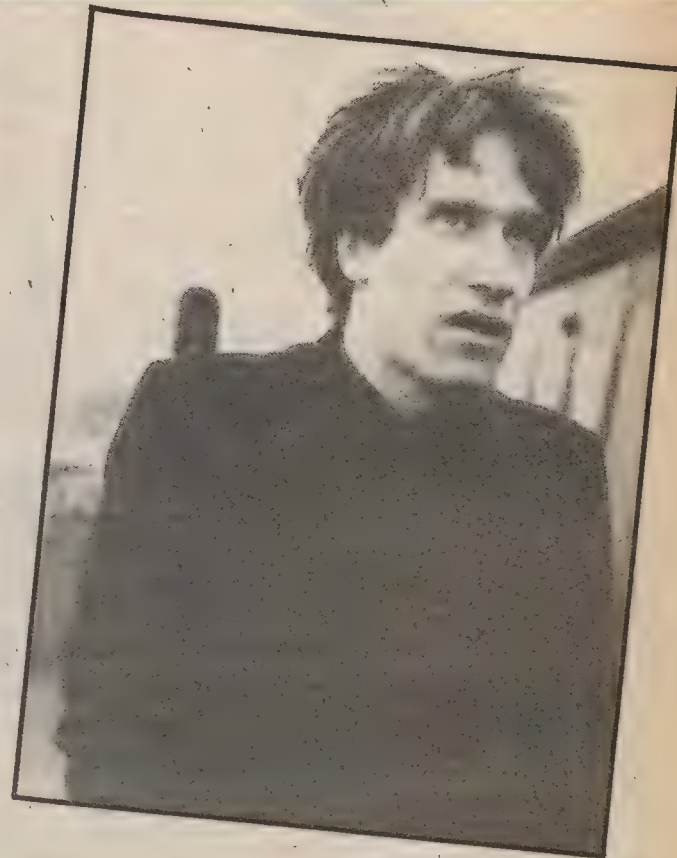
The presenter and the audience appear startled. Perhaps in Portugal people still leave bands "because of musical differences." Whatever, they seem amazed. Most of the people at that Feelgoods show, the promoter told me, had thought Wilko was still in the group. Even so, it should be said that the Feelgoods went down very well indeed.

Before that night's show, Wilko gives another radio interview, this time at the studios of Radio Portugal, on a more orthodox rock show.

Once again, though, we find ourselves with time to spare before the broadcast, and once again we find ourselves in the bar.

Wilko's being virtually teetotal, he tells me, meant that right from the offset there was a rift between the guitarist and the rest of the Feelgoods: "It meant that they'd go out together a lot, and I'd hardly ever go out. It didn't lead to a very sociable situation with me sitting on my own in a corner."

"Lemmy sussed what I was into straightaway. I suppose that's how we became such great friends. Mind you, that became a bit of a problem sometimes. The others were always wary of me if they knew I'd been out with Lemmy, so I used to pretend I'd stayed in all night and got eight hours sleep."



"I always used to feel guilty and unprofessional on those occasions, though, so I got a bit pissed off when sometimes other band-members wouldn't be able to play properly because they'd had too much to drink."

"Definitely, though, in many ways drink played a major part in my getting kicked out of the group."

"I was very obnoxious for quite a long time when I was in Dr Feelgood. But, then, a lot of it was just self-protection. It gets very weird when you start to sell a lot of records and are suddenly incredibly popular. It can be very handy if you can just throw a wobbler and get always surrounded by all these people ready to cater to your least whim."

"It is so convenient. I realized all of this subsequently, of course. I suppose I shouldn't have let it happen. You are half out of your head a lot of the time, of course, which doesn't help."

A speed bust at about the time The Solid Senders album came out proved ultimately beneficial, believes Wilko. He was picked up in Notting Hill with a bag of gear, taken down the nick, booked, and let go. Paranoically ducking down the side streets off Ladbroke Grove he eventually sought refuge at the home of Mick Farren: "Whilst I was there, someone came in and said, 'Well, don't you think it's maybe a sign that it's been going on for too long?' And I decided, 'Well, yeah. I guess it's time to sort myself out.'"

IN the promoter's Renault 5 on the way to the soundcheck Wilko tells of the one Dr Feelgood gig he managed to psyche himself up to go.

"We were playing in the same town as them, in Bradford," he relates, "and we weren't going to be on until after about eleven."

"I finally went along halfway through the evening. I couldn't get much perspective on it really. It seemed strange doing my songs for a start."

"But when you're playing in a band it's very hard to judge exactly what the audience is getting off on. However, I always knew exactly what it was people liked in Dr. Feelgood. It's obvious. But it seems as if they weren't developing from that at all — just becoming a parody of it. Like the drink thing again getting really emphasised on the cover of their last album. I mean, people pick up on what you're into, without having to ram it down their throats."

So you see how vital it is to Wilko for the Solid Senders' gig tonight to at least equal the Lisbon audience's memory of the Feelgoods. The group have a long sound-check. They haven't played together for about a week and Wilko wants to slot in a couple of early Feelgoods' numbers — 'Stupidity' was a big album in Portugal.

THEY COME off-stage with a mild depression hanging about them. The acoustics in the sports hall are disgusting. The drapes hanging from the ceiling can do nothing to dampen the echo-loops that orbit about the building, whilst the PA has been assembled from what seems like every available rig in the country.

There's an air of tension in the dressing-room. Wilko sits in a corner, silent and so withdrawn into himself that he's almost visibly shuddering. Alex Russell and John Denton stick to orange juice.

With the benefit of hindsight it seems almost predictable that as soon as Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders hit the stage and pull out their first number, the Dylan-like 'Everybody's Carrying A Gun', that this is going to be a superlative show. The pulsating warmth of the 5,000 strong, rock-starved audience carries you along on its uplift and almost literally absorbs all of the sound problems. Except for the extreme rear of the hall, the sound is close to perfect, virtually every syllable Wilko sings being clearly audible. ("I'm always very careful about my enunciation," he tells me afterwards. "I think that comes from my teaching days.")

The huge, fresh crowd bulges with pleasure. Portuguese youth is generally pretty sharp. There's a contingent of rockabilly-styled spivs, and even a few dreads.

Initially, I'm confused by the addition of John Denton. The last couple of times I've seen the band, it's been operating as just the very basic three-piece, as angular and anguished as it can get, with the gentle Russell Strutter complementing Wilko's alternating rhythm and lead work with the almost rhythm guitar-attitude he opts for on the bass, and with Alex Bine's drumming as clear-sighted and uncluttered as his attitude to life.

Also, I'm aware that Wilko has now long ago overcome the initial reticence he displayed as a frontman and (un)disciplined himself into becoming one of the finest rock'n'roll frontmen.

Continues page 65

"black comedy
...devastatingly
funny."

ALEXANDER WALKER
EVENING STANDARD



AL PACINO
"...and justice for all" AA

2
OSCAR NOMINATIONS
BEST ACTOR-AL PACINO
BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

A JOE WIZAN PRESENTATION
 A NORMAN JEWISON Film

—AL PACINO "...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL"

Starring JACK WARDEN JOHN FORSYTHE and LEE STRASBERG

Music by DAVE GRUSIN Lyrics by ALAN & MARILYN BERGMAN Written by VALERIE CURTIN & BARRY LEVINSON Executive Producer JOE WIZAN

Produced by NORMAN JEWISON & PATRICK PALMER Directed by NORMAN JEWISON

A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE

NOW SHOWING
Leicester Square Theatre
 TELEPHONE: 930 5252

Separate programmes weekdays and Sundays at 1.30, 4.50, 8.10pm
 Late show Fridays and Saturdays at 11.45pm.
 Seats bookable in advance at box office or by post for 8.10pm
 programme Monday-Friday and all programmes Saturday and Sunday.
 No late show booking.



David Cronenberg: only here for the fear

FOR a man who specialises in shocking audiences with graphic horror movies of a uniquely perverse nature, he appears to be signally normal. With easy-going manner, smiling eyes behind stylish specs, neatly groomed hair and conservative casuals, he resembles a vacating dentist rather than — as he was described on British TV last week — 'the guru of the mentally disturbed'.

And when you talk to David Cronenberg, an affable Canadian in his early thirties, you realise that far from being the intense and sinister film-maker certain critics in this country would have you believe, he's merely a self-taught young man who finds it very exciting to write and direct his own brand of horror picture.

A native Torontonian, he made two independent SF-orientated features — *Stereo* and *Crimes Of The Future* — with friends on graduation from university.

But it was the enervating roller-coaster tension engendered by *Shivers* and *Rabid* — two mid-'70s shockers linking aberrant sex with the most appalling violence — that gained him a widespread following; both films are still regularly reissued over here.

His latest, *The Brood*, is vastly different — less obviously imbued with black humour, unfolding at a more measured pace — but that hasn't stopped the British critics roundly condemning it as, variously: cruel, sadistic, distasteful, disgusting and, in the influential trade paper *Screen International*, 'a guided tour around Mr Cronenberg's vomitorium'.

"They used to say that about (Ingmar) Bergman, you know," says Cronenberg evenly. "If someone doesn't understand horror films and if someone doesn't understand *The Brood*, then all they're going to see is goo."

"It's not a question of not being offensive to your audience. A horror film is supposed to take you some place you don't normally go when you're walking about

during the day. It's supposed to take you into nightmares and the unconscious mind.

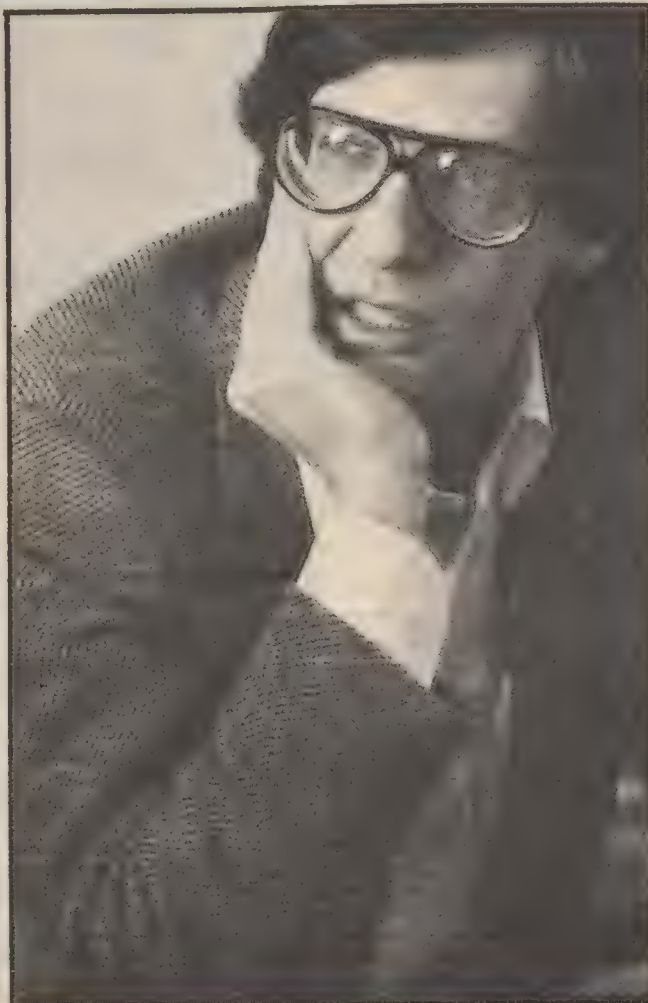
"And there's no such thing as good taste there. If it offends, then too bad."

"I think what I'm doing is being more consciously in touch with some of my unconscious fears than are most of my audience. And then I'm making them more conscious of their version of those fears by showing them what I've discovered — and that's my relationship with the audience."

"For me, a horror film is not an escape, it's a form of confrontation. It's a film where you confront things you'd rather not most of the time — like ageing, death, madness, disease... whatever. That's why I don't set my films in the Gothic past — that's betraying what is powerful about horror films."

"Also, there's an aspect of *The Brood* which is semi-autobiographical. In a way, it's my version of *Kramer vs Kramer*."

He laughs, but continues quickly. "I'm not being facetious. It's the nightmare version of what was



David Cronenberg

happening to me at the time I wrote the film — a very disturbing break-up of a marriage involving a very strange custody case over a child."

In this country we're seeing the American version of *The Brood*, which has about eight frames clipped from Samantha Eggar's climactic psychoplastic birth sequence, cuts reluctantly approved by Cronenberg:

"Otherwise it would've been an 'X' and that's an enormous financial burden unless you're a porno film."

Yet in his home province the movie was trimmed by a further 60 seconds after numerous hassles with oppressive Ontario Board of Censors. "It's really quite shocking what I went through. They won't talk to you, they won't discuss it. You ask why and they say that would mean

**Monty Smith
talks to the man
whose films turn
as many
stomachs as they
do heads.
Photographs by
Tom Sheehan**

having to talk to any producer or director. They present that as the most abysmal thing that could happen."

"They also made cuts beyond things they objected to because they felt it made a better cut. Suddenly they were editors exercising aesthetic judgements and that's establishing an incredibly scary precedent. They've made the ending completely nonsensical."

Had he run into trouble with *Shivers* or *Rabid*?

"No, because although a lot more people are killed in those films, they have a sort of cartoon quality which distances the audience a bit. Most of the people knocked off in *Shivers* and *Rabid* you've only got to know about 40 seconds earlier; as a result you're not really concerned with them. Whereas in *The Brood* I wanted the audience to care about the people. I

• continues over page



NORTH DALLAS FORTY_x

They pay you and they pay you well.
On one condition.
You play the game their way, even if you're forced to break every bone in your body.

Paramount Pictures presents A Frank Yablans production A Ted Kotcheff Film
Nick Nolte "North Dallas Forty" Mac Davis Charles Durning Dayle Haddon Bo Svenson
Executive Producer Jack B. Bernstein Based upon the novel by Peter Gent
Screenplay by Frank Yablans & Ted Kotcheff and Peter Gent Produced by Frank Yablans
Directed by Ted Kotcheff Read the Futura paperback A Paramount Picture
Distributed by Cinema International Corporation

NOW **RITZ** LEICESTER SQUARE

Separate programmes
daily 1.15, 3.40, 6.10,
8.40.
Late show Friday &
Saturday 11.30pm.

ABC EDGWARE ROAD

For details of all programme
times phone Teledata
01-200 0200 (24 hours)

FROM SUNDAY AT **ABC** AND OTHER
LEADING CINEMAS ACROSS LONDON.



CHEERS DAVID

● continued from page 25

think it's much more psychologically complex — you don't know until the end why specific people are being killed or why they're acting in a particular way — and for me that's more satisfying."

When pressed, he cites Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now*, Ken Russell's *The Devils* and George Romero's *Night Of The Living Dead* as horror films he particularly likes, but seems disinterested in naming any earlier influences.

"I'm not a student of film in the academic sense, I'm a movie-goer. That's why you will not find in my films arcane references to other films and film-makers — that's a very dry game.

"I don't subscribe to the school of direct influence. I'm not trying to remake a Howard Hawks film or a Val Lewton film. I'm assimilating all that but the object is to come out with something that's specific to me.

"Of course, any moment of suspense owes something, at least in an abstract way, to Hitchcock. And the best possible homage to Hitchcock. And the best possible homage to Hitchcock I could come up with is when the audience jumps, or when the audience is tense — that's really as far as I want to go."

Sir Alfred, bless him, has been paid due homage — in spades.

Monty Smith

The Brood

Directed by David Cronenberg
Starring Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar
(Alpha)

IN WHICH we're quite literally confronted with something nasty in the woodshed of a secluded private clinic.

The Brood is David Cronenberg's third feature film and sees him muting his previously unbridled fascination with deviant sexual symbolism and correspondingly excessive displays of physical violence. In *Shivers*, originally entitled *Orgy Of The Blood Parasites*, slug-like 'things' invaded human bodies through every available opening; in *Rabid*, which featured 'sex star' Marilyn Chambers before she became impresario Paul Raymond's creature, penile protrusions slithered from labial orifices in human armpits; in *The Brood* we spend most of our time wandering down considerably less prurient paths.

Although he's often, but wrongly, zipped into the same holdall as American directors George Romero and John Carpenter, Cronenberg shares with them an ability to make compact, concise and brutally overwhelming horror films. *The Brood* seems to be an attempt to broaden bases, to maintain intensity but to draw much finer psychological lines; the three central characters of the film — an emotionally brow-beaten husband (Art Hindle), his disturbed wife (Samantha Eggar) and her scheming psychoanalyst (Oliver Reed) — are all explored in some detail.

Hindle manages his part convincingly enough, but neither Reed nor Eggar bring much credibility to theirs.



Oliver Reed comes over all protective in *The Brood*

Not brooding but brewing

Reed's gauche "mad genius" hamming is merely ludicrous; Eggar's forced attempts to convey severe derangement are simply risible. A pity — because *The Brood*'s portrait of a broken marriage is highly believable and the film is ingeniously structured; Cronenberg runs recurrent murder mysteries parallel to a labyrinth of psychological information, much of which can only be retroactively absorbed: a superior narrative method that at times results in scenes as spectacular as parts of Roeg's *Don't Look Now*.

In addition Cronenberg's

speculative theme here is one of his best. Psychoplasms, he postulates, is a form of therapy during which strongly negative human emotions are somehow forced to manifest themselves physically — in, for example, the shape of grotesque rashes and growths on the body. *The Brood* takes this alarming possibility to its (un)natural conclusion, and once again Cronenberg demonstrates his uncanny — and curiously cathartic — ability to give a tangible form to deep-seated human neuroses.

Cronenberg's talent is as

forceful as it's unusual, but *The Brood* is ultimately disappointing. The film even flirts with utter orthodoxy (cf its ending).

And finally, Cronenberg's decision to present his material within a more conventional (ie psychological) framework may well, I feel, have blunted the impact of the delicate — but often explosively revelatory — brinkmanship he plays in the uncharted cerebral corridors that connect compulsive fascination with appalled repulsion.

Angus MacKinnon

On The Box

Friday March 20

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM: Superior 1961 schlock from Roger Corman — the second of his eccentric Edgar Allan Poe adaptations — with another fruity performance from Vincent Price as the Spanish Inquisition's chief loony. Getting cut up about it are Barbara Steele, John Kerr and Luana Anders. (BBC1)

Saturday March 21

10 RILLINGTON PLACE: A dispassionate, disturbing reconstruction of the John Christie multiple murders which faithfully evokes the drabness of Notting Hill in the '50s. Richard Attenborough is outstanding as the seemingly kindly old man, John Hurt suitably pathetic as the ineffectual braggart Timothy Evans. Richard Fleischer directed this, his best film, in 1970. (ITV London)

Sunday March 23

FUNERAL IN BERLIN: Michael Caine's the laconic Harry Palmer in an appropriately dour adaptation of Len Deighton's spy thriller. Guy Hamilton, turning his back on Bond, directed in 1966 and there's a memorable contribution by Oscar Homolka as the sly Soviet big knob. (BBC2)

Monday March 24

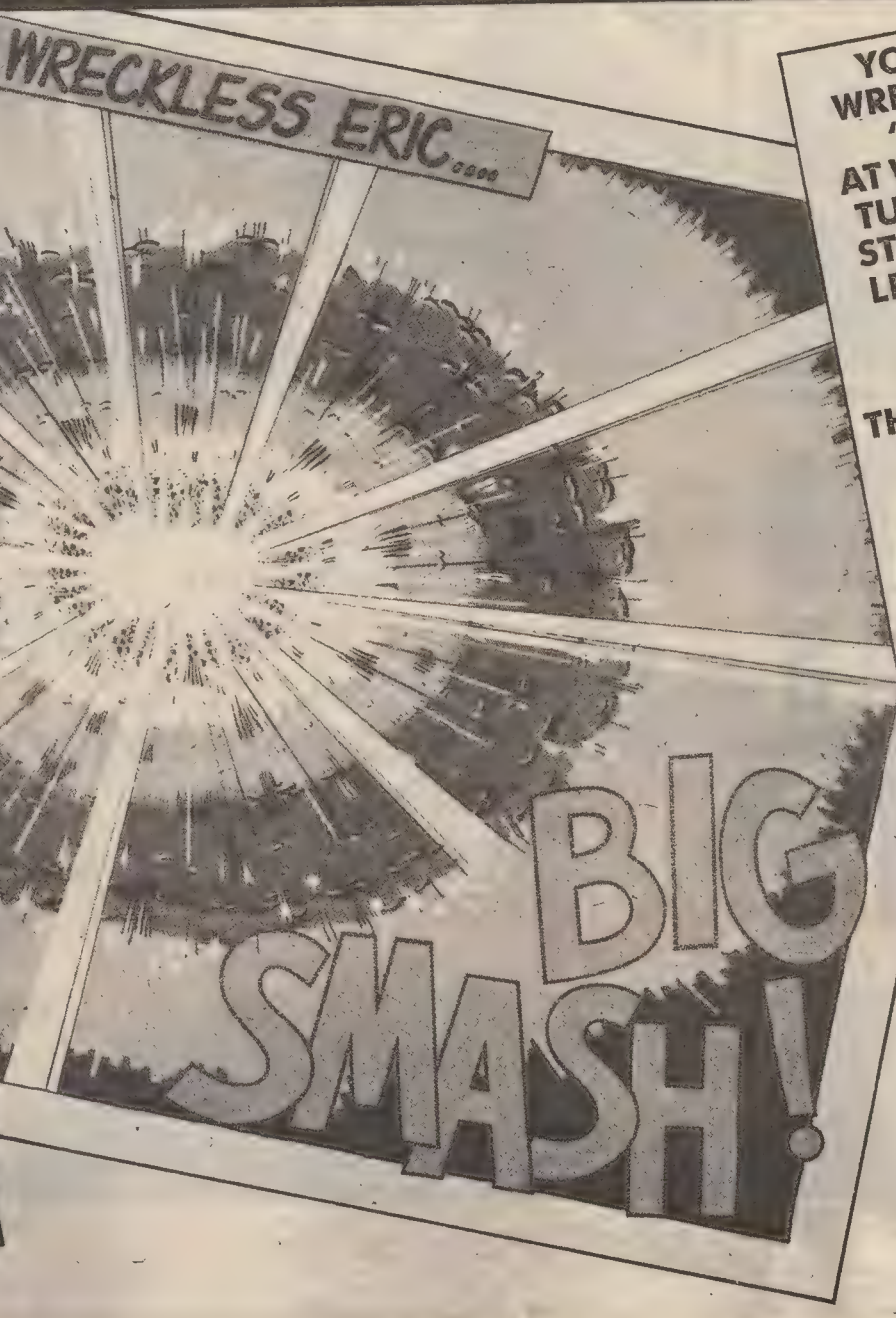
THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP: Feeble 1970 Roy Boulting comedy with a dispiriting performance from Peter Sellers as a 40ish TV gourmet galloping after lost youth and groping for Goldie Hawn. At least he leaves Diana Dors alone — and who wouldn't? (ITV London)

Wednesday March 26

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS: Subtitled *The Revenge Of Milady*, Dick Lester's successful follow-on from *The Three Musketeers* was shot simultaneously in 1973 for release two years later. It's less rumbustious but equally impressive, with F. Dunaway and C. Lee as the despicable heavies versus Musketeers O. Reed, F. Finlay, R. Chamberlain, M. York and a spunky Raquel Welch. (ITV all regions)

Monty Smith

'BIG SMASH' AT A SHATTERING DISCOUNT!



YOU CAN FIND
WRECKLESS ERIC'S
'BIG SMASH'
AT WOOLWORTH.
TURN RIGHT PAST
STATIONERY THEN
LEFT PAST FOOD!

THEY'RE SELLING THE
DOUBLE ALBUM
(SEEZ 21)
AT £3.99
WOOLWORTH PRICE
(£1 OFF MRP)

AND THE CASSETTE
(ZSEEZ 21)
AT £4.49
WOOLWORTH PRICE
(50p OFF MRP)

Everybody needs
WOOLWORTH
these days!
And Woolco



STEVE FORBERT HAS ARRIVED— IT'S TIME YOU GOT TO KNOW HIM...

LIVE IN LONDON...

Friday March 21

~~SOLD OUT~~
Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

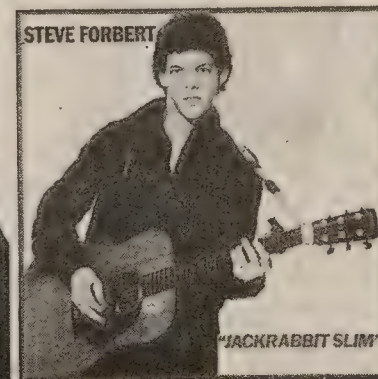
...OR ON RECORD

Steve has released two albums — 'Alive On Arrival' and the superb 'Jackrabbit Slim' with 10 great songs including his new single 'Say Goodbye To Little Jo' and 'Romeo's Tune'.

STEVE FORBERT
'ALIVE ON ARRIVAL' EPC 83308
'JACKRABBIT SLIM' EPC 83879
Both are also available on cassette.



Produced by Steve Burgh



Produced by John Simon



THE MYSTERE FIVE'S 1st Single

'SHAKE SOME ACTION'
c/w 'NO MESSAGE'

Get it now... from
ROUGH TRADE, FRESH RECORDS, VIRGIN, RED RHINO,
and all good record shops

ON FLICKKNIFE RECORDS

A Career in Art?
you should know about
BYAM SHAW

The Byam Shaw is an independent fine art school founded in 1910. It is staffed by practising artists. Entry is by work and interview not O levels. Full time, foundation, diploma, post and non-diploma courses available. Around 40% of UK students receive LEA grants — but remember, if you need a grant you must apply NOW.

Send today for a prospectus to
70 Campden Street London W8
(or phone 01-727 4711 in school hours)

If you find an ad
unacceptable,
don't turn the page:
turn to us.

**The Advertising
Standards Authority.**

ASA Ltd, Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

Double A Side Single

LIQUIDATOR **LONG SHOT**
HARRY J. **KICK DE BUCKET**
ALLSTARS **THE PIONEERS**

ORIGINAL RECORDINGS
Re-Released MAR 14

12" TROT 9063 7" TRO 9063

MOTOWN CLASSICS

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES
Going To A Go-Go
Whole Lot Of Shaking In My Heart
Yester Love TMG 853

20th Anniversary Edition

Crimson Hair & The Struggle

GREY EVENING. Somewhere under a London that was cold and glum, the cattle-truck tube's twin doors slid slowly shut, shoving, pushing in the cramped and damp commuter mob; homeward bound but sullen, truculent and colourless. Bored and suffocated faces looked sourly over the night's bad news, or fingers flipped irritably through library books; minds in neutral, waiting for the right stop to get off at, forget it all, come back tomorrow and do it again. Poor, poor London.

Nobody looked happy, not even a little bit. And of course nobody spoke, because that's another one of those things that's just not done.

Tucked, or more crushed than tucked, into one of the carriage's corners I took a peep over the top of my paper: that funny way it feels when the silence of a crowd actually changes — just as quiet as before but, somehow, differently quiet. Something was strangely up, some small sense of compressed melodrama hung suspended in the cigarette smoke and stuffiness. Trivially intriguing. It didn't take long to spot what the something was.

A bright streak of the most vividly crimson hair, that was it; this insurrectionary gash of insolent colour, violently alive, had invaded us. And such make-up! And, well, those clothes!...

Snug amongst the dulled, muffled mass of rush-hour conformism, that staunchest fortress of cultural normality, it was a brazen intrusion indeed; a wilful act of aesthetic trespass, and nothing less.

Stone-faced travellers permitted themselves the most discreet of smirks, and looked sickly as a result. Couples nudged surreptitiously, made measured nods towards the disturbance. The whole wordless pantomime was being played out around her. Confidence mounting, strangers exchanged complacent "Not like us" smiles, and were all reassured. Equilibrium was restored. The girl, for her part, had ignored the whole thing quite magnificently.

Still smiling, I slipped back behind my paper.

THE BUSINESS of being Bette Bright — singer, starlet and stylist — in a drab and workaday world must be a strange and occasionally difficult one, I'd imagine?

"Um, it's all a bit of a caricature, I suppose. It depends on how you look at it.

"Like, a lot of people keep going on to me about this 'sex symbol' thing, which I suppose superficially it might seem like that, but there's a lot more fun involved in it — and more humour — but some people don't see it. As for clothes, they're just something you wear. And they can be interesting to look at."

Still, any reputation must be better than no reputation.

"Well it kinda gets on my nerves. Most blokes are pretty sexual on stage and they don't get sort of attacked for it. But if you're a woman then it becomes the obvious thing for people to say about you."

A pause, a shrug, then a smile and a frown at the same time. "Oh, I don't know. It's just... I think it's really difficult to talk about yourself, isn't it? I'm terrible at being interviewed."

Um, known better, known a lot worse. Okay, I'll look after this bit...

Each of the years since the demise of Liverpool's late and a-bit-lamented Deaf School (comedy combo unwieldy beat group kind of thingy) has been marked by the very nicest kind of reminder — one excellent single every 12 months from the erstwhile female vocalist in that band, Miss Bette Bright. Third and latest in the series is the best — 'Hello I Am Your Heart', a chart-bound sound and recipient of the ultimate accolade, an NME single of the week.

Irrepressible pop, stamped with Bette's inimitably excitable vocal style, the record's made that extra bit special by the presence of guest musicians The Cimarrons (it was originally to have been The Judge Dread Band) who invest it with infectious reggaeisms, especially the cymbal-splashes in all the unexpected places. Lovely.

Last year it was a cute repetition of Reparata And The Delrons' '68 smash 'Captain Of Your Ship' and, before that, a tastefully camped-up version of 'My Boyfriend's Back', formerly a hit for New York girlie group The Angels in 1963. Three covers, but all exquisite choices, executed with loving precision and irresistible freshness. Some day soon, Bette will be starting on the first album of her solo career, and won't that be something to look forward to?

It certainly will.

THE STORY so far. A native of Whitstable, in Kent, Bette Bright (nee Ann Martin) made her way to Liverpool Art College some six or seven years ago, in which venerable institution she helped form that erratic aggregate of talents known to the world as Deaf School. She takes up the story.



"We started a band that was supposed to be interesting, just kinda different. Originally there were a lot more people in the band — early on it was a bit ridiculous — but it gradually got more serious.

Eventually the numbers kind of whittled down to about eight and we got a deal with Warner Brothers, made three albums — ha! — and then broke up."

How does all that look to you in retrospect?

"I think we were a really good band... who happened at a really bad time.

Because then all the sort of punk thing came along and because we were so different to all of that — although all the time we were changing — we kind of got lumped with this 'art college' thing which is really unpopular anyway and, er, we

entered that *Melody Maker* competition for a joke and won that. And that's another kiss of death!

"I mean, we were a really great live band and did some really good stuff, y'know? But with all that punk thing... the fact that you were 'Deaf School', you couldn't do anything right. It was terrible. And that used to really piss me off."

Would that be why you were suddenly being quoted, a while back, as having 'gone punk'?

"I never said that! I mean, I don't know where that came from, that was ridiculous! I never said that. I thought it was a joke when I read it. I was going to write in and say, Look... But then I thought, well, what's the point? It's really not worth it."

Not that the more musically-minded alumni of the School are doing too badly these days, anyway.

Steve Allen (then Enrico Cadillac) now has his promising Original Mirrors, whilst bassist Steve Lindsey (aka Frank Average) has been enjoying some success as mastermind behind The Planets. The old group's secret weapon, guitarist / writer Clive Langer leads his own group too (support on the Costello tour) and crops up in production credits everywhere, most notably with Madness but also on all past and projected product from Bette as well.

THE WAY we went about things I don't think we'd ever commercially have been successful. When we started out it was the pub bands like the Kilburns that we really liked and we only set our sights at about that level. And a lot of the time the record company wanted us to compromise, like to change the name 'cos the BBC wouldn't play us and everything. And it got to the stage where there was a lot of talent in that band which couldn't be used. It was better just to split up and let people continue along their own paths. So we decided that was that.

"Then I got a deal with Radar and did a tour (her band for the series of dates consisting of Langer plus Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Rusty Egan). But it was really difficult because they were limited with finances — I ended up paying for most of that tour myself. I think they spent most of their budget on Nick and Elvis; their whole policy was sticking out loads of records and maybe one would take off. They didn't follow through with things and it was really difficult existing under that kind of set-up."

"And then they bit the dust in the end. And so then I fancied having a bit of a break from it all. I got involved with fashion because I fancied doing something a bit different. I did odd sessions, backing vocals for various people, and then I got this deal with Korova" (a Sire / WEA offshoot).

Plans for the immediate future include a further bout of touring — the exact band hasn't been finalised, but Langer is once again almost certain to figure — and, as mentioned, the album.

"I don't want to give too much away, but there'll be a few people on it that you might expect and a few that you won't — a few surprises. And it'll be good fun. A bit R&Bish, a few Motowny kind of things. But, y'know, enjoyable."

She ponders for a moment, then looks up.

"I suppose I'd really like to be the Lulu of the '80s."

Stand clear of the doors!

One Grey Evening With Bette Bright

The Tourists:	£3.99	£4.49
Reality Effect	£3.99	£4.49
Spyro Gyra:	£3.99	£4.49
Catchin' The Sun	£4.35	£5.05
Marti Webb:	£3.99	£4.49
Tell Me On A Sunday	£3.99	£4.49
Madness:	£3.99	£4.49
One Step Beyond	£3.99	£4.30
Kenny Rogers: Kenny	£3.99	£4.49
Michael Jackson:	£3.99	£4.69
Off the Wall	£3.99	£4.69
50p OFF* ALBUMS		
50p OFF* CASSETTES		
Joe Jackson:	£4.49	£4.99
I'm The Man	£4.49	£4.99
Police:	£4.49	£4.49
Outlandos d'Amour	£4.49	£4.49
Blondie:	£4.49	£4.49
Parallel Lines	£4.49	£4.49
Jon & Vangelis:	£4.85	£5.05
Short Stories	£4.99	-
Shooting Star	£4.45	£4.49
Captain Beaky	£4.45	£4.49

WHITSMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press.
Subject to availability where you see this sign.
Manufacturer's recommended price.
Branches throughout England and Wales and at
104/105 Princes St, Edinburgh and 23 Graham St, Ayr.

STATION AT LUNCHTIME

Against Cultural Normality



By Paul Du Noyer

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

ONLY THE
SHORTSIGHTED
COULD IGNORE
28 EXTRA FEET.

Every Agfa +6 Cassette has 28 feet more tape than comparable cassettes. That means you get six minutes more playing time—just to make sure you get all of your recording.

Agfa Cassettes offer the highest quality reproduction you can get from a cassette—they are sensitive to the slightest impulses your recorder can pick up. And there's a tape for every machine available.



CASSETTES+6
SOUND PERFECT.

MCP presents **STIFF**
LITTLE FINGERS
Special Guests
ANOTHER PRETTY FACE
plus **THE STRAPS**
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
Sun 23rd March 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
B/O Tel: 01-748 4081 or
Available L.T.B. Tel: 01-439 3371
Premier B/O Tel: 01-240 2245 + usual agents

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

USE NME's
CLASSIFIED PAGES!

Not only is it cheap, but it works too!

MOTOWN CLASSICS

R DEAN TAYLOR
There's A Ghost In My House
Let's Go Somewhere TMG 896

KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR W.H.SMITH RECORD PRICES.

£1.50 OFF* ALBUM
£1 OFF* CASSETTE

ALBUM PRICE CASSETTE PRICE

Pink Floyd: The Wall £6.95 £6.45

£1.00 OFF* ALBUMS
£1 OFF* CASSETTES

Neil Diamond: September Morn £4.29 £4.49

Billy Joel: Glass Houses £4.29 £4.49

£1.25 OFF* ALBUM

Bob Seger: Live Bullet £6.50

£1.00 OFF* ALBUMS
50p OFF* CASSETTES

Police: Regatta de Blanc £3.99 £4.49

Blondie: Eat To The Beat £3.99 £4.49

Specials: Specials £3.99 £4.49

Selector: Too Much Pressure £3.99 £4.49

Bob Seger: Night Moves £4.69 £5.19

Bob Seger: Stranger In Town £4.69 £5.19

Bob Seger: Against The Wind £4.69 £5.19

Buggles: The Age of Plastic £4.29 £4.79

5T144 L1TTL£ 41N6£R5

N080DY'5
H£R0£5

1

MARCH 20 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion
MARCH 21 CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
MARCH 22 SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont

**MARCH 23 LONDON,
Hammersmith Odeon**

MARCH 24 BRADFORD, St. Georges Hall
MARCH 25 CLEETHORPES, Winter Gardens
MARCH 26 WAKEFIELD, Unity Hall
MARCH 27 CARLISLE, Market Hall
MARCH 28 EDINBURGH, Odeon
MARCH 29 ABERDEEN, Capitol
MARCH 30 GLASGOW, Apollo

Special Guests -ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

5L4 TOUR 4-30-3-80

AGENTS: COWBELL 01-262 7253

2

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

CHR 1270 1-9-8-0

ALBUM INCLUDES NEW SINGLE 'AT THE EDGE'



WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET...



PRINT

... CSM on US Rock Literati ... Graham Parker writes a book ...
... Rock cartography ...

Stranded On The American Highway

LOST HIGHWAY

By Peter Guralnick (*Godine Press Omnibus £4.50*)

STRANDED

Edited by Greil Marcus (*Grosset & Dunlap Import*)

IN which a variety of shoulders are looked over. Peter Guralnick continues the journey to the American musical heartland that he began in *Feel Like Going Home*, while Greil Marcus assembles twenty rock critics and invites them to play *Desert Island Discs*.

Peter Guralnick has three loves: blues, country music and rockabilly. His book is subtitled 'Journeys & Arrivals Of American Musicians', but it could as well have been amended to 'Journeys & Arrivals In American Music'. He is fascinated by the transformation of regional folk art into (inter)national mass art, by the effects of pursuing the mass audience — whether or not that pursuit is successful — on roots artists, by the way that the music industry asserts on music and musicians, by the consequences of success and failure.

Whether his subject is Sam Phillips, Bobby Bland, Ernest Tubb, Son Seals or Hank Williams Jr, Guralnick deploys a master's touch and a lover's intensity to the simultaneous depiction of the character of the individual subject and the world in which he moves. Each profile gives the reader not simply a coherent and evocative image of a musician but also of a music. You not only learn who someone is, but where he's been, where he's going, and why. Neither details nor their significance escape his attention.

In other words, Guralnick is sensitive both to character and context. His profiles are definitive. Whether he's spending a day with Bobby Bland or recounting the effects of MOR success on Charlie Rich, whose pre-superstardom existence was documented in *Feel Like Going Home*, his perspective never falters.

The picture with which Guralnick ultimately leaves us is sobering. His subjects are not young men — Bobby Bland is closing in on fifty, country singer Mickey Gilley achieved his success in his forties, Ernest Tubb is in his twilight and in the words of one of his sidemen "will die right in the back of that damn bus." Then there's Charlie Feathers, still playing the roadhouses, still reminiscing about the clubs he played when he was starting out alongside Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis. At the other extreme, there's Waylon Jennings gone Hollywood, Merle Haggard coping with the total destruction of personal life, and a scarring account of a session in which the intelligent, aware contemporary Chicago bluesman is given the complete Blind Lemon Chitlin treatment by an unbelievably callous and patronising white producer.

What it comes down to is the reasons why some people's work connects with the collective unconscious and that of others does not. Guralnick introduces us to DeFord Bailey, the first black artist to appear on the Grand Ol' Opry in the '30s; the reason why Bailey has spent most of his life in obscurity can be attributed to plain ol' American institutionalised racism, but we also meet James Talley, a (gulp) singer-songwriter whose career is a non-happener despite playing Carter's inauguration and persuading B.B. King to make his first appearance on somebody else's session in twenty years.

Speaking as someone whose personal share of the collective unconscious has remained resolutely untouched by Talley's sensitive banalities, the present writer can testify that Guralnick's taste is certainly not infallible, but his account of the life and times of Hank Williams Jr, the son of the man who beats out Joe Ely for the Mick Jones-donated title of 'the world's greatest country singer,' is

fascinating reading even for one who has never encountered Hank Jr's work and still harbours no desire to repair this omission.

Guralnick's pursuit of the legacy of the '50s (and earlier) may not find favour with anybody who believes that roots are horrid nasty things that should be kept safely underground in case they trip up any passing futurists, but even (especially!) those who do not share any of his obsessions except the one that concerns the uneasy relationship between music and its environment should find much stimulus herein. Guralnick is possibly the one rock writer who should be a novelist: he has little to learn from anyone about depicting events, characters and situations.

IT'S something of a shame that Guralnick was not one of the contributors to Greil Marcus' anthology *Stranded*, in which twenty 'rock critics' were invited to contribute a piece about which single rock album they would wish to take to a hypothetical desert island, and why. Guralnick is first and foremost a journalist — his purely critical writing rarely shows him at his best — but his inclusion would have spared the reader from at least one of the most ludicrous absurdities in the history of rock criticism.

The book's premise is itself faintly risible — one can think of few settings in which one's favourite rock album would sound less appropriate — but it's one way of asking a few supposedly well-informed, discriminating and articulate people what music means the most to them. The resulting volume simultaneously demonstrates the heights to which upmarket American rock criticism can rise and the depths to which it is capable of sinking.

Stranded's finest sustained literary flights are provided by Langdon Winner with a marvellous evocation of Beefheart's 'Trout Mask Replica' and Ed Ward's 'fictional history' of '50s R&B vocal group The 5 Royals (never heard of them? Neither had I and now I want to, simply to hear the music that could inspire that piece), though Tom Carson's essay on The Ramones' 'Rocket To Russia' and Lester Bangs' rampage around the nooks and crannies of Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks' certainly do credit to their surroundings.

Minor disappointments include Dave Marsh's jokey throwaway about a compilation tape to accompany the inevitable eternity of jacking off faced by our solitary castaway (written, one presumes, as a bit of light relief from all that angry stuff he writes for *Rolling Stone*) and Simon Frith (the book's sole Brit) failing to explain how he reconciles his current, vaunted radicalism with the indulgences he grants to the Stones' 'Beggars Banquet'. Without quarrelling with either his choice or his reasons for making that choice, it would have been interesting to see Frith subjecting the Stones to the type of close ideological scrutiny which is his current stock in trade, and then defend them convincingly from his own charges.

The book's single most grotesque moment arrives when John Rockwell of *The New York Times*, a man whom I had not previously suspected of being a pompous fool, arrives to occupy the best part of thirty pages hymning Linda Ronstadt's 'Living In The USA', an album that could scarcely be exiled to a desert island more arid than the music it contained. It would be petty in the extreme to condemn sections of this book simply on grounds of musical taste — for example, I will make no mention of Grace Lichtenstein's choice of The Eagles' 'Desperado' beyond a simple note of its existence — but Rockwell's grounds for nominating Ronstadt have to be read to be believed.

The music chosen covers a fairly predictable section of the spectrum — two nominations each for Van Morrison and The Rolling Stones and one each for The Ronettes,



Above: the late Hank Williams.

Bruce Springsteen, Beefheart, Velvet Underground, The Eagles, Little Willie John, The Kinks, The Ramones, Jackson Browne, The New York Dolls, Huey 'Piano' Smith, Thomas A. Dorsey, Neil Young, Ronstadt and The 5 Royals — and Marcus wraps up the book with his (agreeable) version of the definitive list of contents for the rock and roll time capsule.

It is a pity that Marcus didn't invoke editorial privilege and do a party piece himself. His *Mystery Train* is still the finest extant analysis of the thematic content of American rock, and since he is one of the few American rock critics of his generation still in possession of his marbles, taste and ideals, a sustained piece of his critical writing would certainly not have gone amiss.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE GREAT TROUSER MYSTERY

By Graham Parker, illustrated by Willy Smax (*Stiff/Wyndham £3.95*)

ONCE upon a time, there was an obscure parlour game played in rock circles. It went like this: pick a rock star at random and offer a brief description of the literary work they would be most likely to produce if they devoted their prodigious talents to poetry or prose. The contributor of the most wittily (in)appropriate suggestion received some small prize or gesture of recognition, the precise nature of which escapes me.

The award for one particular evening had to be split between Ted Nugent's Hemingwayesque tale of a man who beat buffaloes to death with his penis until a woman spoke sternly to him and he was never able to work again, and Steve Harley's SF triumph about how the world ended because nobody had faith in the one man who could save it. Graham Parker's name came up in connection with a slim volume of bare-lightbulb short stories about the doomed nature of human relationships in the urban wasteland, but the suggestion was considered overly pedestrian.

So imagine my surprise (and I'll imagine yours), when Parker meets print and the result is a large and fairly expensive chunk of lavishly illustrated SF whimsy bearing the exceedingly serious title *The Great Trouser Mystery*. The back cover blurb suggests that "Graham Parker's incredible fantasy blends the outrageous wit of Tom Wolfe with the macabre inspiration of Roald Dahl."

These comparisons are somewhat unwise. It might have been less misleading to cite *The Hitch Hikers' Guide To The Galaxy*, Kurt Vonnegut in one of his very silly moods, Monty Python and *Santa Claus Goes To The Seaside*. Viewed sympathetically, it's a stoned fairytale for children of all ages; viewed unsympathetically, it's a strained, indulgent absurdist satire, filled with facetious Dickensian names, unconvincing dialogue and characters who seem unsure from moment to moment what the author wishes them to do.

There are welcome splashes of genuine comic invention scattered through the book: Bruce, the gradually evolving seal, brightens up the pages with his every utterance, and there is a hilarious sequence where two Bob Dylans each attempt to demonstrate their authenticity.

It would be churlish to suggest that Parker should hereafter confine himself entirely to songwriting — or to suppress that unsuspected whimsicality which emerges here in such unfettered form — but it might be interesting if Geep's next excursion into fiction was informed by the same sensibility which gives his music its emotional power.

Oh well. How about *The Great Trouser Mystery*, Graham Parker's SF farce about a world where Music Therapy has solved the world's emotional problems? (Howls of laughter, night's star prize...)

Charles Shaar Murray

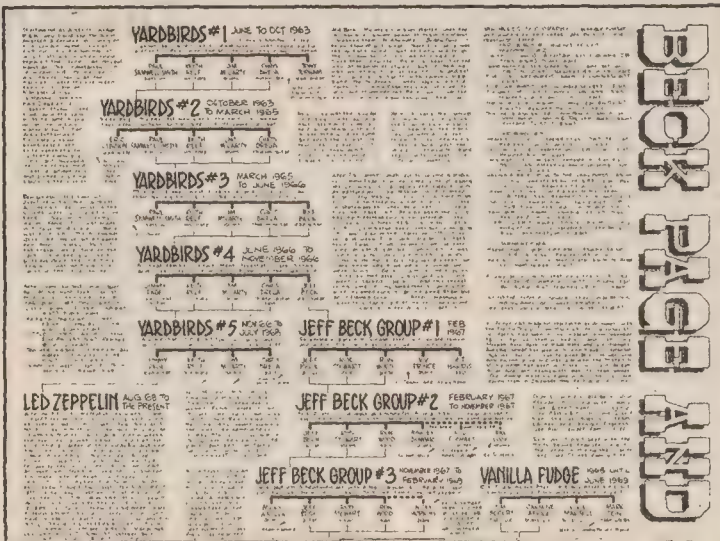
Framed At Last

ROCK FAMILY TREES

By Pete Frame (*Omnibus Press £3.95*)

FOUNDING *Zig-Zag* editor and patron of the obscure, Pete Frame and his rock genealogies should need no introduction to those who thirst after fax, anecdote and vital historical trivia. This is the long-threatened compendium, covering various 'scenes' and their luminaries, lesser and greater, and all points in-between.

From British '60s beat to West coast di-lysergic, from early-'70s dinosaurs to the Bowery and back to the King's Road, Frame patiently sifts through the entomological (*Close, but no stick insect — Ed.*) strands.



His cheerful, painstaking quest for detail, not matter how insignificant, provides fascinating insights no matter what your bag.

No sensible criticism can be made of a work such as this. The choice of trees, though broad, is perhaps not compendious enough. The 30-odd included, however, consist of concise, unassailable data. Hard data. Frame's commentary creeps in around the edges but doesn't interpret or interfere with the facts which, given the emotional readings rock history is usually subjected to, makes for a rare factual account.

The sheer volume of work and detail involved must make it seem like a monumental folly to the uninitiated, but likewise make it utterly absorbing for the fanatic. It's indexed for reference and bound for infamy.

Paul Rambali

“Everyone says the British new wave acts which have broken in America have paved the way for us, but they’re talking about Joe Jackson, which has nothing to do with us. I don’t know how long it will take. It may never happen. 99

— Paul Weller

I WALK into the dimly-lit lounge of a Detroit Holiday Inn, and move up to the bar for a drink. Next to me, Bruce Foxton is having an intent conversation with a member of The Jam’s lighting crew. They seem to be talking about the frustrations of touring in America.

“You never see a bloody result,” Foxton is saying, pounding his fist on the bar for emphasis. His tone of voice is exasperated, almost bitter.

“You never physically see a result. That’s why it’s so hard.” It is the only time in two days of travelling with The Jam that I am to see any of them really vent their emotions in public.

THE JAM are currently in the middle of their fourth visit to America. Twenty-odd gigs stretched over five weeks.

It may surprise you, because you know how fine this group is, but this tour will not make them big stars in America.

It will take them to some out-of-the-way places, like Rochester, New York, where not many bands go, and the kids will be grateful for any evening’s entertainment. It will also take them to the big mid-Western cities like Detroit and Chicago, where they see plenty of rock bands come and go. This is the industrial heart of America, traditionally self-centred and insular.

This is where I went to see how The Jam would fare.

AMERICA — the land is such a big ocean. Its cultural currents never flow in any one direction. Generalisations about what is happening are inevitably misleading.

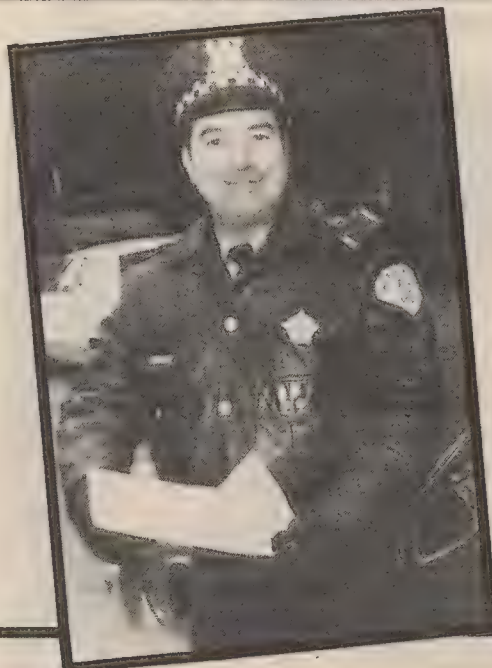
The country’s ‘hip’ urban / media centres gave early welcome to new wave music.

The stirrings of the great mid-’70s musical shake-up were, in fact, first felt in New York. But the pioneers of the movement were prophets unhonoured in their homeland. And outside of those urban centres, the rock taste of the record-buying masses has remained, for the most part, conventional and conservative. Look at the charts.

Yeah, but look at the charts. This week, The Clash and The Pretenders have both broken into the Top Forty. Something is stirring.

Radio is the most easily identifiable villain in this unfolding drama. In a country with no national music press to speak of, radio is and always has been, the main source of information about new music, the most relied-upon guide for consumers sorting through the bins of new releases. And of all the segments of the American music industry, radio has been the most resistant to change. It is a highly commercial and competitive field, in which station managers vie with each other for limited advertising dollars. Eyes on the ratings has meant eyes off new musical trends, whose introduction might scare off established audiences.

What breakthroughs the new wave have made have so far come mostly from its representatives who have softened their attack and made their bows in the directions of melodic nicety, lyrical non-abrasiveness and ‘professional’ production values demanded by radio programmers: Blondie, The Police, Joe Jackson...



“So tell me, boys, just where do you want to get to in this wonderful country of ours?”

As to the future, the signs are contradictory.

On the one hand, The Clash, The Pretenders and The Specials are all starting to have great success here. This may signal a turning point. It would seem to be a time of great opportunity for The Jam and many others.

On the other hand, the one radio station in New York that consistently played new wave music, is just about banned from the city’s airwaves.

And that’s New York. In Detroit, I asked a fan at a Jam concert whether he ever heard the likes of The Jam or The Clash on his local radio station. He just rolled his eyes toward heaven and let forth an exasperated sigh.

SO THAT’S how we go, step forward and a step back. And The Jam are here, trying to get their earnest, intense depictions of life in a less than idyllic modern world over to the slumbering, but maybe just waking up, American youth. And not having an easy time of it.

When Jerry Dammers showed up at New York’s Palladium to see The Jam, it seemed like a relay-runner passing the baton. The Jam, though, have been slow starters in this race, and not for lack of trying. Their first visit here, in 1977, was a two-stop jaunt hitting CBGB and LA’s Whiskey. The next trip was a bit longer, and the third was a proper tour a year ago in support of ‘All Mod Cons’. Despite their efforts, that album died in the marketplace, and the group has so far only built up a sizeable cult following.

Even now, when ‘London Calling’ can occasionally be heard on the radio, there’s not a chance of hearing ‘Eton Rifles’, and ‘Setting Sons’ is settling quietly down into the lower reaches of the charts.

Paul Weller thinks the notion of a second ‘British Invasion’ is ridiculous. “Everyone you talk to asks, ‘Don’t you think all the British new wave acts which have broken in America have paved the way for you?’ and they’re talking about Joe Jackson, which has nothing to do with us. So I don’t know how long it’s going to take. It may never happen.”

Why should this be? This is the same group that swept the *NME* Readers’ Poll this year. But many Americans seem to find The Jam too brittle, too lacking in melodic appeal, too British. Especially too British — an explanation I’ve heard glibly dropped from the lips of Polydor promo people and several DJs.

“Well, I suppose that’s the most logical reason why we’re not played on the radio,” Weller says when I tell him how often this is mentioned. “The sentiments of the songs are universal. But the references and the way they’re put together is maybe too British. But there’s no way we’re going to change that. I mean what’s the point? Even our few fans here would regard that as a cop-out.”

But it must be frustrating, I offer, to write a song like ‘Eton Rifles’, a

brilliant allegory of social confrontation, and then be told it doesn’t translate.

“Yeah, but there’s nothing you can do about it. Like I hear something by Springsteen or something about driving down Sunset Boulevard, and it means nothing to me, but that’s not to say it’s not a good song. It’s just that lyrically it doesn’t mean fuck-all. But take France — they don’t understand any of the lyrics, it’s just the act and the presentation behind it that they can relate to. Even with the language barrier, what you’re saying is still coming across in some way. So why not here?”

THE GIG in Detroit was at the Motor City Skating Rink. It started earlier than we thought, the plane left late, and the taxi from the airport took forever. By the time we arrived, the band has gone offstage, the lights are up and the equipment is being taken down.

It’s a strange place for a rock show. The roller rink looks like a big concrete barn. In the middle is an oval-shaped wooden floor, with a makeshift stage set up at one end.

In the dressing room, a procession of fans pays homage to their faves. Paul Weller is seated on a couch at the side of the room like a king holding court, while fans approach and crouch down in front of him to talk. They are a sharpish looking bunch, these Detroit Jam fans, well

Sons’. “There’s no concept,” he says. “It’s just about people dealing with things, realities. But there’s no deliberate concept.”

The young people in this dressing room are serious followers of music. Some of them might look to someone like Paul Weller for answers, which of course Weller would deny he could supply. They might also be expected to influence their friends towards their musical tastes. But each one I ask tells me their friends think they’re crazy for liking the music they do.

After a while, we’re off to the hotel for another regular part of the Jam schedule, a long, beery apres-gig session in the Holiday Inn boozier. The drinking goes on until closing time, when Ken, The Jam’s road manager, bundles everyone off to bed.

THE NEXT morning, a short flight to Chicago. In their everyday clothes, The Jam blend inconspicuously into the airport crowd. Buckler has his portable backgammon set, Foxton his portable combination cassette player and TV set, the TV part of which doesn’t function for American television. Weller has Jill on his arm, and is very quiet. Flying, he says, makes him nervous.

The Jam on tour are a model of organisation. While the roadies move the equipment by truck from

gone off, and a Spiderman cartoon has come one. “Is he tough!” Buckley exclaims. “He’s got radioactive blood!”

Foxton casts an eye out on the grey, overcast Chicago skyline, a bleak-looking marvel of urban sprawl. “It doesn’t look like anybody could really live out there,” he sighs. “It all starts to blend in. Last night someone asked me where we’d been the day before, and I couldn’t remember. Makes you feel really thick.”

After the soundcheck, the next event on the schedule is an “in-store appearance” at Wax Trax, Chicago’s premier new wave record shop. It is a great store, large and better stocked than any I’ve seen in New York or London.

At first, a few fans cautiously approach Weller, one at a time. The first is an earnest young man with a petition of protest. The club where they are playing, because it serves liquor, cannot admit anyone under twenty-one. He has gathered over two hundred signatures protesting this. He is followed by some more conventional autograph seekers, and soon Weller is mobbed by fans sticking records and pieces of paper in his face.

The kids in the store are younger than the ones we saw in the dressing room the previous night. Some of them are so young they may not be allowed to go to gigs, or are too young to get in. Foxton and Buckler are at first almost ignored, but after a

NME’s New York bureau — writer Richard Grabel and photographer Joe Stevens — fly to Chicago for an American’s eye view on The Jam’s efforts to join the British Invasion.

turned out in jackets, ties and badges, their girlfriends in dresses and *Quadrophenia* target T-shirts. But filing out of the rink downstairs I had seen many more kids in the ordinary drab blue-jeans uniform of American rock audiences.

This scene, a mob of fans lining up to speak to The Jam, is an every-night occurrence on this tour, and was quite unknown last time around. What is hard to say is whether it merely indicates a growing cult or the first tremors of a really expansive audience.

The Jam seem glad to see us. I’d met them on their last trip here, and Joe Stevens had been to Germany with them. We feel, if not like old friends, at least like old acquaintances.

The show, I’m told by the fans, was good but not great. The rink was only three-quarters full (about seven hundred people) and most of the audience just stood and watched. The most common complaint is the lack of any pre-‘All Mod Cons’ material in the set.

Weller, meanwhile, is being queried on the concept of ‘Setting

city to city, the core group — the band, Jill, band manager John Weller and road manager Ken Wheeler — go by plane. In each city they pick up a rented station wagon, just big enough to cram in the six of them plus luggage. This core group is compact, tightly-knit and highly mobile.

There are no superstar trips or prima donna spats going on among this group. Nobody sleeps in or holds up the group, nobody seems to even get cranky about the busy schedule. At night, after the gigs, there is time to relax with a few drinks. But during the day The Jam are strictly business, and they run on time.

The Chicago Holiday Inn is a more posh, more urban affair than its Detroit counterpart. After we check in, I wander up to the room drummer Rick Buckler and bassist Bruce Foxton share, to see what’s up and kill some time.

Buckler is a general connoisseur of pop-trash culture, and he’s excited to hear that I’ve just been watching a Japanese sci-fi B-movie on television. We look for it, but it’s

while they too are surrounded. After an hour of autograph signing and small-talking, the band eases itself out of the door.

THE GIG is at Park West, a former disco, now converted to a club presenting live bands. Remnants of its disco days remain; the club has a glittery, silver and black colour scheme (“Not our kind of place,” says Foxton) but this is obscured with the lights down and hundreds of bodies crammed into the place. The club seems full well beyond its official seven-hundred capacity, but doesn’t seem crowded, thanks to an unusually intelligent lay-out. There’s a dance floor in front of the stage, after which rows of seats and tables are set out on raised tiers, with lots of aisles which allow people to roam about the place freely.

The set is basically the same on The Jam played on their last British tour. They have become more tightly-drilled than ever before, the songs being delivered with an



almost military precision. The sound is determined, muscular, relentless.

The floor in front of the stage is filled with dancing bodies.

Farther back, at the tables, an older and more reserved crowd soaks it up, appreciating the show but not demonstrating much physically. But The Jam thrive on being able to see the kids dancing in front of them, and tonight the show has an intensity and warmth that was absent in New York.

On 'Saturday Kids', when Weller sings "Hate the system! What's the system?", you can hear the questioning in his voice. He isn't telling, he's asking. 'Going Underground' sounds like a natural single, catchy and powerful. The set reaches its high point with a series of strong songs: 'To Be Someone', 'Eton Rifles', 'Strange Town'.

On the latter Weller's vocal is brilliant as for one moment he allows his passion to overcome his control, to deliver straight from the heart. But after that peak of excitement on 'Strange Town' brings him to an emotional edge, Weller draws back a bit, returning to a level of mere skill and proficiency. Still, it's a great gig, and the audience is still clapping for a third encore when the house lights go up.

The show over, The Jam take a minimal amount of time to dry off and change before coming out to talk to the fans who've gathered outside the dressing room. This has become second nature to them, an ordinary part of the doing-the-gig ritual.

"Sorry, boys, you should have stuck with those cutesy suits" . . . Paul Weller, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler flunk the audition for 'The Warriors II'.

Among the fans here I notice several very young faces, too young to have normally been allowed into the club. One is a small girl with braces, couldn't be older than 13, who has been following the band around since the soundcheck. Another is the guy with the petition. The Jam brought them into the club on their own guest list.

At the same time that they show such great solicitude towards their fans, The Jam feel a kind of resentment of the demands of showmanship. Back at the hotel, Weller asks me what I'd thought of the show. "Great," I blurt out, thinking mostly of the quality of the band's performance and the good time I'd had.

"But didn't you think the audience were a bunch of tossers?" Weller wants to know. I tell him that at least the kids dancing up front were well into it.

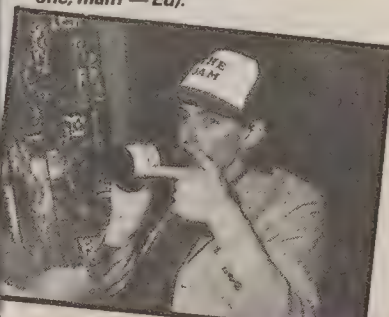
"But they want to be patronised," Weller says. "They're looking for bands that are gonna feed them lines about burning down the political system, so they can feel revolutionary, and then also feed them all the usual showbiz bullshit." And shaking his head, he disappears into the lift as the doors close.

NEXT MORNING, The Jam assemble, nine a.m. sharp, at television station WLS where

■ Continues page 36



Left and below: The door bursts open and NME's intrepid photographer snaps indisputable proof of drug taking amongst the pop fraternity. Here we see Bruce Foxton smoking 'a joint' and (left) Paul Weller getting 'a buzz'. (Are you sure about this one, man? — Ed).



Above: Jam on Chicago TV. Bob Clearcut: Hi there and good morning to AM Chicago . . . and this morning we fearlessly expose those punk rockers. Myrtle is here to interview the latest British rave imports — The Jam. Myrtle? Myrtle: "Thanx Barb and I'd like to ask you, Pawl, the first question. Tell me Pawl, does it always rain in London?" Paul: "No." Myrtle: "Bruce. Don't you think the Queen Mother is marvellous?" Bruce: "Sure." Myrtle: "Ricky. Did you get to see The Beatles?" Rick: "Yes. They're backstage waiting to come on after us." Myrtle: "Thanks boys for coming in and clearing up a few worries us Yankees have about punk rock. After the break, Barb will be asking: After a fish meal, what napkin would impress that special guest? . . ."



Virgin Records presents

The Motors in 'Tenement Steps'

starring

Andy McMaster and
Nick Garvey.

Produced by
Jimmy Iovine and
The Motors.

Engineered by
Shelly Yakus.

Virgin

V2151.



Because somebody forgot to wipe away
Bloodstains from the night before
When two men were fighting
Over love that was never there
Religion of despair

JAM USA

■ From page 33

they are to be interviewed live on *AM Chicago*, a local talk show. The other guests this morning include an investment consultant who's to talk about money market funds, a lady weight-lifter, and two members of a Shakespearean acting troupe. Standing around the corridor of the TV studio, the group looks remarkably bright and chipper, considering the hour. The show's producer comes by and thanks the band for coming. "We haven't had many rock bands on the show."

The studio is set up to look like someone's living room. The Jam sit on a couch. The show's hosts, a man and woman team of two dapper personalities in their late 30s, sit opposite.

The interview is a perfunctory affair. Attempting to break the ice, one host says: "I'm surprised you guys are up so early."

Foxton: "We're surprised too."

Host: "What is new wave music?"

Weller: "I've no idea."

There's some talk about influences. Weller offers that "Audiences are a little slow over here. They're into having big light shows and things like that." He mumbles most of his responses. At one point the host turns to Rick Buckler and says, "Well Rick, you haven't said anything yet." "It's too early," Buckler replies, his one line of the show. On the way out, we all agree that it doesn't matter; no potential Jam fans could be watching the show anyway.

A FEW hours later, The Jam are in my hotel room to be interviewed once again. It's a job they take to much more cheerfully than this morning's vain promotional exercise.

At first it's just Foxton, Buckler and myself. The talk is more a conversation than a grilling session. I ask them what they see as their ultimate goals, what they hope to get out of the rock and roll game. Is it cars, girls, money?

Foxton: "No, just a reaction worldwide like we get in England. It's not those superficial things. It's the feeling of actually communicating with an audience."

Buckler: "Well we don't want to bullshit. Everybody's into money and the rest of those sort of things, but I don't think they hold highest in our aims. I'm sure we'd be a lot different than we are now if that was our top aim."

Foxton: "We'd be singing in pseudo-American voices and stuff like that."

Weller comes in. I ask him to clarify his comments of the night before regarding the audience.

"Yeah, well, that was a bit... but it was true. I just get the feeling that people here want to be led by the hand to the promised land, whatever that is. No one wants to do it themselves, they want to be coaxed and stroked, and we're not going to do that. Let them go see The Blue Oyster Cult or The Clash or something like that if that's what they want."

Perhaps, I say, the main problem is that so far in America new wave music has attracted an older audience than in England.

"Yeah, I think that's probably quite true. It's only on this tour that we've started to notice really young kids, 15 or 16."

Foxton: "It doesn't help the growth of it when you've got all these clubs that the young kids can't get into."

I noticed that you got some of the under-age fans in last night.

Weller: "Some of them were a little reserved anyway."

Foxton: "They want to be patronised. If we had gone out there and said 'You're a great audience, Chicago, we love you' and all that..."

So what makes a good audience?

Weller: "It's the communication. If you feel you're communicating it inspires you to play better. It's a cycle. It all stems from that initial sort of communication, which we haven't really encountered here so far."

A lot of the fans complain about you not playing any of the old songs.

"A few people said that in England as well. But we don't want to become another greatest hits band."

But you could be accused of falling into the usual industry syndrome of promoting the new album, play a few from the previous album and that's it.

"I suppose you could look at it that way. But it's really like going to see The Who and they're still playing 'My Generation' after 15 years. It becomes pointless. Those old songs, like 'In The City', have sentiments we still stand by. And they're still being said anyway in the new songs, as far as I'm concerned. But we want to keep the whole set contemporary."

How important is it to you personally to be accepted in America?

"It's as important as being accepted anywhere in the world. I don't know if 'accepted' is the right word. We want to be successful everywhere. But we also want to do it on our own terms."

Meaning you won't do what?

"Well, starting with smoothing our sound out or whatever, production-wise, or making the band sound like pointing towards America."

Just how much of an impact would you like your music to make on America? Do you see the day when everybody will be walking around humming Jam tunes?

"Well, we want to be more than just a hummable tune. The way you put it there doesn't seem much. I don't relish the thought of some housewife doing her Hoovering and whistling 'A-Bomb In Wardour Street'. Can't really see the point in that. But if she listens to 'Private Hell' and packs away her Hoover and says 'I ain't gonna fucking do any more Hoovering' then that's a good impact if you ask me."

You would like to have an effect on the way people live?

"Yeah. Without getting on a crusade bit, 'cause that's equally as pretentious as just being a straight pop band."

There are, of course, volumes of conventional wisdom written about how to break a band in America. The Jam don't like the way that game is played.

Buckler: "It's such a commercial country over here. Everything has to be advertised and sold."

Weller: "I don't know why they don't just leave that stuff out when it comes to us. The radio ads and the trade paper ads are just ridiculous. It's not what we want anyway. It's really difficult when you're in another country, it's hard to watch

what they're up to. In England we're there all the time and we're constantly putting pressure on them to do things. Plus the fact that we've been successful, so we get our say a lot easier."

POLYDOR was originally going to release 'Eton Rifles' as a single here, then decided against it. Now 'Heat Wave' has been chosen as the American single.

Weller: "It was either that or nothing, basically."

Foxton: "When we found out 'Heat Wave' was going to be the single, we phoned up and gave them our choice. We were thinking of 'Thick As Thieves' or 'Private Hell' or something like that. And they phoned back and said well we don't mind not putting out 'Heat Wave' but its either that or nothing. Which would mean the album's finished, right?"

Do they have hopes for 'Setting Sons' doing well here?

Buckler: "I think it will break down some barriers. It should get easier with time."

Weller: "I can't really see it. I'd like to, but I can't really. We don't want to do constant touring. We don't want to sacrifice Britain just to do it over here. We've talked about just coming over here for two weeks, two or three times a year, just split it up. That way we could play some of the places we've never played, as well as keep in contact with Britain. We should do a lot more gigs in Britain, really, instead of doing two major tours every year, so we want to put that right as well."

"It's up to the new American bands as well. They could be making inroads themselves, if they thought about it, instead of playing all this retread crap. Play something different, or at least get some decent lyrics, sing about something important."

On tour The Jam don't seem to go out much, spending most of their post-gig nights drinking in the same dismal Holiday Inn bars. I ask whether they don't desire to get out more, go where the "real people" go.

Buckler: "When we get a couple of days off, we like to go out and do something. But we don't know the places, where to go."

Foxton: "I don't know who the real people are anyway."

Buckler: "You always just come in contact with the record company people and people who are involved in the business and it gets up your nose a little bit sometimes."

Weller: "There was this guy last night, he was saying, 'Well, I don't know if I should stay around here for the show or if I should go back and get this album moving'. Get this album moving, like he was fucking John Wayne or something! What's he going to do at nine o'clock at night?"

"On the last tour I tried to speak to a lot of the real people. Like outside one airport there was a bloke carrying a placard, and I tried to ask him what it was all about, and he didn't even know. So the real people don't have süss either. Some of the people are alright. Some of the fans we meet do have things sussed out."

How long do you think you can keep doing this rock and roll life?

Weller: "I don't know, I don't think about it like that. I don't think any of us do. Just take it as it comes."

Foxton: "I think we'll know when one of us doesn't turn up onstage."

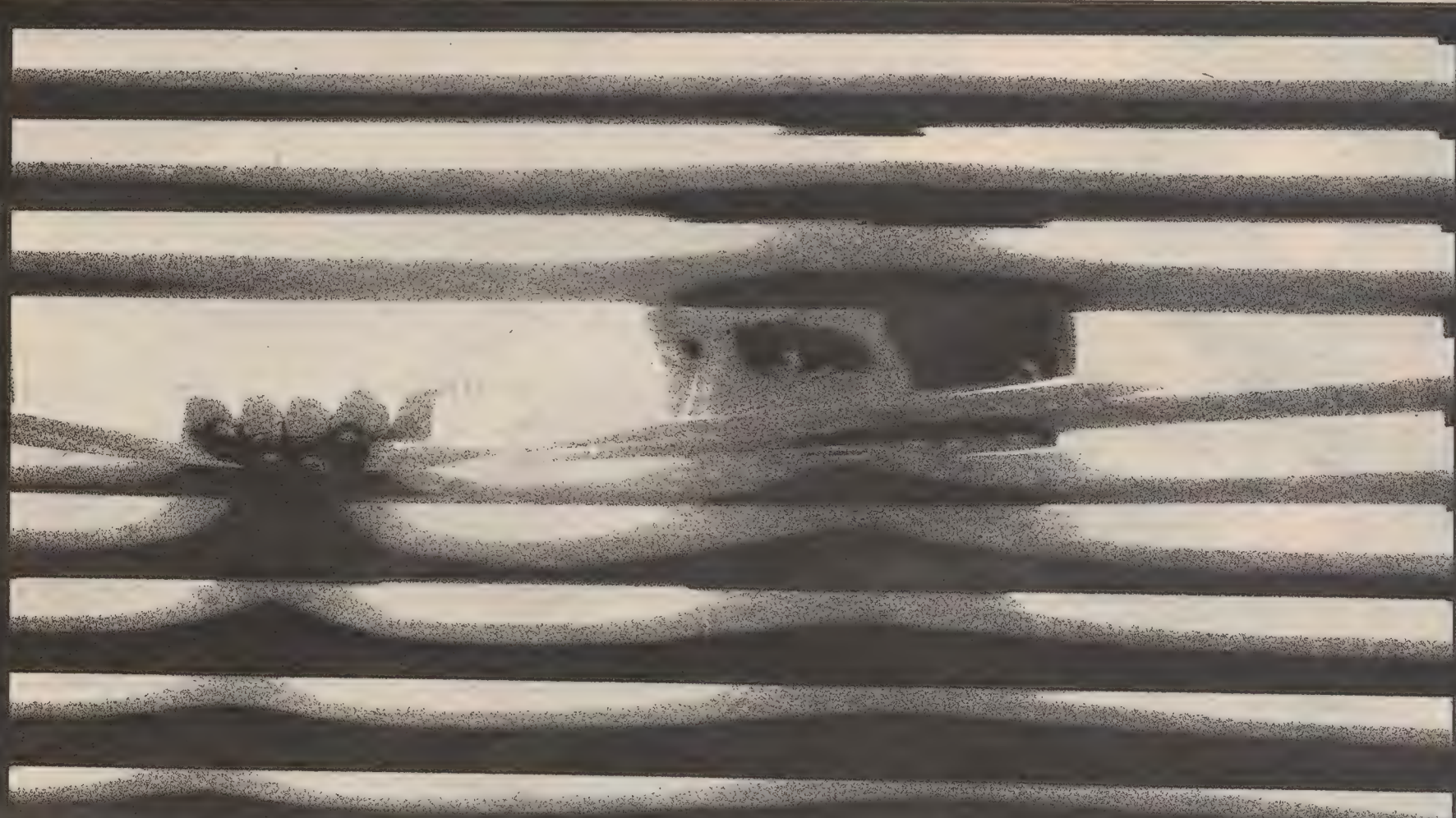
WHITHER The Jam? Weller is at once a romantic and a pessimist. He wants his music to have a profound effect on people, for his songs to challenge his listener's values and assumptions.

At the same time he's doubtful as to what ability pop music has to accomplish such objectives. He's also very wary of being cast in a role of preacher or teacher.

I think that wariness will be his salvation: it will keep his feet out of many pitfalls when American success finally comes his way.

And it will come. Weller doesn't know, he thinks Americans are too set on music as escapist entertainment. But there are a lot of stages in this country, and a lot of old bands who will fade or be pushed out of the way. Somebody will have to fill those stages.

The Jam have longevity. There is no reason why they shouldn't be one of the bands to do the job. But contrary to their status in the U.K., that's all they're ever likely to be here: just one of the bands.



T H E S O U N D T R A C K O F

American Gigolo

FEATURING THE FULL LENGTH VERSION OF

BLONDIE STATESIDE SMASH **"CALL ME"**

A N D

CHERYL BARNES "LOVE & PASSION" GIORGIO MORODER'S "NIGHT DRIVE"



THE MOST talented people are always the nicest," says Carl Palmer, former drummer with Emerson, Lake and Palmer. "Or at least," he adds "that's always been my experience."

Mr Palmer is here to tell us why ELP broke up, to explain why he's found a new "good-time rock'n'roll band", and to give us his thoughts about the way people are. Particularly the most talented and nicest people.

"If a guy is really rich or really talented," he continues, "then he doesn't go round telling people. He doesn't need to. It's the guy who goes round telling you what he's done or what he's got — he's the guy that hasn't quite made it."

"You can usually tell."

The implication is that Carl Palmer doesn't boast himself, because he doesn't need to. It's a very refined piece of hypocrisy, the sort of talk you'd hear among the *nouveau riche* down at your local Conservative Club. That's assuming, of course, they'd let people like you in.

Not only is Mr Palmer telling us he's rich and talented, he's also letting us know he's modest with it. Of course, if he was really, he wouldn't need to tell us about it. Ah well...

WE MEET, Mr Palmer and I, in the lobby of an expensive hotel in London's West End. He's not actually staying there and neither am I, but it's the sort of place where an international jet-setting rock star feels at ease. Carlsberg a quid a bottle. That kind of thing.

When Carl Palmer arrives, he's wearing an expensive looking coat with a fur collar and carrying a briefcase. He looks the way you've always imagined an LA music-biz exec would look.

With him is a lanky Texan with a neat moustache, neat hair, and neat spectacles. He could be a Texan bank clerk, but he is in fact the lead singer in Palmer's new band, which is called PM. The Texan's name is John Nitzinger.

Mr Nitzinger has a careful deference towards Mr Palmer, like a bank clerk dealing with a bank manager.

At one point, Carl is explaining why he wanted to start another band after nearly ten years as a bombastic techno-flasher with ELP. "I'm not the kind of guy that wants to sit at home and show you his paintings," he says. "Know what I mean? I think it's the same for every member of the band. I want to be wanted. I really do. If you can be wanted — that to me is the greatest. If other people want what you supply, it's tremendous. It really is."

"If it takes money that I've got to reinvest then I'll do that. That's what music is all about."

"A lot of people who don't know me very well will say: 'Yeah, but he's a conniving bastard', but that's not really where I'm at, at all."

I decide to ask Mr Nitzinger if this is true, and Mr Nitzinger seems a little taken back by the question. Maybe his thoughts were elsewhere, but he stumbles a little over the reply.

"This, er, is, um, true," he answers. "This is, er, true. A while ago he accused me of being modest. I'd have to say the same is true of him."

I tell Mr Nitzinger that I'm a little disappointed with his answer. I was hoping he would call Mr Palmer a lying bastard. We all laugh at this amusing little thought, Mr Palmer a little less than Mr Nitzinger.

Just in case Mr Palmer may have got the wrong impression, Mr Nitzinger decides to set the record straight.

"I really couldn't call him that," he says, when we've stopped laughing. "I really couldn't do that in all honesty because I have to admire this, because I mean I've had my albums, but I've never had one make the charts, which was for different reasons."

And what were they?

"Because I didn't care. I just cared about my music as a writer and artist. That was my forte. A writer first. An entertainer second."

Now, however, Mr Nitzinger has a

chance to make the charts because Mr Palmer is investing, and good luck to him. He used to run his own band in Dallas, Texas and Carl Palmer sought him out and brought him from obscurity. Mr Nitzinger's band was called Nitzinger, which sounds like a cross between Nixon and Kissinger and is not the most exciting name you've ever heard for a band. So here we are with a man who looks like a Texan bank clerk leading a band called Nitzinger, but Carl Palmer thought he had potential. It's revealing to hear how he went about setting up his new group.

"John was one of the first people I went to see. I had maybe 400 cassettes that I listened to. I went through them all. Pictures of people were sent and when the pictures were good as well, I then would fly to wherever the guy was. One of the first places being Dallas, Texas. Went down to see John and it went from there. There was a lot of investigating and a lot of work."

"To put a band together these days is not what it was. The bass player lived round the corner, the organist lived in an apartment over there. It's not like that any more. It's like on an international level."

Carl is not impressed by the new wave philosophy that anyone can be in a band, and that bands (or groups as we call them nowadays) work best when there's a long-standing empathy between the members. In other words, that it's *better* that the bass-player lives round the corner and the organist in the same tower block.

Carl put all the members of his new group together by hiring individual musicians from different groups. His primary concern was that "the people had spent time developing their craft". The thought doesn't seem to have occurred to him that people who've spent time apparently developing their craft, may actually have spent time losing the spontaneity and enthusiasm that brought them into music.

Clearly, though, he has very high standards.

"We were looking for a keyboard player. No luck at all. Then I did pick up somebody who I thought was going to be right. Everything was right. Went down to see the guy. Perfect. But his attitude on the phone got very weird after a period of time. Very, very weird. And I sensed something with his personality."

"His general attitude was a bit erratic. A very, very erratic person. I thought: hang on. Cos I played with a lot of musicians and I'm quite good at personalities. I thought I'll steer away from this one."

Now as it happens, this Palmer monologue about this weird, erratic keyboard player strikes me as more than a bit ironic. Carl Palmer talks like a man who is rarely contradicted, and this is no doubt because he is rarely contradicted. For the past 11 years, since he was 19, he's been treated like a star. His first band was The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown and they had a number one single 'Fire' and a number one album in the States at the first attempt. Carl Palmer then went on to join a so-called supergroup with Messrs Emerson and Lake, and their excessively spectacular shows seemed to many to be no more than giant ego trips for the musicians themselves.

Chances are, in fact, that Carl Palmer has spoken only to employees, lackeys, sycophants, and fans over the last ten years, and that's given him no chance to measure the real effect of his words. He goes on to talk about Eric Scott, the bass player he eventually hired.

"The office I had in LA went through about forty people. One day, this tall guy turned up and we didn't think much of him, so we had him come back three times, just so we could be totally convinced, cos everybody was hand-picked. So, anyway, we got him to join the band."

"You know, he's nothing dramatic, but he'd been chiselling away at various areas of the business and you know, he'd picked up various things. Everyone's got something to offer."

Palmer says all this with great confidence and no hesitation, and while he puts down erratic, weird keyboard players, I'm wondering whether he ever wonders a little about his own personality.

I don't ask him about his own personality because he's a black-belt karate expert and he's very close.

Continues over

Carl Palmer is not an egotistical person



Carl with an impressive grin from ear...

... to here

Just filthy rich, totally out of touch with modern rock music and as modest as hell. Or so he boasts. Bob Edmonds grins and bears it. Santo Basone snaps the shy smile.



What's-their-names have certainly aged, haven't they Carl?



B.A. ROBERTSON 'INITIAL SUCCESS'

HIS INITIAL ALBUM OUT NOW FEATURING
'BANG BANG', 'KNOCKED IT OFF', AND 'KOOL IN THE KAFTAN'

INITIAL TOUR

Mel Bush Presents B. A. ROBERTSON Plus Support

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 11 April | Venue 01-834 5500 |
| 12 April | Liverpool Empire Theatre 051-709-1555 |
| 13 April | Newcastle City Hall 0632-20007 |
| 14 April | Glasgow Apollo Theatre 041-332-9221 |
| 15 April | Edinburgh Usher Hall 031-228-1155 |
| 16 April | Bridlington Spa 0262-78258 |
| 17 April | Bradford St. George's Hall 0274-32513 |
| 18 April | Manchester Free Trade Hall 061-834-0943 |
| 19 April | Wolverhampton Civic Hall 0902-28482 |
| 20 April | Derby Assembly Rooms 0332-31111 |
| 21 April | Leicester De Montfort Hall 0533-27632 |
| 22 April | Sheffield City Hall 0742-735295 |
| 24 April | Preston Guildhall 0772-21721 |
| 25 April | Hanley Victoria Hall 0782-24641 |
| 26 April | Birmingham Odeon 021-643-6101 |
| 27 April | Bristol Colston Hall 0272-291768 |
| 28 April | Bournemouth Winter Gardens 0202-26446 |
| 30 April | Brighton Dome 0273-682127 |
| 1 May | Margate Winter Gardens 0843-21348 |
| 2 May | Hammersmith Odeon 01-748 4081 |



Available on Record & Cassette. Album K52216, Cassette K452216

Palmed off

From previous page

INSTEAD, I ask him about his black-belt karate. Does he still do it?

"I sure do," he says. "I haven't trained seriously for about eight months, but I'm still involved."

I decide to risk telling him that I'm not completely impressed with PM's album. I tell him that I thought it fell between two stools. On the one hand they were coming on like a would-be heavy rock band; on the other, they were singing all these cute little choruses. (Later, it occurred to me they were attempting to sound The Cars in some places and like Foreigner in others.)

Carl Palmer takes this criticism fairly well, particularly in view of his investment, described by Mr Nitzinger as "frightening".

I tell Palmer that I didn't think his band had quite resolved their identity.

"Maybe not, maybe not," he says. "It's hard to say whether we've resolved it or not. As a band, we feel that this is the path we've carved away for ourselves. A vocal-orientated band."

"All I can say is that the instinct — the feeling — that I have feels right, right now. It's not as heavy as a band like Led Zeppelin. It's not quite as light as The Eagles. It's that very narrow path that we're treading. You've got to do it with the skill of a mountain goat or you can't do it at all."

IN TRUTH, it seems an odd time to launch a mountain-goat style band that's somewhere between The Eagles and Led Zeppelin, but after all those years cooped up in ELP, it's no surprise that Carl Palmer should have some odd ideas.

On the subject of why ELP split up, Carl has very little to say that's interesting, let alone indiscreet.

"Basically, we were set up well in life — I actually shouldn't say that because it sounds very flamboyant — and things were made a bit too easy for you, so people tend to get a bit lazy."

"If you ask me what was my biggest gripe, it was that we didn't work enough. It was basically a non-active band from a touring point of view."

"There's not really a lot more I can say to you about that. It ended in a very businesslike way."

Later in the conversation, Palmer says he thought ELP played "a little too much in the classical vein".

He goes on: "That was the making of the band, but I think we could have got a bit more rocky. Emerson is a powerhouse keyboard player as a rock'n'roll keyboard player. You

know, for me, he's just fantastic."

"And also Lakey, you know. No malice at all, no malice. No bad feeling."

To outsiders, ELP seemed to get into big trouble when they did an album called 'Works Volume One', which had them doing all kinds of technically clever stuff backed by an orchestra. They ran into heavy financial difficulties when they took the orchestra on the road with them.

Palmer says, though, that all this has been exaggerated.

"For three weeks we were in financial trouble. Let me just say this; we lost a lot of money."

Hundreds of thousands? Millions?

"A considerable amount of money. After that, the band then toured America for 12 weeks as a three-piece band and made *beaucoup* de money and nobody ever wrote about that."

But is it true that you over-reached yourselves?

"We asked the public to accept too much. We turned ourselves into educators and not entertainers."

"I joined a group, I didn't join an orchestra. On the other hand, I could give you all the opposite arguments, because it was all very valid."

And that is about as much as he's prepared to say on the subject of his discontents. He may be prepared to say that his new bass-player is "nothing dramatic", but on the subject of any shortcomings that Emerson and Lake may have had, his lips are apparently sealed.

Palmer acknowledges there's a backlash against extravagance and spectacle onstage, and accordingly, his new group will be scaled down. He'll still do a drum solo, though. Of course.

"I'll do all the tricks that people saw, but I'll play slightly different drums now, because I'll be playing to enhance the songs. I will do my drum solo and startle everyone like I always have done, but I'll do it at the right time, you know."

"With ELP, I showed off more in the numbers because the music was arranged where I did so many unison runs with Emerson and intricate little passages together, so it was obvious that I was a great player or a good player or whatever you want to say."

So modest, these rich and talented people.

NEVER did find out why Carl Palmer's new band is called PM (Post Mortem? Post Menstruation?). He did tell me, though, that he decided not to call it The Carl Palmer Band because he is "not an egotistical person".

Enough said, really. Right?

WILD HORSES

Face Down c/w Dealer



NEW SINGLE
OUT
NOW!

PRODUCED BY TREVOR RABIN

EMI 5047

ALBUMS

THE POP GROUP

For How Much Longer (Do We Tolerate Mass Murder?)
(Y/Rough Trade)

REALITY is radically evil. There is no revolutionary paradise. Nothing escapes the dread equation: World = Power = State = Barbarism. Misery will last as long as the social bond does. Every man bears in himself the whole human condition.

These are the burdens we sag under. It doesn't need The Pop Group to shout in our faces about the monstrosities of the modern world, the cruelty inherent in mankind, the appalling inequality most of us yearn to disperse. We know! Where next? Meanwhile with astronomical conceit, extravagant linguistic inadequacy and an anti-sentimentality of a peculiarly self-deluding and unpleasant kind, with a record of constant sternness, kitschy excess and fanatical stubbornness, The Pop Group shout. Hysterically. It's bleak comedy.

It's not possible to attack The Pop Group's concern, but the feckless and shallow way in which it is manifested must be ridiculed, not least because it is ultimately harmful. The group may strenuously condemn intolerable injustices and growl their grievances, but all they succeed in doing is to scrape together a scrappy, cramped and supposedly abstract funk-rock that never rises above the self-conscious as they strain for a quasi-philosophical dimension that achieves little more than the deadening air of contrivance. They bury themselves. They breathe with difficulty.

The Pop Group: some (underground) heroes! They could be the consequence of a failed revolution. (Punk).

It may seem unforgivably callous to talk about post-punk developments and The Pop Group's failure to actually progress (i.e. grow up) and involve themselves when there are millions of lost and hungry and persecuted everywhere and always, but it must be remembered that one's next breath often seems more important than anything else. To get so involved with the r'n'r pursuit may be simple escapism; more likely it's necessary preoccupation. The Pop Group's priggish, simplistic obsession with all the world's humanitarian problems and more is however a constrictive preoccupation, unhealthily narrow-minded and elitist. Their attitude is painful, naive to the point of being gormless.

UN-POP groups like The Pop Group give a bad-draw name to the attempts of such as Gang Of Four and Joy Division to establish and develop a responsible, accessible new rock form — one that does matter, and lacks delusion as it should and can as long as we retain our innocence. It is obviously easy for those who cannot escape the safety net of rock's moribund traditions to dismiss the activities of those realistically attacking the frivolity and regressive reliance on rock's happy standard, to think all post-punk is as flimsily depraved, spuriously plagiaristic and pointlessly elitist as The Pop Group. This simply isn't so.

There are however many others who are also struggling against the return of the same old rock routine in a slightly different promo t-shirt, and who are doing so without introducing new and alienating falsifications, deceptions and pretensions, who are not purporting to possess special 'concern' and 'awareness'. Instead they are supplying basic needs. No one is denying 'reality'. All that is being acknowledged is that trying to relate one's position within the rock world with the crushingly colossal problems of The World is futile. Rock's own corruption and idiocy are worth fighting. Results can be achieved. This may or may not be important.

The Pop Group seem utterly un-important. If you are worried about the victims — or, more pertinently, are A True Victim (great or small) — this record is no use to you. If you want to know something else about love and death, life and hate, loneliness and fear, despair and helplessness, The Pop Group won't add to anything you've discovered. Some of what goes on here might confirm feelings of guilt and hopelessness. But if you want radical dance music, fresh attack, vitality, coherence or soul, The Pop Group are worthless.

Or maybe 'worthy': a tiny pointer to better things. The Pop Group have a great ideal in mind but charge towards it without considering the principles, contradictions and substance involved. They breathlessly gather material for their collage, then gleefully scatter it in all directions. It's so thin and bland; even the infamous bass is blank. Here, on nine embarrassingly grim songs they come nowhere near to even accidentally repeating the pretty patterns of 'Beyond Good And Evil', which had a lucky, bizarre irresistibility.

It's all as wet and derivative as any death-defying, multi-limbed and visually dazzling combo on the ska line, but it's draped in a hipper, 'weirder' mystique. Those momentarily attracted to the mobility, tumble and 'ethnic' primitivism of the group's gyrating neo-funk rock with jazz bits falling off should look to the places it all came from: The Last Poets, Funkadelic, Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, Captain Beefheart, in all of whose music you can experience spite, insight, the bite of rebellion and all kinds of swing. The Pop Group though simply gloat smugly at their own supposedly supreme embodiment of black and white, skill and elegance, war and war. So modish. So foppish.

The Pop Group do not make the Kampuchea holocaust any more comprehensible or even any more sickening by chucking lame one-liners about the war crimes of Nixon and Kissinger into the midst of a hiccupping hybrid of nonsensical 'free' jazz and tame funk; they in fact do more to trivialise the issue, turn it into some useless slogan, turn tragedy into unintentional 'pop' comedy.

Yet The Pop Group exist in their haze. They're convinced that all at once they're smashing down rock's rigid barriers, establishing some brave new rock music, avoiding compromise, and courageously pointing out the horrific inequality of society and the world, heaving the troubles onto their own heaving shoulders and driving on towards an ecstatically eternal damnation. But their polemic is puerile; 'How Much Longer Do We Tolerate Mass Murder' is a sort of 'Oh What A Wicked Wicked Wicked World'. It's an appalling record, exquisitely useless.

This doesn't mean I oppose the group's values, just that I distrust their hysteria. The Pop Group's negative, all too clear-cut sloganeering and clumsy questioning doesn't help my confusion. For all their commitment, The Pop Group seem to fit all too easily into the great rock shambles-puzzle as gangling youths messing about with form and content they can barely control. They're frowning extremes to The Angelic Upstarts. They're a bit squalid.

But my rejecting The Pop Group doesn't necessarily mean that I prefer escapism. What is escapism? The Pop Group or Liquid Gold — both are out of touch and void of ideas, and both make me feel that I'm wasting my time (living and writing this.)



"We were gonna play some new songs, but our copy of The Leveller ain't come through yet..."
Mark Stewart and Gareth Sager.
Pic: Bryn Jones.

The nine songs' titles are as inane and dust-dry as the LP's. Everything teeters on the edge of self-parody: the songs often threaten to bust open into epic flatulence. The whole package is like a Pythonesque exercise in pouring boiling scorn over the peripheral indulgence of Crass, over all such reactionary, anarchistic crusades as they slip around in the mud between liberty and authoritarianism. 'Force Of Oppression', 'Feed The Hungry', 'One Out Of Money', 'Blind Faith', 'For How Much Longer', 'Justice', 'Escapism Is Not Freedom', 'Communication', 'Rob A Bank' — ludicrously serious words and phrases jut out. Vocals strangle themselves against the lethargically mixed Group grind, only adding to the sad comedy: "exploitation", "lethal terrorism", "corruption", "enslavement", "political prisoners", "do you want to fight in Zimbabwe?"

All these songs from within all these war zones exude nothing more than bald sloganeering: a language that eventually becomes as meaningless and lost, as cliched and dull as the signifiers "fun", "dance", "good time" and "love" are in the music of fulltime escapist artists.

Even within rock's trivial structure, The Pop Group don't take risks or pose new challenges. They confuse, disguise and indulge. They're always more laughable than they're evocative or disruptive. They forget that to point out the obvious is to point out very little. The Pop Group point at the nasty pictures, clutch their faces, writhe in pity.

But what do they contribute? What do they do? Make plans. Very little. So what am I doing in the fight against hell on Earth and mass brainwashing? Very little, but hopefully not making a fool of myself and others so profoundly.

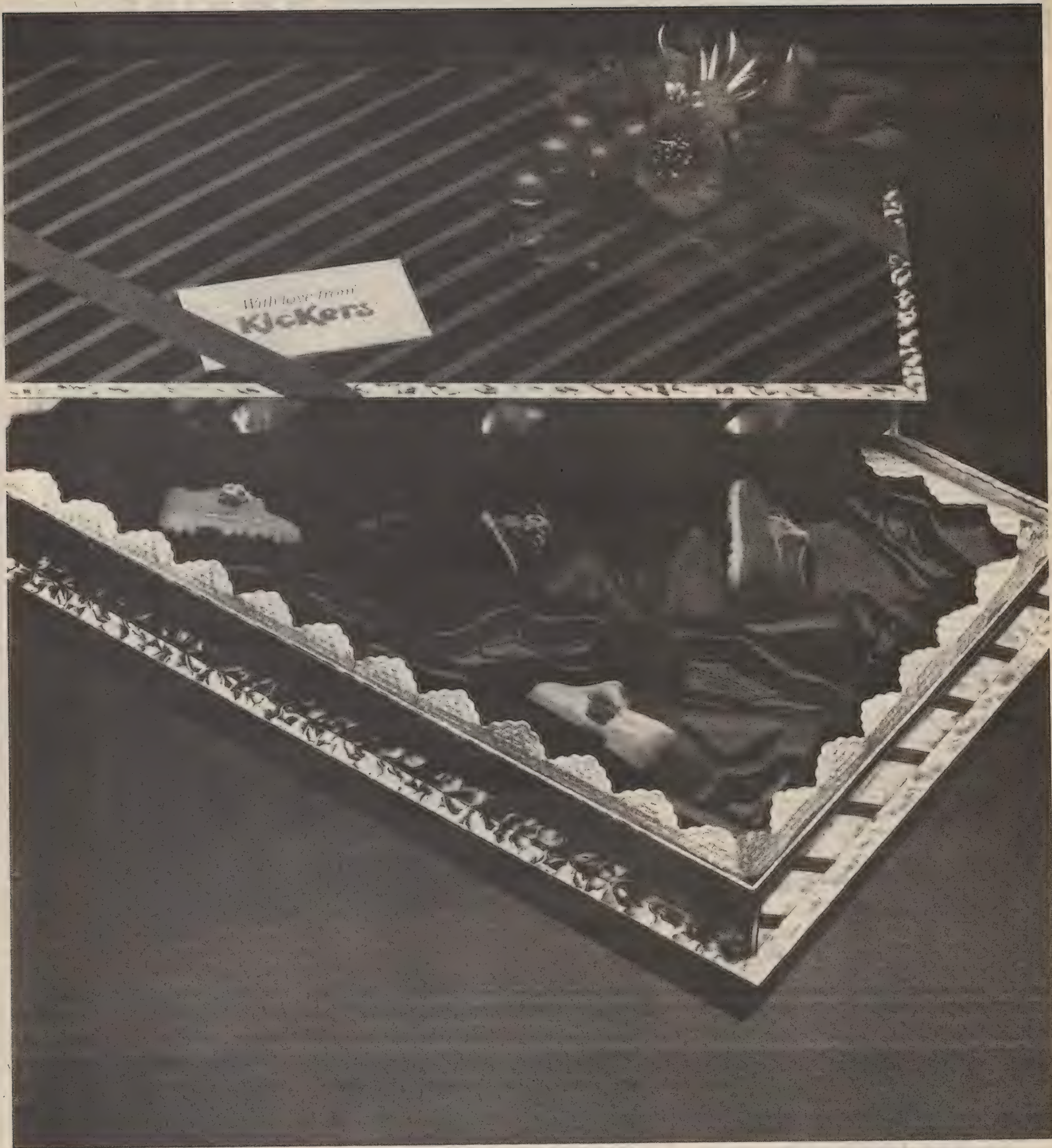
The Pop Group have an enormous sense of their own importance and intensity, run rampant across a small-scale world stage of tragedy and tribulation and aim, presumably, for some large-scale conversion. Or perhaps 'Mass Murder' is another burst of masturbatory relief, perhaps the lads just have to force this angst out — but don't you vomit too much, just you groove to the funk music. Enjoy! Except that isn't too easy.

See how useless this all is.

The Pop Group are ghosts. The Pop Group live in a little hole. The Pop Group should not try so hard. The Pop Group should try talking to us. What is it they want to say? What is it I want to say?

Paul Morley

OK, we've
suffered
for our art.
Now it's
your turn...



Kickers

the original
french jeans boot

KICKERS SHOPS 331 Kings Road, SW3.
126 Kings Road, SW3. 183a Brompton Road, SW1.
66 South Molton Street, W1. 42 Kensington High
Street, W8.
At all branches of Jean-Jeannie.
London Bambino NW11. Capital Collection,
Hounslow. Kings Edgware. Derbers W1 & W8.
Graniter E16. Graniter W1. Graniter E15.
Graniter E6. Fenwicks. Brent X. Harrods.
Jean Station N13. Kate One SE3. Les Jeans NW11.
Nick Nack W1. Honey Jeans W1. Unique Jeans W1.
Westerner W1. Trading Post W1. Westerner SW15.
The Trading Post NW11. Jean Station N8. Jean
Station N10. Jean Station Enfield Town. Lim
Shops W8. Hm Shops N13. D.H. Evans W1.
Bernards W2. **Altrincham** Kaiser Bill. Allsports.
Ashton-on-Lyme Allsports. **Aylesbury**
Stampede. **Barnstaple** A.J. Watts. **Bath**
Lesleys Ranch House. Fenice. **Bedford**
Burrs. **Birkenhead** The Gear Box. **Bishops**

Stortford Buckingham. **Blackburn** Michael
Anthony. **Blackpool** Vernon Humpage. Pendle
Shoes. **Bournemouth** Gentry Clothes.
Woodside Leisure Wear. McQueens.
Bridlington Cast & Martin. F.E. Gray. **Brighton**
Denim Den. Jean Market. Lady B. Buckingham.
Subway. Target. **Birmingham** The Trading Post.
Cloggs. The Oasis. Guys & Dolls. **Bristol** Fenice.
Head on Fashions. **Bradford** Manstyle Shoes.
Bromley Fringe Benefits. **Bury St. Edmunds**
Scruples. **Cambridge** Huggy Bear. **Cambridge**
Jentri Burlington. **Cheltenham** Butterscotch.
Chester Jack Toner. **Chester-le-Street** Jacksons
Cirencester Hayward & Oliver. **Darlington**
Rikkis Shoes. **Derby** His & Hers. **Doncaster**
Jeannery. **Dover** Mickey Finn. **Dudley**
Korrekfit. **Dunstable** Keating & Cook. **Exeter**
Du Barry. **Falmouth** Jeans. **Folkestone** Mickey
Finn. **Frinton-on-Sea** Guys & Dolls. **Gateshead**
A.P. Footwear. **Gosforth** Just Kidding. **Grimsby**

Hobo Jeans. **Guisborough** Swaledale Shoes.
Harrogate Pearsons. **Halifax** Crabtrees.
Hartlepool Jacksons. **Hatfield** V. Burr. **Hebden**
Bridge Crabtrees. **Hemel Hempstead** Gaffer.
Horley Joanna Grey. **Huddersfield** Nevada.
Hull Prem. **Ilkley** Zipper. **Ilford** Jean Wagon
Plus. **Keighley** Natural Hide. **Kingston-on-**
Thames Joff Juniors. Sport Set. **Knutsford**
Beaugeste. **Leamington Spa** Tramp. **Leeds**
Boodie-Am. Charles Clinkard. Guys & Dolls.
Jeannery. **Leicester** Just Jackie. **Letchworth**
V. Burr. **Lincoln** Top Man. **Liverpool** Rocky.
Derbers. Cloggs. Close Encounters
Loughton Essex Sams Junction. **Luton**
Stampede. **Manchester** Derbers. Feet First. Zap.
Cloggs. Allsports. Top Man. Guys & Dolls.
Jeannery. **Middlesbrough** Charles Clinkard.
Jeannery Shoes. Jacksons. Manstyles Shoes.
Middleton Looe International. **Milton Keynes**
Stampede. Guys & Dolls. **Morecambe** Joseph.

Nelson Pendle Shoes. **Newcastle** Fenwicks
Charles Clinkard. Top Man. Jacksons. **Newquay**
Bilbo Surf Shops. **Northallerton** Charles
Clinkard. **Northampton** Teddy Bears Picnic
Norwich Buckingham. **Nottingham** Billy The
Kid. Derbers. Guys & Dolls. **Oldham** Paul
Braithwaite. A.H. Salter. **Oxford** Terracotta
Penrith John Guest. **Plymouth** Cody. Stuart
Marsh. **Portsmouth** Squires. Subway. **Ramsgate**
U.F.O. **Reading** Roys Family Pants. **Redcar**
Burtons. **St. Albans** Knee High. **St. Austell** Alias
Smith. **St. Ives** Safi Western. Take Coyer. The
Great Escape. **Salisbury** McQueens. **Sevenoaks**
Hoads. **Scarborough** Anthony Gordon. **Salfron**
Walden The Shoe Box. **Sheffield** Jilly. Jeannery.
Slough Squires. **Southampton** Squires.
Southsea Walkers. **South Shields** Riddicks.
Jacksons. **Stockport** Allsports. **Stourbridge**
Hannah Daniels. **Stratford-on-Avon** Flyz.
Street W.T. Crocker. **Sunderland** Lynx Shoes.

Marcelle. **Sutton** Westerner. **Sunninghill**
Michael Chell. **Sutton-on-Sea** A.R. Hoyle.
Swindon Oxford & Bristol Stores. **Tenby** Simon
Charles. **Truro** Jeans. **Warrington** Guys & Dolls.
Wetherby Stampede Trading. **Weymouth**
Market 45. **Wilmslow** Allsports. **Windsor**
Michael Chell. **Worcester** Number One
Boutique. **Worthing** Instep. Squires. **York**
Minouche. Cast & Martin. Nevada. Burton.
Balzac. **Ayr** Body Cell. **Aberdeen** Pairs.
Edinburgh Burton. **Dumfries** Barbour.
Edinburgh Barnett & Co. First Base. Silver Star
Jean. Ganzo. Superstore. **Glasgow** Frantik
Clothing. Gavin Crawford. **George Hargan**. Slack
Shack. Superstore. Top Man. Silverstar.
Inverness Pairs. **Colwyn Bay** Private Locker.
Bird Cage. **Abersoch** Sundance Shoes.
Llandudno Bones. **Newport** Bona Togs. Floyd
Clothing. **Prestatyn** Edwards. **Pwllheli** Alcatraz.
Rhyl Edwards. **Swansea** OK Jean Co.

Ballymena McKillens Footwear. **Bangor**
Wrights Shoes. **Belfast** Gentry, Legs & Co.,
Alcatraz. Rogan Bros., Trampas, John Frazer.
Coleraine Bishops Footwear. **Cookstown**
William Thompson. **Drogheda** Conollys Footwear.
Glengormley Wrights. **Larne** Bobby Lytle.
Magherafelt Thompson. **Lisburn** Gordon Clarke.
Wrights. **Lurgan** Peter Kelly. **Portadown**
J.R. McMahon. Cordiners. **Cork** The Gap.
Drummys. **Dublin** Alias Tom. Brown Thomas.
De Gee. **FitzPatrick** Shoes. **Graham** Shoes. **Trash**
Boutique. **Dundalk** Laits Shoes. **Douglas** - Isle
of Man Paraphernalia. **Jersey** Belpaso.

This is just a selection of the many Kickers
stockists throughout Britain. For the address of
your nearest stockist, write to Kickers at 84-86
Carnwath Road, London SW6

THE MOTORS

Tenement Steps (Virgin)
IT'S been a long time — time enough to forget about The Motors altogether. Nearly two years have gone since the last album 'Approved' appeared, only to be followed by the band's apparent auto-destruction as a live entity. For the past 18 months or so The Motors has been no more than a vehicle for the studio-conceived dreams of Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster, finally unveiled. 'Tenement Steps' is an impressive achievement in its own way, if not an entirely lovable one, and asserts their return to action powerfully.

As The Motors' third album, 'Tenement Steps' confirms and develops that break which its predecessor made with the crypto-headbanging of the debut. It's more soaring, high-production pop music, piously crafted to commercial perfection. It's more melodies that sweep majestically across a booming rock'n'roll background, more songs so strong that once they've clamped around the brain there's no getting free of them. And choirs, orchestras as well — it's more of everything. It's as if you're being asked to stand back and admire.

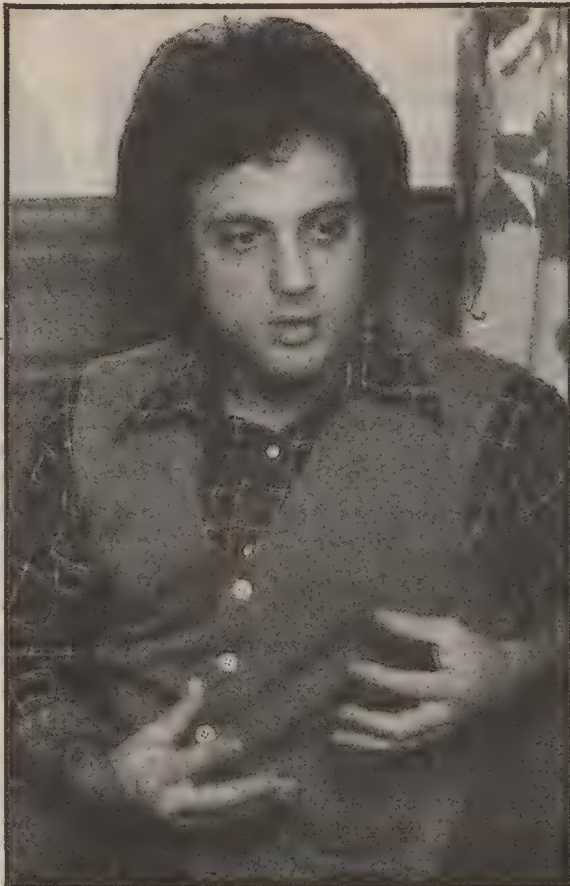
Officially a two-man band nowadays after the departures of drummer Rick Slaughter and guitarist Bram Tchaikovsky left McMaster and Garvey free to pursue this grand plan for conceptual pop on a mass scale and at their own pace, The Motors are temporarily augmented by bassist Martin Ace and (likewise ex-Man) Rockpile drummer Terry Williams, with Jimmy Iovine (associated notably with Petty and Springsteen) co-producing. It's a team which could be guaranteed to blend rock-solid traditionalism with self-assured sophistication, and that's what they've done.

'Love And Loneliness', the single which opens the album, is archetypal Motors: duff lyrics over a gorgeous tune. Words appear to constitute something of a problem throughout; everywhere they seem to be struggling to match the monumental stature of the music with something equally grand to say, and not generally succeeding. 'Metropolis' and 'Nightmare Zero' play about with modernistic discord and visions of apocalypse, while the title track and 'Slum People' come on all grim and urban, being soured reflections on McMaster's Glasgow past: but the awkwardness and cliché only dampen the songs' intended impacts. 'Modern Man' sets out as pointed satire, but ends up weak and confused: "He's never sexist/If he ever begins/He goes to the men's groups/And confesses his sins."

Apart from the irritating snatches of 'coincidence' to which Motors music is prone (I can't listen to 'That's What John Said', for example, without hearing Bowie's 'Five Years'), the sheer sound of the album is a triumph. For orthodox, easy-listening rock it couldn't be improved on; there isn't a composition that misses. For all the luxurious arrangements and rich textures, its basic attack remains intact, perhaps largely thanks to the tenacious Williams' drumming.

Maybe too easily dismissed as lightweight (for which The Motors tend to over-compensate with melodrama), genuine powerpop like this should prove as durable as anything else around. It's immaculate, and it lives in a vacuum. I can appreciate it, even applaud it; but somehow I can't feel involved with it. No doubt that'll prove to be my problem more than theirs.

Paul Du Noyer



"Just like this?"



"No, just like that..."

Joel pic: Laurie Evans / Robertson pic: Andre Csillag

The charts are alive (?) with the sound of mushzak

B. A. ROBERTSON

Initial Success (Asylum)

DON'T TELL ME, let me guess. B. A. Robertson's favourite colours are loud, his favourite food is eels and mash and his favourite Beatle was Ringo. Right?

Could be. They coyly titled 'Initial Success' sounds like the accumulated fruits of a richly odd-ball past life. In his time, we are told, B. A. Robertson has been a practical joker, a playgroup leader, a pub entertainer and a writer of commercial jingles. He could probably decorate your house at very attractive rates. A jack of all trades. Indeed, something of a card.

It's not often you get to hear records by Swedish pop groups with as many jokes as this — although in fact it's not Swedish at all and was recorded by a number of Englishmen of whom I've never heard before. But the jokes! Hardly a stanza whistles past without some awful, contorted attempt to squeeze a pun from the stone.

One's rib is persistently tickled in an effort to confirm that over the distance musical comedy albums are nearly always more irritating than funny, not least when concocted by a man who shapes up like Warner Brothers' answer to Jona Lewie.

Robertson's song are a seaside promenade pastiche of all sorts of daft aspects of life on these shores. He himself is cast in the venerable tradition of British professional idiots. He details a number of amorous absurdities, between which things like Shakespeare, Billy Whizz, Harold Wilson, tarts, coffee bars and Rover the Dog fall under the vaudeville gavel. It's a long way from Ian Dury's pierhead rock, though the vocabulary is similar, and nowhere near as gloriously eccentric as Viv Stanshall.

To paraphrase someone or other, listening to B. A. Robertson is like slipping into warm bathos. It's tepid and it's often ridiculous. Except for the slight trace of cynicism that lingers around something called 'England's Green And Pleasant Land', everything's perfectly hunky-dory. Just what the world needs: an immature Ray Davies.

Buy it for your children. They'll soon grow out of it.

Paul Rambali

BILLY JOEL

Glass Houses (CBS)

I DON'T believe in hitting a man when he's up.

Take, for instance, Billy Joel. His 'The Stranger' proved to be the biggest-selling album CBS has ever bestowed upon the world, while '52nd Street', his follow-up, took him even further up the league, establishing Joel as the most potent punter puller in the whole history of the label. Add a bob or two for the royalties he's made on 'Just The Way You Are', a song more covered than Wimbledon during the monsoon season, and you've got some idea of Joel's vulnerability.

No one could be more ripe for a thorough knocking.

But, with my belief in fair play, also a record collection that includes everything from Joel's sides with The Hassles right through to his last solo job, am I going to knock him?

Those betting on an affirmative answer can collect here and now.

But why, you ask? Can it be that the kid from Hicksville has merely earned a buck too many? Not so. I couldn't care less if CBS gave him Fort Worth instead of his next batch of luncheon vouchers. But what does concern me is the number of dull, unimaginative songs with which he has filled this soon-to-be platinum album.

For this time around there are no engaging scenarios like 'Scenes From An Italian Restaurant', no passionate hometown paeans to compete with 'New York State Of Mind', no

tunes to croon such as 'My Life', no nifty intros such as that which bedevils 'Stiletto', no... but what's the use? Better that I tell you what you have got — which isn't all that much.

The opening 'You May Be Right', is a likeable enough rock'n'roll bum wobble, but 'Sometimes A Fantasy', which follows, has Joel in heavy breathing mood, pounding his way along the same roller-coaster in what seems like a forced attempt to prove his rock virility. The reason may be found in yet another song called 'It's Still Rock And Roll To Me', in which he proclaims "Everybody's talking about the new sound/But it's just rock and roll to me", adding "Next phase, new wave, dance craze/It's still rock and roll to me."

It's all a little too confident. Could be that he's getting worried about becoming *passe* in the not too distant future. After all, he's got nowhere else to go but down.

Elsewhere, on 'Close To The Borderline', he sings "I survived, I'm still alive/But I'm getting close to the borderline" and "I need a doctor for my pressure pills/I need a lawyer for my medical bills", which may or may not be further clues to tough-at-the-top pressures.

Joel may protest that the thoughts are those of fictitious characters and that when he sits at the keyboard he becomes a man of a thousand faces, each of them offering up a different story. But some of these faces just seem like masks for Joel to hide behind. 'Glass Houses' will undoubtedly help him keep the taxman at bay, but it may not be a good idea to peer too deeply into the crystal ball.

Fred Dellar

CRYSTAL GAYLE
Singles Album
(United Artists)

SOMETHING about this album makes me feel sick. Perhaps it's the picture of Crystal on the cover.

Or maybe it's the music. I'm no student of the style but I imagine that this is one of the most milky, soothing, insipid examples of commercial C&W you are likely to locate.

Fortunately I'm only familiar with the slushy schmaltz of 'Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue' and the treacly, passive lament 'Talking In Your Sleep'. The rest of the songs came as quite a nasty surprise.

Miss Gayle is such a nice girl. And she will get mixed up with these horrid men who invariably leave her for the Other Woman. Yet Crystal never complains: she dreams about them, begs them to come back and if they do, she promises that she won't ask 'Why Have You Left The One You Left Me For' ever again. Or she suffers in silence because the tragedy is 'Too Deep For Tears'.

This is just a bland, acceptable assortment of the sort of stuff that sells well; the woman can't help being a wimp and I'm overreacting. After all, there's nothing to worry about. Is there?

Lynn Hanna

...but 'twas not always so

VARIOUS ARTISTS

This Is Soul (Atlantic)
BOOKER T. & THE MG's
Green Onions (Atlantic)

IN FEBRUARY 1968, 'This Is Soul' went on sale bearing a price tag of 12/6 (62½p). That in itself was more than sufficient to start a stampede for this best of Atlantic and Stax compilation. By May it was entrenched at No. 1 on the album chart, where it remained for nine weeks until it was dislodged by The Small Faces' 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake'. In the final reckoning, 'This Is Soul' stayed on the best-sellers for 27 straight weeks to become the biggest-ever selling budget LP.

'This Is Soul' marked the peak of American soul power in this country. However, it also signified the beginning of the end. Otis Redding was dead. Stax was about to split from Atlantic and slip down the dumper. Isaac Hayes and David Porter were on the brink of dissolving one of the most successful songwriting partnerships of the decade, Sam and Dave were pulling knives on each other, whilst

the music itself was dissipating its original searing spontaneity in favour of sugary supper-club sophistication or, worse still, about to make disastrous inroads into acid rock.

With the exception of Aretha Franklin, all the artists featured on 'This Is Soul' had already fired their greatest shots, and their careers would soon drift aimlessly into limbo once they no longer had access to the kind of material which, just a couple of years earlier, had been thick on the studio floor.

Nevertheless, 'This Is Soul' stands as a splendid epitaph to an era and comes as close as any compilation to being 'definitive'.

With Booker T & The MG's and The Markeys supplying the backing on almost every cut, not only are such soul anthems as 'Sweet Soul Music' (Arthur Conley), 'What Is Soul?' (Ben E. King), 'Knock On Wood' (Eddie Floyd) and 'Mustang Sally' and 'Land Of A Thousand Dances' (Wilson Pickett) reactivated in all their former glory, but two songs ('When A Man Loves A Woman' and 'Warm And

Tender Love') appear which had Percy Sledge close to cutting even Otis as the sanctified southern soul balladeer. For added weight, compare Carla Thomas' original version of 'B-A-B-Y' to Rachel Sweet's cover and check out Sam & Dave in a more reflective mood on 'I Got Everything I Need'.

And then there's Solomon Burke's 'Keep Looking'. If ever an artist was in need of having his greatest recordings compiled and re-issued then it's the undisputed King Of Rock 'n' Soul. Burke is a man whose unique talents have touched everyone from the Stones right through to the Feelgoods.

In comparison with all other 'pop' music made during this period, these recordings haven't even remotely corroded with age. In fact, they've improved. Sadly, we will probably never again hear their likes again. Like the man said, come home from the pub with a six-pack and slip this on the turntable, and the people banging on the wall won't be demanding the volume to be turned down, but jacked right up.



As for the 'Green Onions' offering — in the early '60s, Booker T & The MG's did for Hammond L.100 organs what The Shadows had done a few years earlier for Leo Fender's Stratocaster guitars.

Outside of Detroit, these are the sides that gave '60s soul music its distinctive instrumental style. Simplicity was the keyword, the approach based on the economic juxtaposition of organ, guitar, bass and drums riffs.

Like most innovators, the MG's style as showcased on 'Green Onions', 'Slim Jenkin's Place' and 'Red Beans And Rice' may have been plagiarised beyond the point of parody, but the subtle skill of the quartet's interplay has persistently dumbfounded would-be copyists.

Roy Carr

WARNING!

DON'T GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY...

the stranglers

NEW SINGLE
HAS BEEN RELEASED

"BEAR CAGE"



C/W

"SHAH SHAH A GO GO"

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "THE RAVEN" UAG 30262 CASSETTE TCK 30262

IN CUDDLY PICTURE BAG

BP344



UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

SAMMY HAGAR
Loud And Clear (EMI)

QUARTZ
Live Quartz — Count
Dracula And Other Love
Songs (Reddington's Rare
Records)

QUARTZ were caught in their clumsy act at Digbeth Civic Hall, Birmingham. And 'Count Dracula' contains all the insight that one would expect from a group who write lines like "Lady, he's trying to fuck the ass off you" and then deliver them with such puerile prurience.

Incidentally, for the word "love" in the title read instead "hate" — this album stinks of the inhibited, venomous attitude to sexual relationships that poisons so much of this sort of sound.

But musically Quartz are quite incapable of bludgeoning into submission even the most timid intruder in the lost world of HM. Despite the beards, beer-guts and double-chins displayed on the cover, they're still stuck at the toddling stage: bass and drums are shoddily stitched together while the guitar labours under ridiculous delusions of its own grandeur.

Not just continents, but worlds apart from Quartz, Sammy Hagar's album was relatively a relief. But I suspect that the reasons which made me find 'Loud And Clear' bearable, if not in the least desirable, will be the same reasons it fails to satisfy likely buyers. The hardened HM fan needs to suffer for his music — physically from the excruciating volume and vicariously by identifying with his squirming, sweating hero. And although Sammy Hagar is showy, he makes it all sound so easy.

His music is sleekly impressive if you like this sort of thing; it has the smooth speed and veiled power of a large limousine. And although it pretends it's wild and abandoned it's slickly calculated to inspire awe. But it lacks the blood and guts of good heavy rock and it's the sort of refined, removed stuff that has sent the enthusiast in search of rougher, tougher pastures.

Recorded along the West Coast in front of audiences whose size can be calculated from the deep, booming baying before each song, the consummate skill of all concerned is revealed by the perfect, pointless soloing and the clever, considerate interreaction of the band.

In fact 'Loud And Clear' is both bold and bland enough to appeal to the closet head-banger who only plays his imaginary guitar in the privacy of his own front room.

Lynn Hanna

HEAVY METAL SPECIAL

Uhuru knocks spots off Leppard

BLACK UHURU
Showcase (D-Roy)
DEF LEPPARD
On Through The Night (Vertigo)

I WISH to say that if I have prior knowledge of the way my weekend is going, I am not going to be making rash promises about reviewing the two albums before me, or indeed, about reviewing albums of any shape, manner or form, at that.

Now, I have nothing whatsoever against the two particular albums; it is just that, the way my weekend goes, I become as separated from reviewing them as from reviewing current monetarist theoretical positions, post-Milton Friedman or otherwise. Further, even than that in fact, seeing as how I am certainly thinking about revising my own, private, monetarist position, which is far from theoretical or healthy, when the weekend has finished.

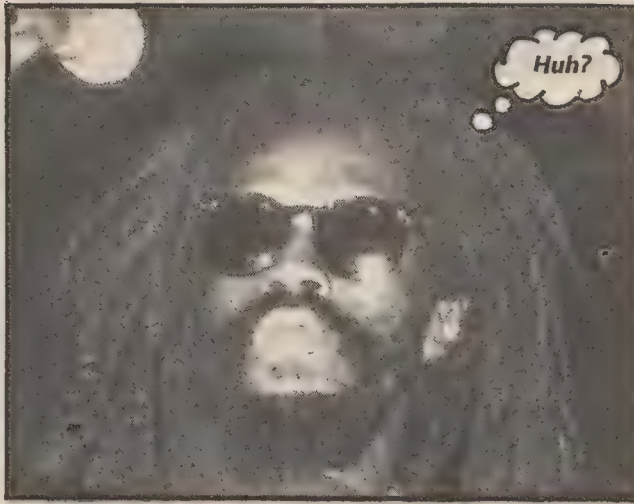
So, on this weekend I am talking about, I am putting myself about quite a bit, or even too much, with two friends of mine from South London, and at one point, with two friends of theirs who I do not know so well but have certainly had cause to greet before, in South London or further north in my home patch, which is Camden, mostly.

Now, it happens that I do in fact have opportunity, of sorts, to give reviewing at least one of these records something of a thought, for one of the reasons I am in South London with two friends and two friends of friends on a Saturday night is to attend a party, thrown by a friend of a friend of a friend, who has hired a double deck for the purpose of supplying musical entertainment for such guests at the party as desire this and even those who don't.

Well, it happens that one of the records played on this double deck is 'Abortion' by Black Uhuru, which is a fine record to be sure, one I have heartily recommended in the past, one I will heartily recommend in the future, and, what's more, one contained upon the album named 'Showcase'. Now, let me take this opportunity to say that I am more than suspicious of this 'Showcase' album, for it seems to me that any citizen as would be forking out the old potatoes on its selection of Black Uhuru — 'Leaving To Zion', 'General Penitentiary', 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner', 'Abortion', 'Natural Reggae Beat', and 'Plastic Smile' — would be advised that this very same assembly is previously available in 12" single format, which, as only blunt characters do not know, is an altogether cheaper and noisier proposition, generally.

Otherwise, heartily, heartily, heartily recommended.

It is not such a bad selection of records played at this party!



HM page invaded by Black Uhuruist shock. Pic: Joe Stevens

speak of, although I must say I am usually not a guy such as wishes any truck with the likes of records by Crass, or Athletico Spizz Energi 80, or worse. In fact, if I know that such records are going to invade my earshot, I am going to be off doing something more exciting, like buying shoelaces. But, for all that — and at this party there are more than a brace of extremely student and even Leveller and even anarchist looking characters apt to break into the least fetching of dance steps, I judge, at the playing of records both tasteful and otherwise — things do not fall so low as to include abominations of the 'heavy metal' style, be they pre or any other historical you care to come up with.

Coincidentally, one or two of the selections at this party are by Joy Division, who are not precisely my favourite group, now or ever, but whose use of loud guitars and dark hues and poetry of the feverish kind I am easily seduced by of a night, and I am not a guy given much to guitars or darkness or poetry, howsoever each or all are rendered. This Joy Division, however, utilise such a genre, and create thereout of another, their own, and I think it is about all I can summon up to say about Def Leppard, that they do nothing of the kind. If I were less the samaritan, I would go as far as to say they do nothing of any kind, except perhaps they sprout cliches.

But I am thinking it is a waste of good breath to go on with even this line of investigation, as well as paper, as well as I am a guy who does not like to keep his editors waiting, especially not for a review as overlong as this one is, indeed.

Ian Penman

So first he pinches my job reviewing reggae albums for NME, and now he rips off my style. — Penny Reel
Yourstyle? — The Ghost of Damon Runyon.



Penman 'review' invaded by Def Leppardists horror. Pic: Mike Laye.

SAMSON
Survivors (Laser)

NEVER can a new musical 'movement' have had a more inauspicious launching than the 'new wave' of English heavy metal with 'Metal For Muthas'.

The 'new wave' tag is applicable — but only insofar as this is just a new wave of bands playing the same old heavy rock cliches. The only thing that distinguishes them from one another is whether they play harder — Iron Maiden — or slicker — Def Leppard — than the rest.

What distinguishes Samson on 'Metal For Muthas' is the fact they play slower. As it turns out, that's just because the compilers chose a slow cut. Switch on 'Survivors' and you might as well be listening to the 'Muthas' album. Here comes the Purple riff, here the Free lick, verse, chorus, long solo, repeat chorus and fade.

Produced by Gillan's bassist John McCoy, 'Survivors' is extremely early '70s. It's as if they've studied their classic heavy rock albums, learnt them note for note, and here's the result. I feel like a teacher giving marks. Paul Samson scores well right from the off for the guitar break on 'It's Not As Easy As It Seems' — almost the classic hard rock guitar solo, Bert Weedon couldn't have done better — but the drummer Thunderstick (you know, the one in the rapist hood) probably just tops that for the consistency of his Simon Kirke impressions.

In traditional HM style, Samson evidently reckon songwriting and singing are strictly for cissies. The album is littered with deathless cliches. How can they "hold onto this daydream" when they're "caught on the wrong side of time"? They've got to "shake up reality" because "you're a part of me"! (The last three, incidentally, were all lifted from one verse.)

They're transparently happiest when they're screwing up their faces and toting that axe. And the listener? Well, this one does gleam some interest on the couple of occasions they tinker with backwards tape effects. So it's natural that the best track should be an instrumental which also features lots of backwards FX. 'Koz' is a Page-like guitar and harmonica workout which rocks like the proverbial female dog.

'Survivors' has actually been out some time, but as it's the first album any of the 'new wavers' has produced, history demands we record its presence. I'm no Led Zeppelin fan, but at this early point in the 'development' of HM NW I wouldn't swap the entire catalogue for the opening track of 'In Through The Out Door'.

Phil McNeill

THE ETHIOPIANS'

RUSH RELEASED—ORIGINAL VERSION

TRAIN TO SKAVILLE

FEATURING TWO LONG-UNAVAILABLE ROCK STEADY CLASSICS

HOLD THEM

DOCTOR DICK

SOON COME RUB UP, PUSH UP
JUSTIN HINES AND THE DOMINOES



ISLAND WIP 6596

VARIOUS ARTISTS **Uppers On The South** **Downs (Safari)**

THERE'S no sorer sight than abandoned bandwagons, and right now the glorious cause of mod nouveau appears to be one such — parked down a quiet side-street, windows smashed and wheels missing.

Or do I speak too soon? For what have we here? Truly, a U.S. Cavalry of scootered mods, along the crest of a Southern hill and ready to sweep down, klaxons blaring, to the rescue of their beleaguered movement.

Then again, it might just be another dodgy compilation album, taking for its theme the proliferation of mod-aligned combos in the Hastings and Eastbourne areas of Sussex — an alleged hotbed of raw young talents, almost explosive in their potential (it says here) and ready to take the rest of the country by storm. We shall see.

First featured are the region's foremost attractions, The Teenbeats, who kick off with a too-polite reading of 'I Can't Control Myself' which never attains the contrived slobbiness of the (very rocker) Troggs original. Their other four numbers are sort of crispy, lightweight R&B — tolerable, but nothing to send a postcard home about.

Pleasantest contributions, if only because they sound relaxed and unambitious (in contrast to the rest), are The South Coast Ska Stars' two pieces — bouncy, shambolic, vintage reggae direct from the village of Ninfeld in Sussex. (What is going on down there?). Offering three songs are Missing Persons — pop-melodic beat group stuff, a bit limp in places. Rather different are The Same, whose clever-dick '1918' and artfully sardonic 'I'm A Face' bear little resemblance to mod music at all, being quite contemporary and strange.

Paul Du Noyer

Bobby bounces **back into the** **hit parade**

BOBBY VEE

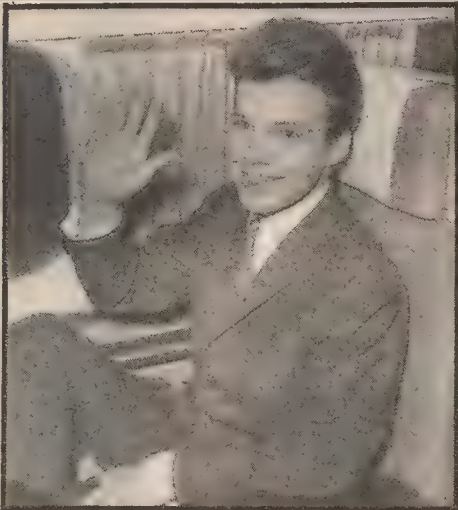
The Singles Album (United Artists) LIKE a rubber ball, Robert Thomas Velline comes bouncing back every so often for reappraisal. And like a rubber band, my heart strings they just snap in expectation of same.

The aforesaid repackage appeared sometime in the mid '70s, a 30 track double LP as part of UA's Legendary Masters series — alongside other Liberty luminaries Fats Domino, Eddie Cochran, Ricky Nelson and The Ventures. 'The Singles Album', a 20 track review, duplicates 19 of its predecessor's titles, omits 11, and includes just one previously neglected work, 'Bobby Tomorrow' from 1963, his last UK chart entry.

Actually, 'The Singles Album' is a very incorrect label for this latest collection though in all fairness the set does contain all of Mr Velline's British hits, including both sides of his 'More Than I Can Say'/'Staying In' incursion. In fact, Liberty issued more than 40 Bobby Vee titles between the years 1959-70, not counting B-sides, which means he is misrepresented here by something in arrears of 75%. Also, to the best of my knowledge, 'A Forever Kind Of Love' was never released on 45, not never, nohow, as Alfie Bass used to say around about the same time as Mr Velline was metamorphosing into Nobby Vee with his first record 'Suzie Baby' — included here — making inroads on the US charts and peaking at 77, courtesy of *Billboard* (1959).

Ironies aside, Bobby Vee's career as teen idol was itself an irony. The natural heir to Buddy Holly, his break in showbiz came directly as a result of that fatal crash on February 3, 1959. Holly, Valens, and Bopper were flying to play in a rock'n'roll show at Vee's home town of Fargo that same day, and Robert was asked to help out the tour with his newly formed Shadows when the tragedy became known. He lined up that day alongside Dion and The Belmonts, and ever after based his style on the late bespectacled rocker.

In addition to his adoption of Holly's nasal vocal inflections, Mr Velline's recorded portfolio reveals further Lubbock references: a tribute to the singer entitled 'Buddy's Song', later refurbished by Fleetwood Mac; a faithful facsimile of 'Everyday' on the flip of 'Rubber



Ball'; an LP with The Crickets, and another entitled 'I Remember Buddy Holly'. Plus, his first hit 'Suzie Baby' bears more than echoes of 'Peggy Sue', while 'More Than I Can Say' was originally a Crickets B-side. He is also on record as saying of 'That'll Be The Day' "the most original, fresh, unique record I have ever heard," and — according to Greil Marcus — will correct you if you credit a Crickets side to Holly or vice versa.

Like Holly, too, Bobby Vee was responsible for a series of instant, catchy and memorable pop opi: a High School reworking of The Clovers' 'Devil Or Angel', as well as 'Rubber Ball', 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes', and of course the Brill cream, 'How Many Tears?', 'Take Good Care Of My Baby', 'Run To Him', 'Walking With My Angel', 'Sharing You', and more. Unlike Holly, however, posterity regards Vee as merely a purveyor of pap, a lightweight... and perhaps he was, at that.

Nevertheless, a part of me continues to cherish this immediate, disposable music. Personally, I consider the likes of Elvis Costello and Wreckless Eric as retreading the groundwork laid by Vee and Ricky Nelson, but lacking the same unaffected poise and easy melody, with strained artifice and self-consciousness in their stead. The final reckoning would, I imagine, place Robert Thomas Velline somewhere to the rear of Del Shannon and Dion Dimucci, although well to the fore of Brian Hyland and Frankie Avalon.

Devil or angel, I can't make up my mind! 'The Singles Album' stands as a reasonably efficacious introductory testament. Recommended for those still using that greasy kid's stuff.

Penny Reel

IMPORTS

by Fred Dellar

THEY'RE collar-and-tie neat — though their suits are red leather. Their music is geared for the '80s — though their licks are pure '60s. And they're known as **The Romantics** — though they hail from Detroit's tough East Side.

It's obvious from the band's debut album, **The Romantics' (Nemperor)**, that someone's figured all the angles and checked the answers, thereby making The Romantics immediately suspect.

File under 'disposable', you say. And you could be right. I still have doubts. For Jimmy Marinos, Wally Palmar, Rich Cole and Mike Sill, who comprise the leathered lovers, have decked out the album with at least one killer item in 'What I Like About You', a genuine wham, bam and thank you Ritchie Valens affair that I've set alongside The Raspberries' 'Overnight Sensation', The Rubinoos' 'I Think We're Alone Now' and (dare I say it?), The Knack's 'My Sharona' as being a great one-off of our time. Now I'll admit that one track doth hardly an album make, and maybe the economists among you will see fit to merely invest in the single, which has just gained a British release. However, the rest of the album provides an interesting exercise in how tomorrow's heroes can be constructed from yesterday's riffs and — thanks to a superior production job by Pete Solley — still be extremely earworthy.

As regular readers of this column will be aware, my critical faculties go somewhat awry whenever a new **Smokey Robinson** release comes into view, and adjectives like 'mellifluous', 'poignant', 'passionate', 'warm' and 'sinuous' get trotted out with production-line frequency as I pay annual homage to his voice. Not that I'm to be blamed. After all, Dylan himself was conned into his "Robinson is America's greatest poet" blurb by Smokey's sheer vocal kidology. With a voice like that, you can make people believe almost anything.

If you twist my arm though, I'll admit that **'Warm Thoughts'** (Tamla), Robinson's latest made-in-Hollywood offering, pans out several points below 'Where There's Smoke', his last release, and a darn sight further below 'Quiet Storm', his best album of recent years. Naturally enough, the vocal performances are beyond reproach. Every swoop and glide remains intact and all the words of love — of which there are many — continue to emerge so tear-stained that you can actually wring them out and hang 'em up to dry. But this time around, the songs are a trifle duff. 'Let Me Be The Clock', a dickory-dock re-vamp of 'Tracks Of My Tears', is easy enough to take; 'Heavy On Pride' presents an interesting juxtaposition of that which is Robinson and that which is Bo Diddley; while 'Melody Man' is sure-fire hit fare, classy MOR-cum-disco, tastily devised by Smokey and Wonder-man. Elsewhere the one-time Miracle-worker whispers myriad sweet nothings, provides a travelogue about his true-love's body ('No thrills on earth were ever known/To match those in your torrid southern zone' etc) and generally drifts pleasantly but aimlessly in a manner that should have you snoozing long before the disc gets into its final run-off groove. But then, Horlicks can provide the same effect at a far lower cost.

LAST TRAIN TO SKAVILLE

AN EVENING
OF ORIGINAL SKA

Friday 28th March



a sound system battle

featuring the legendary

DUKE VIN versus JAH SHAKA

LIVE

THE WIDE BOYS

Capital Radio DJ David Rodigan

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM



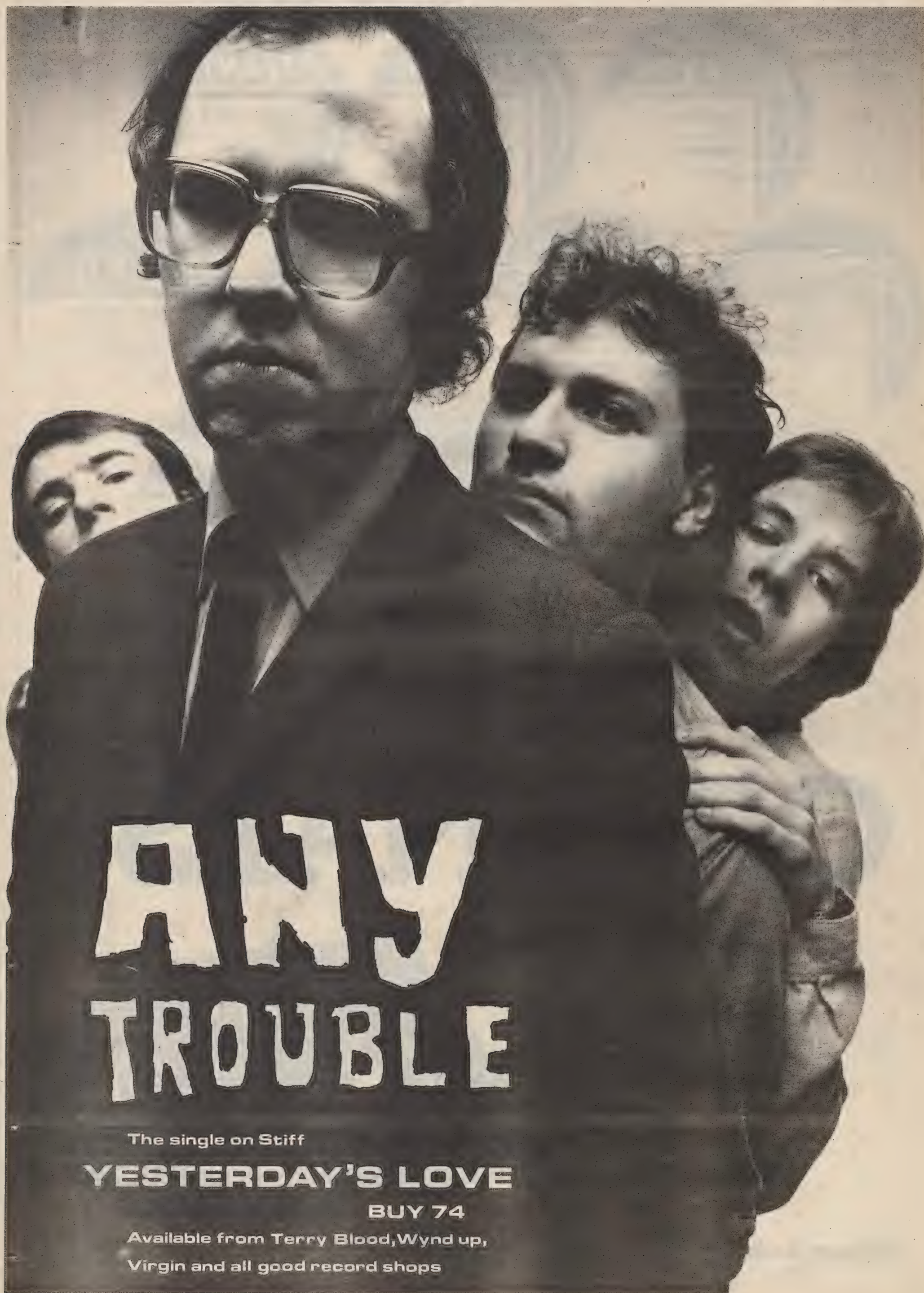


THE ORIGINALS!

The Atlantic Masters — original soul music from the Atlantic label. Ten seven inch E.P.s, each with four tracks and at least two different artists. Taken direct from the original master tapes.



Re-cut, Re-issued, Re-packaged. £1.60  wea



ANY TROUBLE

The single on Stiff

YESTERDAY'S LOVE

BUY 74

Available from Terry Blood, Wynd up,
Virgin and all good record shops

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Barnstaple Queens Hall: Dutch Swing College Band
 Bath Moles: Sphere
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Chevy
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Dangerous Girls
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Skydiver
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Titan
 Blackburn Duck Inn: E.T.I.
 Bournemouth Tiffanys: Flying Saucers
 Brighton Alhambra: Airport/Lipstick
 Bristol Crookers: The Rejects
 Bristol Trinity Hall: The Pop Group
 Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Burton 76 Club: The Lambrettas
 Canterbury Alberly's Wine Bar: The City Blues Band
 Cardiff Philharmonic: Zipper
 Colchester Institute: The Photos
 Coventry Tiffany's: The Selector/The Bodysnatchers/The Swinging Cats
 Edinburgh Clouds: Scars
 Falkirk The Maggie: Dick Smith Band
 Flint Raven Hotel: The Room
 Glenrothes Rothies Arms: Jim Wilkie/The Mafia
 Gravesend Red Lion: Die Laughing
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: The 45's
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The Crooks
 Huddersfield Coach House: Vardis
 Hull Wellington Club: Fatal Microbes
 Jersey St. Helier Behan's: The Flash Cats (for four days)
 Kingston Polytechnic: The Smirks
 Leeds Fan Club: Seventeen
 Leeds Peel Hotel: Spyder Blues Band
 London Camden Dingwalls: Sox
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: Classix Nouveaux/Plain Characters/Bauhaus/Section 25
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Wall
 London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: McCoy Tyner
 London Clapham 101 Club: Juice On The Loose
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Delta 5/Biert
 London E.1 City Squash Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Finchley Torrington: Young Jazz Big Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Q-Tips
 London Fulham Greyhound: 9 Below Zero/Malpractice
 London Fulham The Cock: Trimmer & Jenkins
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: The Basement 5
 London Hammersmith The Swan: Spider
 London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: Zorro/The Sound
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Nik Turner's Inner City Unit
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Southside
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kensington The Nashville: The Little Roosters
 London Marquee Club: The Original Mirrors
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Clint Eastwood
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Bloodshot
 London Putney White Lion: Johnny Mars' 7th Sun
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: Speedball
 London Soho Pizza Express: Al Grey/Jimmy Forrest
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Matchbox
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
 London Victoria The Venue: The Planets
 London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: Lammagyre
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Expressos/The Set
 London W.1 Maunkberry's: Paul Goodman
 London W.10 Acklam Hall: The Atrix
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
 Maidstone Royal Albion: Stuff
 Manchester Band on the Wall: Alexis Korner
 Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: The Cheaters
 Margate Winter Gardens: David Soul
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Holly & The Italians
 Milton Keynes Stony Stratford College of Education: Spud & The Fabs
 Newcastle City Hall: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Newcastle Madison's: Central Line (for three days)
 Norwich Art College: The Vandells
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Drug Squad
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
 Plymouth Tops Club: Metro Glider
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: Something Else
 Poynton Folk Centre: Jed Foley & Jez Lowe
 Reading Emmer Green Youth Club: El Seven
 Reading Target Club: The Flatbackers
 Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: Veiled Threat
 Sheffield City Hall: Sad Cafe
 Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn: Last Orders
 Southampton Hammerhead: The Veins
 Southampton Joiners Arms: Lone Wolf
 Southend Scamps: Steve Hooker Band
 Sunderland Mayfair: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
 Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: Danger In Paradise

Friday

Abertillery Metropole Theatre: Girlschool
 Aberystwyth University: Eddie & The Hot Rods

SIOUXSIE'S IN ACTION AGAIN



Atherstone Orb & Sprocket: Spad Hunters
 Barkingside Old Maypole: Breathless
 Bath Moles: Pinky
 Bedford Horse & Groom: Vince Pie & The Crumbs
 Birmingham Barrie Organ: Grace
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Slaughter/Dangerous Girls
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Speedball
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: No Faith
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Teuser
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Topaz
 Bletchley Wilton Hall: Spud & The Fabs/The Crew/Teasa & The Allstars
 Bournemouth Town Hall: The Switch/The Hots
 Bradford Palm Cove: The Drug Squad
 Braintree Institute of Higher Education: The Accidents/The Heat
 Brent Hermit Club: Bastille
 Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: The Impalas
 Brighton Metropole Hotel: Acker Blik Band
 Bristol Crookers: The Rejects
 Bristol Turntable: Shades
 Burton 76 Club: Yakety Yak
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Pat Travers Band

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are back on the road this week, with Magazine's John McGeoch guesting on guitar, while the band's line-up remains unsettled. They're promoting their new 'Happy House' single, kicking off in Scotland with dates at Stirling (Friday), Aberdeen (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Glasgow (Tuesday). Bassist Steve Severin is also seen below.

Carmarthen Trinity College: The Circles
 Chiddingfold Six Bells: Spitzbrook
 Christchurch Somerford Community Centre: Panda Pops/Clinic/Trevor Etcetera & Two Rumanian Boys/Surreal To Real
 Coventry General Wolfe: Ice
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
 Croydon Village Hall: The Rhythm Hawks
 Croydon Cartoon: Seven Year Itch
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: The Spinners
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: Praying Mantis/Weapon Of Peace
 Dundee College of Technology: Colossus
 Edinburgh Upstairs at the Playhouse: Flowers/Boots For Dancing
 Falmouth Art College: The D.S./Sabotage
 Glasgow Dial Inn: The 45's
 Gravesend Red Lion: Terry Lee
 Guildford Shackleford Stag Folk Club: Dave Swarbrick
 Hatfield Polytechnic: The Photos
 Henley-on-Thames Boswell Park Club: 80 Pop
 Inverness Muirton Motel: The Cheetahs
 Kirkcaldy Cunzie Neuk: Dick Smith Band
 Kirklevington Country Club: White Heat
 Leeds Cosmos Club: Dodgy Tactics
 Leeds University Lipman Building: Agony Column

Leicester Polytechnic: Richard Digance
 Leicester The Globe: The Swinging Laurels
 Littlehampton The Windmill: Dogwatch/Third Men
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Alexis Korner
 Liverpool Eric's: The Fatal Microbes
 London Acton Kings Head: Paz
 London Camden Dingwalls: Billy Karloff Band/The Numbers
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: The Cramps/The Fall/Fashion
 London Camden Music Machine: 9 Below Zero
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: McCoy Tyner
 London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
 London City University: The Pop Group/Patrik Fitzgerald Group/The Raincoats
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Donkeys
 London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Steve Forbert/Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
 London E.16 North-East Polytechnic: The Au Pairs/Tom Kat & The Kipper Boxes
 London Finsbury Park Stapleton Hall Tavern: Sons Of Cain
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Crooks



PURPLE HEARTS START TO BEAT

THE PURPLE HEARTS — from left to right, Simon Stebbing (guitar), Bob Manton (vocals), Gary Sparks (drums) and Jeff Shadbolt (bass) — are promoting their new Fiction Records album 'Beat That' and single 'Jimmy'. They open in London on Monday and Tuesday at the Marquee, and set out around the country at the beginning of next month.

London Hammersmith Odeon: Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
 London Harrows Rd. Windsor Castle: Night Shift/Zoots
 London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: The Savoy
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Portals
 London Holborn Princess Louise: The Singles
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Manyana
 London Kensington The Nashville: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
 London Labroke Grove The Elgin: Splodgenessabounds/Leisure Lotion
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London New Cross Royal Albert: The Johnnys
 London Putney Star & Garter: Grieg & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
 London Putney White Lion: Red Beans & Rice
 London School of Furniture: The Atrix
 London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny M & The Midnite Express
 London Stockwell The Plough: Radical Sheiks
 London Tottenham North Polytechnic: The Step
 London Tottenham White Hart: Hound Dog
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. Y.M.C.A.: Wreckless Eric
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Groundation
 London Victoria The Venue: The Searchers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Swell Maps/Cult Figures/Exhibit A
 London Westminster Bridge Rd. Towers: Johnny & The Jailbirds
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: The O.K. Band
 Maidenhead Leisure Centre: Dexy's Midnight Runners/Dolly Mixture
 Maidstone Mote Park Pavilion: The Pulsaters/The Performing Ferret Band
 Manchester The Factory: The Psychedelic Furs
 Manchester R'n'B High School: The Cheaters
 Manchester The Millstone: The Twisting Ferraris
 Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Gonzalez
 Newcastle City Hall: Sad Cafe
 Newcastle Kings Head: Monoconics
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Newport The Metropole: Girlschool
 Newport The Village: UB40
 Nottingham Commodore Suite: Roy Orbison
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Jim Wilkie/The Mafia
 Poole Arts Centre: David Soul
 Reading Target Club: Money
 Retford Porterhouse: Holly & The Italians
 Romford Redbridge Technical College: Roaring Jelly
 Salisbury Warehouse: Jimmy Fits/Brenton House
 Scarborough Penthouse: Supercharge
 Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: The City Limits
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Gerard Kenny
 Sheffield University: Matchbox
 Southampton The Griffin: The Sound
 Stirling University: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Torquay Pelican Inn: Metro Glider
 Wakefield Bretton Hall College: El Seven
 Wallasey The Riverside: Wiffy Smog/Hammerstein/Hijinx
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: Dedringer

Saturday

Ashford Ben Truman: Spitzbrook
 Aylesbury Friars: Genesis
 Barkingside Old Maypole: The Rhythm Hawks
 Basingstoke Haymarket Theatre: The Tannahill Weavers
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: Alien Heat
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Rialto Horns
 Birmingham Bogarts: No Faith
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Denizens
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Withered Man
 Birmingham Handsworth Rialto: Jabula
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Handsome Beasts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Mean Street Dealers
 Bradford Palm Cove: Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuji
 Brighton Polytechnic: The Photos
 Brighton The Northern: Lipstick
 Bristol Granary: Girlschool
 Bristol Polytechnic: Holly & The Italians
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
 Chatham Horstead College: Nine Below Zero
 Corby Raven Hotel: Vardis/Energy
 Coventry Theatre: David Soul
 Crewe Madeley College: Ice
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: The Lambrettas
 Croydon Cartoon: Rockola/The Fumble Revue
 Croydon Crawdaddy: Embryo
 Dalkeith Cross Keys Hotel: Red Letters/No Entry
 Derby Ajanta: The Cramps
 Dundee Junction Nine: The 45's
 Edinburgh Upstairs at the Playhouse: The Solos/Radars
 Farnborough College of Technology: Splodgenessabounds
 Forres Mundol Court: The Cheetahs
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Gravesend Red Lion: Sledgehammer
 Halifax Good Mood Club: The Circles
 High Wycombe Nags Head: The B-Sides
 Hockley Travellers Rest: Spad Hunters
 Hornchurch The Bull: Bastille
 Ipswich Royal William: V.H.F.

CONTINUES OVER ...

MORE GIG GUIDE

Kings Langley Ovaltine Club: Flying Saucers
 Kingston Polytechnic: Cimarons/The Touch
 Kirkcaldy Berksgate Hotel: Dick Smith Band
 Leeds Haddon Hall: Agony Column
 Leeds Staging Post: Doggy Tactics
 Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: Veiled Threat
 Liverpool Eric's: Bad Manners
 London Camden Dingwalls: Billy Karloff Band/The Numbers
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Leyton Buzzards
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Spider
 London Clapham 101 Club: The Step
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Brian Knight Blues Band
 London Crystal Palace Hotel: The Blues Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Paris
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Q-Tips/The Rave
 London Fulham The Cock: Johnny G
 London Hackney Adam & Eve: Shades
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
 London Hammersmith The Swan: One On One
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Tennis Shoes
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Sox
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Little Roosters
 London Kensington The Nashville: The Step/Thirteen
 London Lewisham Concert Hall: Billy J. Kramer/Wayne Fontana/Dave Berry
 London Lewisham Odeon: The Selector/The Bodysnatchers/The Swinging Cats/Headline
 London Marquee Club: Splitt Rivitt
 London Plumstead Green Man: Fast Eddie
 London Putney White Lion: The Evidence
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: Annie Power & Gill Burns
 London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: Scissor Fits
 London Soho Pizza: Express: Al Grey/Jimmy Forrest
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
 London Swiss Cottage Holiday Inn Hotel: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Groundation

London Victoria The Venue: Mark Andrews & The Gents/Face Dancer
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Red Beans & Rice/Steve Hooker Band
 London Westminster Bridge Rd. Towers: Johnny Storm
 London Wimbledon Prince of Wales: The Daleks/Six Minute War/Red Opera/The Milkmen/The Puritans
 London W.1 Portman Hotel: Dutch Swing College Band
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Juice On The Loose
 Madeley North Staffs Polytechnic: Hi-Tension
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Roy Orbison
 Manchester College: Matchbox
 Manchester Mayflower: Clint Eastwood
 Manchester Osbourne Club: Slaughter
 Nottingham Casanova: Newman The Deman
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Side Effect
 Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Dangerous Girls
 Reading Bulmershe College: The Flatbackers
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Eddie & The Hot Rods
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
 Southampton Joiners Arms: King Rock
 Southampton The Griffin: Lip Moves
 St. Albans City Hall: Pat Travers Band
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: The Skatalites
 Stockton The Teessider: Carl Green & The Scene
 Stoke Talke Club: Strange Days
 Sunderland Polytechnic: The Smirks
 Torquay 78 Club: The Veins
 Torquay 400 Club: Eclipse
 Tunbridge Wells St. Marks Hall: The Elite/The Vital Third
 West Calder Regal Suite: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
 Weymouth Cellar Vino: The Switch
 Widemouth Bay: Metro Glider
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests

Sunday

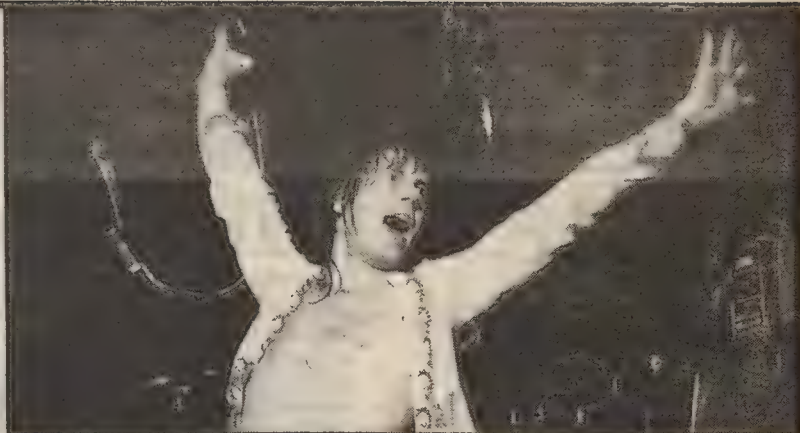
Aberdeen Music Hall: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
 Birmingham Top Rank: Magnum

Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Tracks
 Bonnyrigg The Chase: The 45's
 Bournemouth Pinecliff: Thieves Like Us
 Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: Eclipse
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Ulterior Motives
 Bradford St. Georges Hall: Slaughter
 Brighton Alhambra: The Vandells
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
 Croydon Cartoon: Yakety Yak
 Croydon Crawdaddy: Gina & The Sharks
 Croydon Greyhound Suite: The Rhythm Hawks
 Deeside Leisure Centre: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Derby Olde Bell Hotel: Strange Days
 Dunfermline Kinema: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
 Edinburgh Harvey's: Facial Hair
 Exeter New Vic: Metro Glider
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Sad Cafe
 Gravesend Red Lion: Denigh
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: Jim Wilkie/The Mafia
 Huddersfield Coach House: The Lambrettas
 Hull Humberstone Theatre: Dedringer
 Ipswich Royal William: Bastille
 Leeds Belinda's Night Club: The Negatives
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Brixton George Canning: Southside
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fashion
 London Finchley Torrington: 9-Below Zero
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Chicken Shack
 London Fulham Greyhound: Night-life/The Mice
 London Fulham The Cock: Aura
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Mickey Jones Band
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Charlie Fawn
 London Kensington The Nashville: The Atrix/The Blades
 London Marquee Club: The Passions
 London Rainbow Theatre: David Soul
 London Soho Pizza Express: Ian Henry
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Psychedelic Furs/The Teardrop Explodes/Manicured Noise/A Certain Ratio/Echo & The Bunnymen
 London Stratford Theatre Royal: Frogs!
 London Victoria The Venue: Prince Far I/Creation Rebel/The Nightdoctor
 London Woolwich Tramshed (lunchtime): Kenny Ball Band
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Crown Swing Band
 Maidstone Royal Albion (lunchtime): Shades
 Manchester The Ritz: Central Line
 Newport Pagnell Youth Club: Spud & The Fabs
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
 Nuneaton 77 Club: Holly & The Italians
 Peterborough Gladstone Arms: The Point
 Plymouth New Palace Theatre: Acker Bilk Band
 Portsmouth Centre Hotel: Robin Williamson
 Portsmouth Rotary Club: The Switch
 Poynton Folk Centre: Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators
 Reading Cherry's Bar: Ian Campbell Band
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: Eddie & The Hot Rods
 Southport Theatre: Roy Orbison
 Uxbridge Brunel University: Hazel O'Conner
 Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The Amazing Dark Horse
 Wollaston Nags Head: The Russians
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers

Monday

Ayr Pavilion: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
 Bath The Rock Spot: The Rejects
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Gangsters
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Force
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gentleman Jim
 Birmingham Odeon: Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: Praying Mantis
 Blackburn The Regent: The Cheaters
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Acker Bilk Band
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: Oral Sax
 Bradford St. George's Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face
 Coventry Swanswell Tavern: Cheap Spirits
 Croydon Crawdaddy: Scissor Fits/The Pedestrians
 Croydon The Cartoon: Bloodshot
 Doncaster Rotters Club: The Lambrettas
 Edinburgh Buster Brown's: Jim Wilkie/The Mafia
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: Sad Cafe
 Guildford Stagfolk Club: Robin Williamson
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
 Leeds Fford Green Hotel: Black Cat
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Pete Gilpin's Blues Express
 Liverpool Eric's: Pyramid
 Liverpool Kirklands: The Room

COMPILED BY
DEREK JOHNSON



PAT TRAVERS is back in the UK after a lengthy absence and, with a brand new band, he opens a short concert tour at Cardiff (Friday), St. Albans (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday), Wolverhampton (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

London Camden Dingwalls: The Mice/Riffle/The Legend
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Soul Boys
 London Clapham 101 Club: One On One
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Bad Manners/Mobster
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Idiot Dancers / The Dials
 London Fulham The Cock: The Carter Jones Band
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Mike Khan Band
 London Kensington The Nashville: Charlie Fawn
 London Manor Park Ruskin Arms: Radical Sheila's
 London Marquee Club: The Purple Hearts
 London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
 London N.W.1 Royal Exchange: Juice On The Loose
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: Stan Tracey Octet
 London Putney Half Moon: John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tennis Shoes/The Vandells
 London W.1 Maunkberry's: Marc Bunyan
 Matlock Pavilion: Eddie & The Hot Rods
 Newcastle Balmora's Music Hall: Sabre-jets/Roxoff
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Roaring Jelly
 Nuneaton 77 Club: Slaughter/The Name
 Paignton The Woodman: The Veins
 Paisley Bungalow Bar: Dick Smith Band
 Rayleigh Cross: Flying Saucers
 Reading Cherry's Bar: El Seven
 Sheffield City Hall: Pat Travers Band
 Slough Cat Ballou: The Attendants/80 Pop
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: David Soul
 Southend Focus: Christopher Wave
 Spennymoor Recreation Centre: The Tygers Of Pan Tang
 Stockton Fiesta Club: The Drifters
 Watford Bailey's: Hi-Tension (for a week)
 The Wirral (Eastham) Bulls Head: Headquarters
 Workington Technical College: Supercharge

Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Cromo
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Desperado
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Birmingham The Zoo: Duran Duran
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Bastille
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: The Quick
 Brentwood Hermit Club: Richard Digance
 Brighton Basement Club: Swell Maps / The Vandells
 Bristol Granary: Slaughter
 Bury The Derby Hall: Freefall
 Carlisle Market Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Paco Pena
 Fleet Fox & Hounds: Adrian May
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Dutch Swing College Band
 Glasgow Tiffany's: Siouxsie & The Banshees
 Glenrothes Rotters Arms: Facial Hair
 Gravesend Red Lion: Martian Dance
 Greenock Victorian Carriage: Dick Smith Band
 Hull City Hall: Sad Cafe
 Ipswich Tracey's: Motives
 Jersey St. Helier Behans: Slade
 Leeds Wellesley Hotel: The City Limits
 Leicester Polytechnic: The Pop Group
 London Camberwell St. Gabriel's College: Mobster
 London Camden Dingwalls: Ronnie Lane Band
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Flatbackers/Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Geoff Castle & Strange Fruit
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Act
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Directions/The Odds
 London Hornsey Kings Head: The Main Avenue Jazzband
 London Ilford Palais John Coghlan's: Diesel
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Stickers
 London Kensington The Nashville: Tigers
 London Marquee Club: The Purple Hearts
 London North-East Polytechnic: The Atrix
 London N.4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London Putney White Lion: Isaac Guillory Band
 London Soho Pizza Express: Dave Chambers Quintet
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Killermeters/The Dials
 London W.1 Country Cousin: Wallstreet Crash
 London W.14 The Kensington: Radical Sheila's

Malvern Nags Head: The Speedy Bears
 Manchester Belle Vue Kings Hall: Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
 Nuneaton 77 Club: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
 Salisbury Warehouse: The New Plasketts/Old Manor Psychos
 Sheffield King George IV: The Accelerators
 Stockton Fiesta Club: The Drifters
 Stoke Trentham Gardens: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: The Strays
 Swansea White Swan: Neil & Louise Thomas
 Wakefield Theatre Club: Mary Wilson (for four days)
 Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Wentworth Rockingham Arms: Dave Swarbrick
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Pat Travers Band

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
 Birmingham Bogarts: Chicken Shack
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: M. S. Night-work
 Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest/Iron Maiden
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Guvnors/Joy Ride
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Genesis
 Braintree Weavers: Motives
 Brighton Alhambra: The Chefs/The Objects
 Cardiff Top Rank: The Quads/The Gangsters/The Thrillers
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Bop Street Kids
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
 Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: Money
 Croydon Crawdaddy: The Mice
 Edinburgh Bo'ness McTavish's: The Drifters (for four days)
 Epsom School of Art: The H. B. Band
 Exeter Routes: Slaughter
 Glasgow Doune Castle: Facial Hair
 Hereford Rotters Club: The Strays
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: The 45's
 Ilkley Folk Club: Dave Swarbrick
 Ledworth Cuttalong Inn: Ice
 Liverpool The Masonic: The Accelerators
 London Camden Dingwalls: Merger
 London Clapham Two Brewers: Sad Among Strangers
 London Clapham 101 Club: Portraits
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Au Pairs/Chris Lucas
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Juice On The Loose/Rubber Johnny
 London E.2 Earl of Aberdeen: Lionel Grigson Quintet
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Sextette
 London Fulham Greyhound: Killermeters/Missing Persons
 London Gt. Portland St. The Albany: Alien Culture
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Pat Travers Band
 London Hammersmith The Swan: The Idiot Dancers
 London Holborn Princess Louise: The Flatbackers
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Paul Suttlesworth & The Latest Craze
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Beer
 London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: The Realists/The Dipsticks
 London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase
 London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: Furniture
 London Soho Pizza Express: Claude Williams/Diz Disley Trio
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Records/The Jump
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Lee Kosmin Band
 Maidstone Technical College: Seventeen
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Skitzofrenic
 Newcastle City Hall: Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
 Newcastle The Cooperage: The Junco Partners
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaihir
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Preston Guildhall: Sad Cafe
 Preston Polytechnic: The Circles
 Reading Target Club: The Speedy Bears
 Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: Tony Leigh Quintet
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Dutch Swing College Band
 Southampton Eastleigh The Crown: Disco Students
 South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
 St. Ives St. Ivo Centre: John Coghlan's Diesel
 Stoke Jollees: Roy Orbison (for four days)
 Swansea Institute of Higher Education: The Revillos
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: The Trend
 Wakefield Community Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face

MASSIVE GENESIS TOUR OPENS

— and Mike Rutherford gives it serious thought

Currently playing a series of low-key warm-up dates, including a gig at Aylesbury Friars on Saturday, GENESIS begin their massive round-Britain concert series in Bournemouth on Wednesday. But there's no hope of getting in unless you already have tickets, or are prepared to pay enormously inflated prices.



THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 20th March JIMMY NORTON EXP + Haircuts 60p	Monday 24th March THE FACE + Soul Boys 60p
Friday 21st March ★ ROLL UPS ★ + The Guvnors 70p	Tuesday 25th March ANGELO PALLADINO + The Alsations 60p
Saturday 22nd March LEYTON BUZZARDS + The Guvnors 80p	Wednesday 26th March NEVER NEVER BAND + Rent Boys 60p
Sunday 23rd March Q-TIPS + Holidays Heroes 70p	Thursday 27th March LITTLE ROOSTERS + The Cannonballs 60p

THE GRAMPS

THE FALL

FASHION

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST, NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

FRIDAY 21st MARCH at 7.30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE. ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD, NW1, TEL: 485 5084, OR £2.50 ON MAIL.

Manicured Noise

The Teardrop Explodes

Psychedelic Furs

A Certain Ratio

Echo & The Bunny Men

LYCEUM
5 STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 23rd MARCH at 6.30pm

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE. LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD, NW1, TEL: 485 5084.

BAD MANNERS

THE BODYSNATCHERS

SWINGING CATS

7.30 THURS. MARCH 27, ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH STREET, NW1

REVIEWS: "THEY ARE THE BEST OF THE NEW WAVE SCENE" (NME)
"AND BIGGEST BANDS OF THE YEAR" (NME)
"THEY ARE THE BEST OF THE NEW WAVE SCENE" (NME)
"AND BIGGEST BANDS OF THE YEAR" (NME)

THE GREYHOUND

Fulham Palace Road

Thursday 20th March 9 BELOW ZERO + Malpractice £1
Friday 21st March SMALL HOURS + The Set 75p
Saturday 22nd March Q TIPS + The Rave £1
Sunday 23rd March * ROLL UPS * + The Mice 75p
Monday 24th March IDIOT DANCERS/THE DIALS 50p
Tuesday 25th March THE DIRECTIONS + The Odds 60p
Wednesday 26th March KILLERMETERS/MISSING PERSONS 50p

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 19th March SOX £1	Sunday 23rd March CHARLIE FAWN 75p
Thursday 20th March NIK TURNER'S INNER CITY UNIT 75p	Monday 24th March MIKE KHAN BAND 75p
Friday 21st March JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN £1	Tuesday 25th March THE STICKERS 75p
Saturday 22nd March LITTLE ROOSTERS £1	Wednesday 26th March PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH & THE LATEST CRAZE 75p

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL

AYLESBURY

Saturday March 22nd 7.30 pm
The Keepers of The Key Come Home

GENESIS

COMPLETELY SOLD OUT

Ticket demand for this concert was stronger than for any concert in Friars eleven year history. Unfortunately no tickets will be available at door on night.
This will be the sixth Friars Aylesbury Genesis concert and their first at Friars since September 1972.

Duke

IDIOT DANCERS

Monday, 24th, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road.
Wednesday, 26th, The Swan, Hammersmith Broadway.

The Magnet — Maidenhead

Leisure Centre

Friday 21st March

DEXY'S

MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

(The Rebel Rousers)
Dollymixtures Upsets

Admission £2.50. 8pm. Licensed Bar

STRANGWAYS

ROCK CLUB

Opening Wednesday
26th March
8-12 every Wed.
Live Music
+ D.J.

Appearing 26th March
DIRTY STRANGERS
2nd April
THE V.I.P.s.

Adm. £1, or ½ price with this ad

The Seagull,
Lady Margaret Road,
Southall. Tel. 578 2062.

BASEMENT

5

PLAYING LIVE
Special Guest: PATRICK FITZGERALD
THE CLARENDON HAMMERSMITH
W.6
MARCH 20

PTARMIGAN

Back by popular demand! at
THE JOHN PEEL, Gosport

Friday March 21st

"PUT ME RIGHT OFF MY MILLET!"
— PERCY EDWARDS

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 8552

Tickets from The Venue Box Office
and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin
Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W1
Postal Applications (P.O.s only) from
The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am
Weds 19th March THE INMATES + Carpettes £3.00
Thurs 20th Mar THE PLANETS + The Keys £3.00
Fri 21st March THE SEARCHERS + Support £3.00
Sat 22nd March MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS + Face Dancer £3.00
Sun 23rd March Roots Rock Reggae PRINCE FAR I CREATION REBEL + THE NIGHTDOCTOR £3.00
Mon 24th Mar GERRARD KENNY £3.25
Tues 25th Mar THE V.I.P.'s + The Small Hours £3.00
Weds 26th Mar THE ZOOTS + Geneva £3.00
Thurs 27th Mar THE BROUGHTONS £3.00
Fri 28th Mar The King of Ska and Blue Beat LAUREL AITKEN + Spartacus R £3.00
Sat 29th Mar SQUIRE + The Crooks £3.50
Sun 30th Mar ROCKET '88 (featuring Danny Adler, Malcolm Everson, Chris Farlowe, George Green, Bob Hall, Colin Hodgkinson, Alexis Korner, John Pic- kard, Colin Smith, Ian Stewart, Don Weller, Mora 31st Mar £3.00)
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS + Support £3.00
Tues 1st April The welcome return of 9 BELOW ZERO
Weds 2nd April Extra Show by Public Demand ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS £3.00

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday 20th March KASHMIR
Friday 21st March THE CHEATS ex Total Strangers
Saturday 22nd March OPHIDIAN
Sunday 23rd March CLIENTELLE
Tuesday 25th March STONE LADY

SPLIT RIVITT

MARQUEE
SAT 22
MARCH

**SAT 29
MARCH**
DINGWALLS
with Step Aside

7th April Crawdaddy Club
West Croydon

The 100 CLUB

100 Oxford Street,
London West One

Thursday 20th March
Presenting Jamaican Superstar

CLINT EASTWOOD

Thursday 27th March
PRESSURE SHOCKS

The Sunshine Steel Band in
support both dates

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Anerley Hill, Upper Norwood, SE19
(Crystal Place Roundabout)

Saturday 22nd MARCH THE BLUES BAND	Saturday 29th March 9 BELOW ZERO
--	--

Doors Open 8.00pm Fully Licensed bar

Please phone before setting out, check
but avoiding major disasters, here is:

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE DONKEYS

FRI 21st A4 place with a 'week-end'
starts here, beat running throughout

THE BROWNIES

SAT 22nd A4 place with a 'week-end'
starts here, beat running throughout

THE FLATBACKERS

TUE 25th A4 place with a 'week-end'
starts here, beat running throughout

THE AU-PAIRS

WED 26th A4 place with a 'week-end'
starts here, beat running throughout

The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday
when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right
thru. Our restaurant is open 8.30am till last
orders at 11.45pm Monday thru Saturday.
We are on the corner of King St & James St
old Covent Garden (100m from tube station).
PHONE: 240-9961

STAGE STRUCK

TRAMSHED WOOLWICH

MONDAY MARCH 24th

DOORS OPEN 8.00

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6

Wednesday 19th March DONKEYS + Malfunktion £1
Thursday 20th March THE DIRECTIONS + The Set £1
Friday 21st March SWELL MAPS + Cult Figures + Exhibit A £1.50
Saturday 22nd March RED BEANS & RICE + The Steve Hooker Band £1.50
Monday 24th March TENNIS SHOES + The Vandells £1
Tuesday 25th March KILLERMETERS + The Dials £1
Wednesday 26th March LE DISC + The Jump £1

LONDON CYCLE CAMPAIGN BENEFIT
with
LITTLE ROOSTERS plus CHARGE
Royal College of Art, Friday March 28th.

DEAR FRIENDS

Please could all advertisers make sure that their
copy for April 12th issue is in by 3 pm Thursday
3rd April, due to the fact that it is Easter Bank
Holiday.

Thank you for your co-operation in this matter.
CHARMIAN

LIVE RACE

FRIDAY 28th MARCH
NO NUKES MUSIC
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
ESSENTIAL LOGIC
THE IVORY BROTHERS
 & ROLAND MILDON (COMEDIAN)
 CENTRAL LONDON POLYTECHNIC, 115 NEW CAVENTISH STREET, W1
 (NEAREST TUBE OXFORD CIRCUS)
 TICKETS FROM: ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK SMALL WONDER, VIRGIN, OXFORD STREET
 PRICE: £1.50 IN ADVANCE, £2 ON THE DOOR.

BAD MANNERS

 SEE BAD MANNERS
 ELECTRIC BALLROOM
 184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1
 THURSDAY MARCH 27
 AT 7.30 PM
 BUY OUR NEW SINGLE
 NE-NE NA-NA NA-NA NU-NU

DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS
THE CURE
THE PASHIONS
SECTION 25
 PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
 Sun 11th May @ 7.30pm
 Rainbow Theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4
 Tickets: £2.75, £2.25, £1.75
 Available from Rainbow 01-263 3148/9 and usual agents

MCP
PAT TRAVERS BAND
Special Guest
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
 Wed. 26th March
 Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
 B/O Tel: 01-748 4081 or
 Available L.T.B. Tel: 01-439 3371
 Premier B/O Tel: 01-240 2245 + usual agents

MCP
SECRET AFFAIR
 plus special guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
 Monday 21st April 8.00 p.m.
 Tickets £3.25, £2.75, £2.25
 Available from Box Office Tel No. 348 4081/9 Premier, L.T.B. and Ticket Machine

Right, this is a **LIVE!** page filler, OK?
 You lot out there haven't been advertising your gigs all that much recently. It doesn't cost much, and the results are great, loads of people read these pages for a great night out, not just in London, but all over the country. So all you promoters, students union secs, concert hall managers, band managers, band members, anyone, place your ad in the **BEST** music paper in the world.
 Phone our **LIVE!** lady . . . **CHARMIAN**
 on **01-261 6153** for details

BEAT BOOM-NITE
 Every Sunday
 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.
 at **BLITZ**
 4 Great Queen St. WC2
 Holborn Tel. 405 65 98
 Admission £2
 or £1 before 9

Y STUDIOS
 YMCA Building
 112 Great Russell Street
 London WC1
 Tel 01-636 7289

Tickets: Virgin, LTB, Premier, Stereo Electronics, 326 Kentish Town Road NW5. Postal applications from Y Studios.

Friday 21st March 8 pm £2.50
WRECKLESS ERIC

Friday 28th March 8 pm £2.00
LAMBRETTAS

Wednesday 2nd April 8 pm £2.00
Q-TIPS

Wednesday 9th April 8 pm £2.00
THE DANCE BAND

PLAYHOUSE-EDINBURGH

THE NITECLUB
 9 TILL LATE, FRI., SAT.
 Friday 21st
FLOWERS
 + Boots For Dancing
 Saturday 22nd
THE SOLOS
 + Radars
 A ROCK CLUB
 IN SCOTLAND

DO YOU LIKE SOUL MUSIC?
THE STEP
 THE NASHVILLE ROOMS
 SATURDAY
 22nd MARCH
 Tel. Amp Management 437 4228 & 804 2768

ZIGZAG
 AND THE COUNCIL FOR ONE PARENT FAMILIES
 join hands to celebrate the
100TH OF ZIGZAG
Issue
 AT THE MUSIC MACHINE
 BE THERE! BEAST
 MONDAY MARCH 31st
 ONLY £3.00
 LIGHTS? YOU'LL HAVE TO COME & SEE
 KILLING JOKE
 WHIRLWIND
 BARRY BROWN
 JOHN COOPER CLARKE
 LINVAL THOMPSON BAND
 WHO'S SOUND SYSTEM?
 EELPIE'S
 OF COURSE
 KICK OFF 7.30
 GET YOUR TICKETS HERE
 ZIGZAG'S 100th PARTY TICKETS
 112 Tottenham Road London W1
 Tel. 01-261 6153
 Please send in your ad to make possible this party

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR



Tom Waits for no man. Pic: Chris Horler.

I'd be extremely grateful if you could give me a complete run-down on the career of Tom Waits.

J. CRIMMINS, Dublin.

● Waits, who was born on December 7, 1949, but has managed to reach the age of 65 well ahead of time, first surfaced on the West Coast around the beginning of the '70s.

"I rolled around in the bowels of the small folk circuit in the Los Angeles area, picking up music from Mississippi John Hurt, Utah Phillips, Rev. Gary Davis, Zoot Sims and Ray Charles recordings. I'd been a bit of a misfit in the '60s — I didn't find a whole lot of meat to carve there — and I'd always been an early subscriber to *Downbeat*. So I became a bit of a curator, I guess."

Eventually, in '72, Zappa's manager Herb Cohen, heard the Waits chops in action at the L.A. Troubadour and helped the world's last beatnik get a record deal with Asylum, since which time the self-confessed unemployed gas station attendant has regaled us with such albums as 'Closing Time' (K53030 — 1973), 'The Heart Of Saturday Night' (K53050 — 1974), 'Nighthawks at The Diner' (K63002 — 1975), 'Small Change' (K53050 — 1976), 'Foreign Affairs' (K53068 — 1977) and 'Blue Valentine' (K53088 — 1978). There's been no new album for a helluva while now, but Waits once told me: "I've got a lot of new songs around — the only thing is that some of them haven't been written yet. But I've got the titles and if anybody wants to cover them, then I'll be glad!"

COULD you tell me if the theme music to ITV's *Armchair Thriller*, composed by Andy Mackay, is available on record?
 JUDITH A. LOXLEY, Leicester.

● According to Mike Preston's useful *Tele-Tunes 2*, the theme, which is called 'Armchair Thriller', is not

currently available on disc. And before anyone writes in and asks about the Preston book, I'll pass on the news that it's now available from The Record Information Centre, 78 Birchfield Road, Kidderminster, Worcs. DY11 6PG for the fee of £2.95 post free. A 152 page tome, it lists the themes to hundreds of TV programmes and commercials, also providing various info on TV advertised albums, voices used on commercials, film soundtracks and showbiz pop awards. Meanwhile, I'm still puzzled why Alan Hawkshaw's theme to *Grange Hill*, should be retitled 'Chicken Man' and also utilised on ITV's *Give Us A Clue* series. Then, lots of things about ITV puzzle me!

PLEASE help by listing all the records released by Absurd Records. I have several but there appears to be some gaps. Finally, John Peel recently played a record by Bette Lynch (not the *Coronation Street* star surely?) and I've been unsuccessfully trying to get a copy. Is this disc generally available?
 PAUL MOLLINEUX, Sale.

● After sorting around the singles stockroom at HMV, Oxford Street, I eventually came up with the following Absurd discography — Blah Blah Blah 'In The Army'/'Why Diddle?' (AB1), Eddie Fiction 'UFO Parts 1 and 2' (AB2), 48 Chairs 'Snap It Around'/'Psyche Sluts' (AB3), Gerry And The Holograms 'Gerry And The Holograms' (AB4), The Mothmen 'Does It Matter Irene?'/'Please Let Go' (AB6), Cairo 'I Like Blue Beat'/'Version' (AB7) and finally, Bette Lynch's Legs 'Riders In The Sky'/'High Noon' (AB10), which ought to be obtainable from any record emporium of rock calibre. By the way, Cairo and The Outline are the same band, though the version of 'I Like Blue Beat' on Ariola is re-recorded.

Umbrella Production, Nightingale Music and Levi's say

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO ROCK IN LEVI'S



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

JUDAS PRIEST

plus

IRON MAIDEN

Tuesday 1st April*

£4.00 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50

WHITESNAKE

plus

SAXON

Wednesday 2nd April*

£3.75 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50

THE STRANGLERS

SOLD OUT

Thursday 3rd April

£3.50

THE STRANGLERS

plus guests

Friday 4th April at 6pm

£3.50

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

plus guests

Saturday 5th April

£6.00 £5.00 £4.00

AVERAGE WHITE BAND

plus

THE SOUL BOYS

and

BILLY CONNOLLY

Sunday 6th April

£4.00 £3.50 £3.00

THE JAM

SOLD OUT

THE RECORDS

Monday 7th April

£4.00 £3.50 £3.00

D. J. ANDY DUNKLEY

(except *)

Tickets on sale at the
Rainbow Theatre, Finsbury Park, London N4
01-263 3148/9. Plus usual agents. Postal applications
enclosing SAE and postal orders only.



LIVE!

Lux Interior. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Peter Gabriel

Hammersmith Odeon

IN NONE of his incarnations has Peter Gabriel ever mattered much to me. Yet even at a distance his capacity for self-destruction is visible, and faintly appealing. Here, after all, is someone who, with everything to lose in his career and nothing to gain, leaves Genesis — a band of progressive rock superstars — and, apparently indifferent to expectations, returns sounding more abrasive and looking a lot less stupid.

Obviously, Peter Gabriel is striving.

His fans sense this. They give him a wide berth. If he emptied a revolver into the front row or bit off the head of a live chicken they might take exception; short of that, he couldn't do wrong.

I think they see a soul in torment, striving for expression, striding onwards. A sense of rapture covers the audience like a blanket. Of course some are just

enraptured with the light show, but others see also a kindred sensitive middle-class spirit, of sorts; whose wistful, ironic views of England and Life must be infinitely comforting.

If you've ever wondered why Barclay's Bank advertise in *NME* go and see a Peter Gabriel concert.

Gabriel hasn't broken with his past as much as he would perhaps have liked to. He plays his carefully designed and staged show to a mature version of his old following, and for them he provides a more mature evening.

Progressive rock grows up and acknowledges its absurdity. Everybody gets their jollies without forfeiting their dignity.

The low-key science fiction set and band uniforms provide that touch of theatre; the solos are crisp and short; and long instrumental passages are noticeable only in their absence. The band look and sound fit and drilled. The light crew know the paces. Gabriel, also in

Down by the Trent at midnight

The Cramps

Nottingham

IT'S cold and damp down by the river. There's thin mist on the black water that drifts up into the dark air. And inside a tiny club not 30 yards from the Trent, myself, a couple of hepcats, a bunch of punks and a small selection of the curious stand around shivering, waiting for The Cramps.

There's a truck outside alright and they've tested the PA, but the DJ says the band have left the building. He thinks they'll be back.

Just when I've decided that The Cramps are only the product of a fevered imagination, American phantoms from a third-rate film, Lux Interior is on stage saying "Sorry you had to wait. We didn't know. We'll make it up to you."

Then he throws up his microphone, knocks a small, round hole in the ceiling and the sound stops. Brian nervously bites the tattooed skin that's stretched over one bulging bicep. Even Ivy looks rattled when her guitar gives up. But as the wise spectator behind me says, "This is the best worst gig I've ever seen."

The music is a raw, bleeding blast of mutated, twanging, tremulous guitars, heavy, bumping heart-beat drumming and bleating, stuttering, screaming vocals. And after Lux has hauled the stacks of speakers round so he can hear what he's singing, it's even better.

The Cramps have stripped down sound to rock's garish dawn then pulverised it so that past and present implode to produce a primal, fiery, perverted progeny.

Behind the drums, eye-brows askew, sculpted quiff and cool eternally intact as he chews gum or stops to smoke a leisurely cigarette and bangs out the beat with one hand, Nick Knox looks like an Italian extra from *West Side Story*. Ivy Rorschach has a black blouse, gold lurex pants, copper curls and a carved, chilling, fallen-angel face. She stands impassive; an occasional inscrutable glance rakes the crowd. And when things really get going, a slight movement of her head indicates approval.

At the other side of the stage, peering over his shoulder at the audience, lips pouting and nostrils flaring as he ravages a number with

savage feedback, Brian Gregory is playing pink, polka-dot guitar. One of his painted eyes flashes flirtatiously; the other is hidden beneath the thin white waterfall of hair that contrasts with the greased-back blackness of the rest of his coiffure.

Meanwhile at the front, Lux Interior slavers, sweats and shakes.

Clad only in torn leather trousers that appear to be in imminent danger of complete disintegration, the wet, white flesh of his torso is gored red by his own scratch marks. With small, pale eyes and a running nose in a face that's been moulded from some unearthly pink plastic, he's like a hideously demented Incredible Hulk. He go-go dances grotesquely as if an inventor has inadvertently crossed the wires in an insane, mechanised, macabre monster.

Leaning out from the stage, his saliva and perspiration pouring onto the crowd, his rabid slab of a face barely three feet from mine, he's a terrifying manifestation of utter madness.

"Do you understand?" he shrieks in a hiccupping paroxysm of foaming paranoia. I quail. I don't. But I'm enjoying it anyway.

It's only after 'Strychnine' ('My favourite drink. Have one at the bar on me'), 'Garbage Man', 'I Was A Teenage Werewolf', 'TV Set', 'Tear It Up' and 'The Way I Walk' that The Cramps get out of control and all hell breaks loose.

Lux reaches up, drags down some more ceiling, launches himself from the stage and lurches through the audience, grovelling on the ground, attempting to swallow the microphone and indulging in an unfathomable telepathic communication with a similarly stripped aficionado. He clambers back up, starts to do something very strange to the monitor, rolls over and, clasping it to him, sits dazed on the stage.

Then a weird, charged calm prevails as The Cramps play a bizarre, maudlin 'Lonesome Town.' Over in the corner a couple start slow-dancing and I wonder whether I'm simply delirious or suffering a severe and extraordinary hallucination.

Dimly, from a distance, I hear an awed voice in the audience: "Different, aren't they?"

The Cramps are just plain gone.

Lynn Hanna

uniform, steers clear of self-indulgence, limits the mime to a few precise gestures, and generally behaves like someone who isn't exactly thriving on the whole experience.

Having rehearsed all spontaneity out of the set, he seems embarrassed by the suppliant adulation awaiting even the faintest cue. Perhaps he's just taking the piss when he falls off the edge of the stage into the out-stretched arms of the audience at the front. Probably not.

Nevertheless he apologises for playing 'Games Without Frontiers', dedicates the song to "the entire nation of Eddie Warings", and then crows from the applause that greets even this abstruse extension of the metaphor.

'Games Without Frontiers' is without doubt a weird and fascinating follow-up to Pink Floyd's 'Another Brick In The Wall'. I'll wager those were the last two records that the majority of this audience bought. Both are possessed of the same suffocating gloom. But Gabriel's is slightly more sinister.

And there's something slightly sinister about Gabriel himself. His music is like Tenniel's illustrations for Lewis Carroll: whimsical, English, twisted. For the most part he acquiesces to his fans, then suddenly he turns around looking like Quasimodo and radiates malice in wonderland. The dynamics of the songs are similarly abrupt.

Maybe he's mad. My most pervading memory is of Peter Gabriel intoning over and over again to a hushed auditorium the words "We do what we're told".

No, he's not mad. A rum fellow and a queer changeling, perhaps, but not mad. Just badly parked.

Paul Rambali

Gabriel. Pic Allan Ballard.



The Nips

Rock Garden

IT TOOK a perverse sense of humour to book The 45s as support to The Nips who, far from getting bigger, have packed it in altogether. The 45s play ostensibly ingenuous pop; bright, breezy and utterly meaningless.

Last song? 'Fun Fun Fun'. Huh. One puff and it's gone.

A glance round the Rock Garden at the mixed clientele during the closing phases of The 45s suggested that they were going down quite well and would be back for an encore. Not so. Sterner stuff was the order of the day.

Thus The Nips, condemned to play the last gig of a three-year career at the Rock Garden. They were fronted by Shane O'Hooligan, the sort of performer it's impossible to miss. He's got big ears which stick out at right angles and too many teeth; a heady combination which readily calls to mind Plug in the Beano.

Shane was angry and frustrated and mounted a fearsome assault which was sustained until the very last mauled and mangled semi-quaver. Spitting and snarling, he turned everything around him into the blandest of Co-Op wallpaper.

Chiswick single 'Gabrielle' served as curtain-raiser, with O'Hooligan blitzkrieging away at the front and mowed-headed guitarist Fritz tackling a none-too-docile change of tempo midway. Fritz's pimply R'n'B guitar was consistently wrenching throughout.

Certainly it was a passionate set, though much of the energy was of the same genre as an exploding box of ammunition — potentially lethal fragments shooting everywhere. Songs like 'Fuss And Bother' and 'I Don't Want Nobody' were rammed home with brute force, lacking any visible distinguishing marks. Not songs really, just crude and ordinary slogans: stuff 'em.

The most successful parts stemmed from O'Hooligan. He sang lines like "Got no reason for living/Got no reason to die" with his finger poised dramatically over the 'Abort' button, he gestured violently at hecklers, he even threw in Winston Churchill's cliché about this being "Only the end of the beginning" with apparently passionate conviction.

Let's face it, the boy's a slob but he's got... well, not style exactly, but a sort of natural megahyperbole.

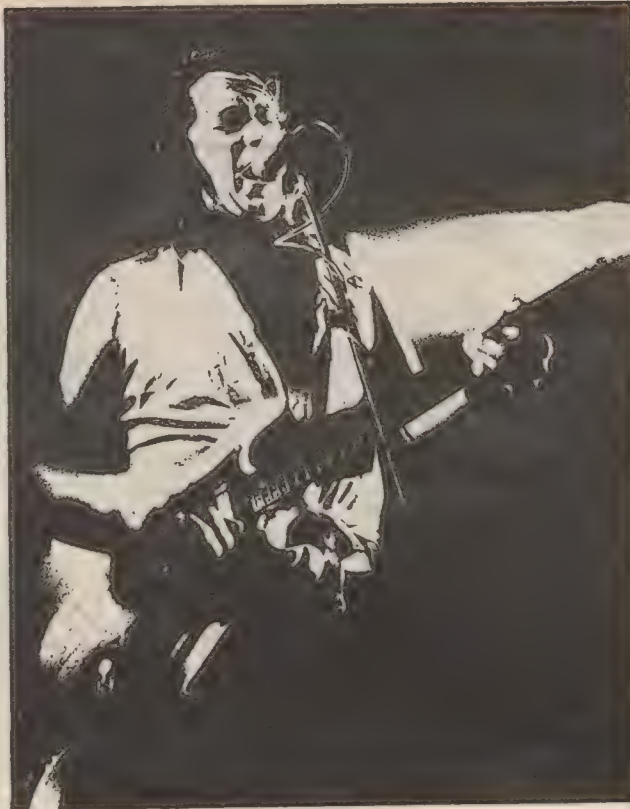
A neat touch was The Nips' inclusion of Gary Glitter's 'Rock & Roll' as an encore. This was, I'd like to think, aimed at the disgusting bunch of leathery oafs in the corner who spent the whole gig screaming "Rock and roll!" Whether The Nips were playing this or not.

Nurse, the elephant gun.

Impressive too was a spoof funk number which had Shane delivering a talk-over about going back to Detroit and keeping God in your heart. Fritz and bassist Shane were too bad to be serious but much better than awful. 'Can't Say No' was very like the Pistols' 'Submission', with the strangely normal Mark Harrison's drums providing forward motion.

And there we have it. The Nips are splitting because of lack of cash and other basic problems. Plans are already being laid, though, for the re-emergence of the members under different guises. There's power worth harnessing in there somewhere.

Adam Sweeting



A Doll called Leven. Pic Santo Basone.

Doll By Doll

Porchester Hall

PLAYING to a vast, chandelier-hung half-empty dancehall after a packed and rampant Marquee, or even a drunken euphoric Venue can be very disconcerting, and tonight Doll By Doll's usual aggressive exuberance is tinged with apprehension and reservation.

But it is probably only those who have seen them in full throttle that are aware of it; to the small group of newcomers clustered round the front of the stage, it must be obvious that Doll By Doll are still one of the greatest rock bands around.

Lead singer Jackie Leven is

half Romany-half Scot and this immediately conjures up wild and romantic images which are depicted physically and in DBD's music. He is heavily built, and across his wide, surly face there's a permanent sneer; hair licking his collar, he throws himself around the stage like a wild man, hammering his guitar with such force, his arm working like a pumping iron, that you half expect the strings to give way and his fist go splintering through the wood.

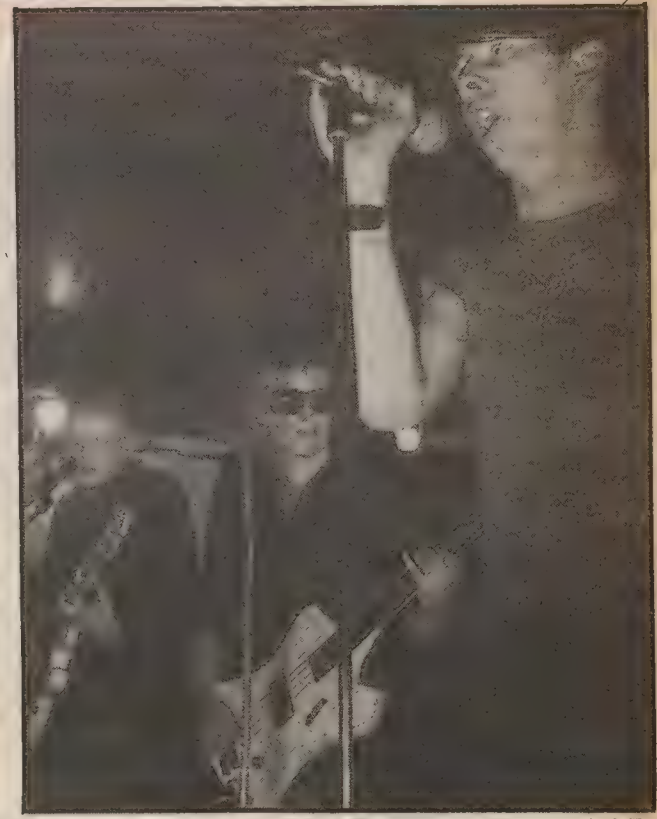
His voice is sensational, crooning, growling, bellowing and almost yodelling as he reaches effortlessly for the top notes. But as a contrast to the aggression of his guitar and vocals style, there's a genuine

softness and emotive warmth when he sings such numbers as the album title track and single 'Gypsy Blood' and two other album tracks, 'Strip Show' and 'Hey Sweetheart'.

He sings sincerely, sometimes pitifully, of an idealist, romantic love and a turmoil of emotions. But there is an overall, sometimes conflicting foreboding of doom and despair caught up in the vocals and lyrics.

Behind him the music pounds and tears furiously, but keeps to a tight rhythmic beat, the band never losing

contact with each other, even on the sharp, bursting intros and endings. Guitar and bass come in at unexpected moments — as in 'Palace Of Love' — where Leven begins with mysterious, sporadic buzzsaw clucking guitar, crouching low over the front of the stage. He hesitates; then Tony Waite butts in on bass; a minute later Jo Shaw adds more guitar... suddenly, in a burst of light and thunderous drumming, they're into the number. They always display this split-second timing — belying



O'Hooligan's last nip. Pic: Justin Thomas.

Punk rock

You're only un, deux, trois
steps away from
a weekend in Brussels.
From quatorze quid.

Travel by train, ship or hovercraft from as little as £14, single night fare to Brussels. Return is £28. Quel surprise!

If you'd prefer to travel during the day, it's £19 single and £37 return.

There is a special Excursion Fare, a reduced fare for senior citizens and a Seaspeed Youth Fare amongst the range of Sealink and Seaspeed fares available.

You can travel from Charing Cross, Victoria or Waterloo and cross the channel by Sealink ship (Belgian rail connects at the port to speed you on your way to Brussels) or Seaspeed Hovercraft (Dover-Calais hovercraft service and special coach connection via Lille to Brussels).

Pick up a brochure from Principal British Rail Stations, Travel Centres or appointed Travel Agents.

 **Capital City Service**
by train-ship/hovercraft-coach or train

WHAT COMES OFF...



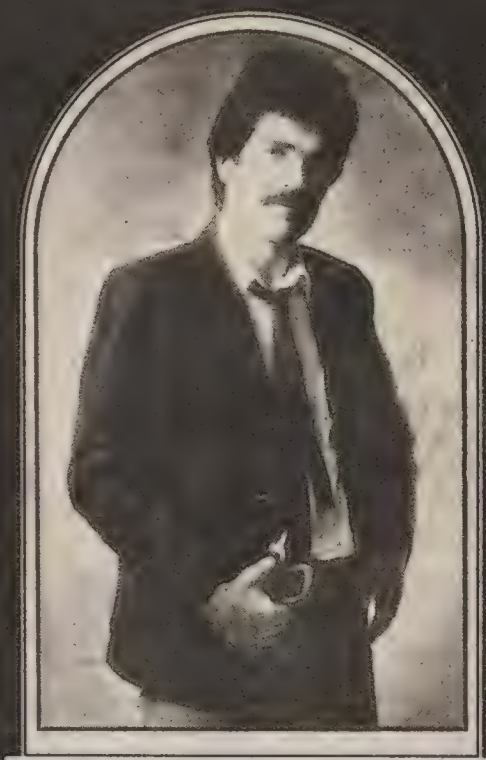
GOES ON 'In The Night'

The

Ray Jackson album

"In the Night"

Single
'Little Town Flirt'
MER 8
released in
4 colour bag.



LP 9109 631 M.C. 7231 444 Single MER 8

mercury

marketed by
phonogram



Weapon A Peace UB40

The Clarendon

WITH London's music venues scarcely keeping pace with its music, it is gratifying to see a new showcase for '80s music opening up in the capital.

Every Thursday, upstairs at The Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith — large, congenial, club atmosphere and within megaspit's distance of both the Odeon and the Palais — will be the home of Alternatives On Broadway. The opening night was typical of the adventurous booking policy being pursued by Alternatives' promoter Leslie Palmer, with white and black rockers UB40 supported by Wolverhampton reggae outfit, Weapon A Peace.

Palmer, who for the past 18 months has been promoting roots reggae outfits like Amer, The Cool Notes and others, sees Alternatives as reflecting the increasing cross-fertilisation of black and white musicians and musics.

UB40 are but one of the intriguing new breed. Their thumping, gleeful style of rockers is bright and accessible; their front line of twin vocals/rhythm guitars fast and snappy; though at this stage they have little material of lasting resonance. Better, hopefully, must come.

Weapon A Peace are more conventional a breed of black British reggae, and at first their mix of lovers rock and mid-tempo rockers seemed all too familiar and sluggish. They improved, though, and by the time they closed with a harder version of Third World's '96 In The Shade' had won over the mix-up audience for a genuine encore. Their greatest asset is their powerful lead singer who typifies the Midlands militancy the name implies.

With Dave 'Sportswear' Hendley at the sound system controls there was certainly no shortage of challenging and exciting music, and for once Broadway lives up to its name.

Neil Spencer

Any Trouble

Hope and Anchor

WELCOME, if you will, Son of PubRock. I saw it! It was at the Hope and Anchor and it's called Any Trouble.

At the moment there's a gaucheness about Any Trouble, who've just signed to Stiff. Their set was delivered on this occasion in two halves and was unbalanced by several worthless numbers. Any Trouble may be competent, but if you shouted "Ducks Deluxe!" at them across the street they'd all turn round.

This Hope appearance featured a strong turnout of home supporters from Manchester and Stoke, who were continuously thanked for coming by the band's unusual lead singer, Clive Gregson. He looks like a sweaty and flustered Phil Silvers, has an ill-fitting suit and a convincing voice. If it wasn't for him Any Trouble would be in plenty of it.

Songs like the opening 'It's The Hook' and the aged 'Imagination' gave Gregson scope to get stuck in, and he can even sing Abba's 'The Name Of The Game'. But Any Trouble won't get far without some stern editing and rewriting.

Adam Sweeting

Wilko Johnson

Venue

RHYTHM, neurosis and blues: there's something running through this music that's like a current of pure worry. It starts at the gut-punching back beat of the drums and shoots along a zig-zagged live wire to its terminal points in those mad, staring eyes.

Objectively speaking, rock'n'roll's achievements might be few and small, but not least among them is that it gave Wilko Johnson something to keep him occupied — it's disturbing to wonder what he could have got up to otherwise.

Positively radiating unease as he strides mechanically on stage, Johnson jerks the band — Russell Strutter on drums and Alex Bines on bass — into the opener 'Everybody's Carrying A Gun', which is sleepless and wound-up R&B, a grimly clipped reminder that just because you're paranoid it doesn't mean they're not out to get you. 'Walking On The Edge' is similarly bitter; still stalking the stage with nervy restlessness, he chops out aggressively staccato chords with detached hatred.

Still, with a haircut like that you've got to make sure no-one feels like taking liberties, I suppose.

Tight-lipped, not to say ashen-faced, he pushed dourly onwards, carving up number after number with almost monotonous ferocity. New single 'Down By The Waterside' is a shuddering, jungly thing; the living Diddley-beat crawls tortuously through a psychic undergrowth. I missed most of it, trying to catch the waitress' attention.

Yet all of that was to seem as harmless and carefree as so many nursery-rhymes in comparison with what followed: Wilko Johnson's version of Jay Hawkins' 'The

The Neurosis Blues

Tranquil Wilko. Pic Tom Sheenhan.

Whammy' is a one-man festival of obsessive excess. A slow and ominous blues, it

erupts periodically into orgasmic climaxes ('My mind's in neutral,' rings out

the anguished scream) of riveting intensity. And underneath it all, that taut-stretched thread of authentic anxiety to prevent it from lapsing into cheap melodrama.

Another drink, I think, and something stronger this time.

'Paradise' follows on, and then a nod back to the earlier days with his own 'Back In The Night'. If contemporary R&B tends to suffer from its dearth of good original songwriters, Wilko's done more than most to remedy that deficiency. Two more staples of his stage-act crop up as encores: 'Highway 61' and 'She Does It Right'.

Johnson contributes something else to modern R&B as well. Where even the best of the young white groups fall down in comparison with their old black counterparts is in this: they can't present that same sense of personality behind the music. No-one matches that same sense of personality behind the music. No-one matches the massive individuality that, say, a Sonny Boy Williamson could bring to bear on everything he did. Instead we get the bare format preserved — and energised — in a way that's fine so far as it goes, but never equalling its prototypes for simple emotion. But there are moments when Wilko comes close to it, because he imprints his character so dramatically that it actively shapes the music. It's still somewhere short of greatness, but we could do with more of it.

And if tonight's set didn't generate much tension *en masse*, I'd put that down to the restrictions of the Venue, where atmosphere seems to evaporate and disappear fast. It was just too relaxed for anything as downright jumpy as Wilko Johnson.

Paul Du Noyer

Music Books. Choose Yours Today.

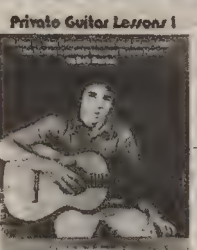
Here are some of the finest music books and tutors you'll find anywhere today. Many contain interviews, photographs and discographies. All are outstanding value for money. Among the selection you are sure to find the right titles for yourself, or as gifts for your family, your friends—that special someone. Under each book there's a space for you to tell us how many copies you need. To order books simply fill in this space. Write your name and address below and send the whole page with payment to Mail Order Music. Your order will be dealt with the day it is received and your book sent right away.



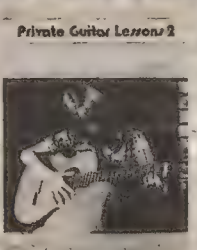
Teach Yourself Lead Guitar
Techniques, fingerings, riffs, blues scales, soloing and much more. In standard notation and tablature. Discography included.
A Mail Order Music Special Recommendation
£2.95



The Original Piano Chord Finder
The original and still the best. Find any chord instantly without reading music. How to accompany any song from rag to rock.
Only 95p



Private Guitar Lessons 1
Learn to play guitar... in the privacy of your own home. Just like having a teacher in the room with you. Free record included.
Only £2.50



Private Guitar Lessons 2
Now you've learnt to play basics—here's the next stage on the way to becoming a professional. With free record.
£2.50



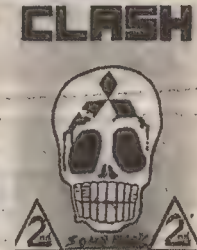
Beginning Blues Guitar
An instruction manual for the creative and imaginative guitarist who wants to develop his techniques in this rewarding area.
£3.50



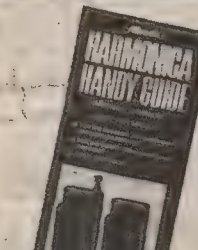
Guitar Case Chord Book
Carry it everywhere. Clear readable diagrams. Fits into your guitar case. No page flipping.
Only 95p



The Police: Songs By Sting
Ten hit songs from this award-winning group. Selection includes 'Message In A Bottle' and 'Walking On The Moon'. With photographs, drawings and complete discography. All songs arranged for piano/vocal with guitar chord boxes.
£2.50



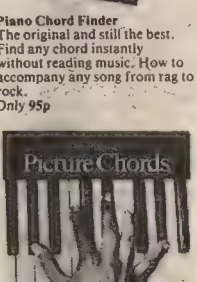
Clash: 2nd Song Book
A new volume of words and music to seventeen outstanding Clash songs. Full lyrics together with top line and chord symbols. Many pictures.
£3.95



Harmonica Handy Guide
Pocket-sized for convenience. Designed for the beginner and the expert. No easier, faster way to learn.
£1.50



Teach Yourself Rhythm Guitar
Rock, disco, ballad and blues-funk rhythms, plus power chords, bass riffs and more. The many tunes and exercises are all written in standard notation and tablature. Full discography included.
A Mail Order Music Special Recommendation
£2.95



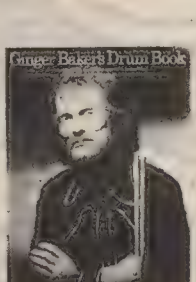
The Pianist's Picture Chords
A guide to the most useful chords in every key. Easy-to-read photos and diagrams.
£1.95



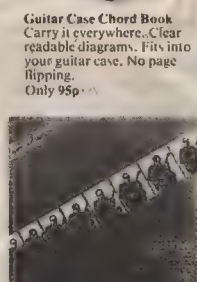
How To Play Jazz Guitar
A basic teaching guide for group or individual instruction. Both standard music notation and guitar tablature are used throughout.
£2.50



Tuning Your Guitar
Easy-to-follow text plus diagrams. Same convenient format as Guitar Case Chord Book.
Only 95p



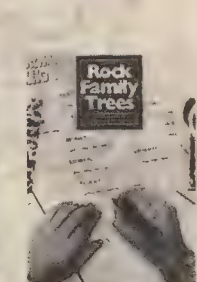
Ginger Baker's Drum Book
A comprehensive, graduated approach to teaching drum techniques with particular emphasis on contemporary rock styles. The first book on drum techniques to be written by a contemporary rock musician.
A Mail Order Music Special Recommendation
£3.95



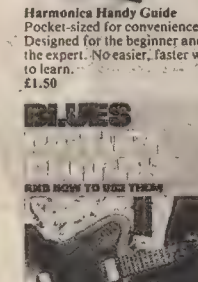
Mickey Baker's Jazz Guitar
A teach-yourself special written by an outstanding jazz guitarist. Tells you all you need to know to become an accomplished player.
£2.95



Secret Affair: The Glory Boys
One of the more original bands to emerge from the current crop of new wave groups during the past year. This first songbook contains all the words and music from their first LP including the hit 'Time For Action'. Piano/vocal with guitar chord boxes.
£2.50



Rock Family Trees
The development and history of rock bands from Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps to Ian Dury and The Blockheads. By Pete Frame.
A Mail Order Music Special Recommendation
£3.95



Blues Picture Chords And How To Use Them
The Easy way to play blues guitar. The most often-used right-hand patterns in clear diagrams and photos.
£1.95

To: Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk.
Please send me the book(s) shown above. I enclose a total of £
by cheque ☐ postal order ☐ (tick whichever applies) which includes post and packing charges*. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Mail Order Music and crossed.

*Post/packing charges please add 50p for one book, 15p for each additional book.

Name

Address

NME380

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Somewhere it's always Sheffield '69

Iron Maiden



Judas Priest. Pix George Bodnar.



April Wine. Pic Steve Wallgren.



Judas Priest Iron Maiden

Hammersmith Odeon

WHICHEVER movie mogul recommended starting with an earthquake and building up to a climax clearly had Judas Priest in mind.

The red lights on a vast bank of Marshall amplifiers wink ominously in the darkened Odeon; what sounds like a dustbin tattoo crescendos and peaks; Rob Halford's Harley Davidson revs louder — then on roars the singer as the band crash into 'Deliverin' The Goods'. Holding back just isn't in these boys' nature: in this opening number alone, guitarist K K Downing (the one with the Tessa Wyatt tresses) risks irreversible neck damage on at least 19 occasions in his contorted straining against the entire dark ages of heavy metal.

Yet, aesthetics apart, this overkill seems innocent rather than obnoxious and KK's posing no more calculated than the guy miming with a tennis racket in that Shadows TV ad. Sure, it could be argued that the theme of dominance and submission that gave Blue Oyster Cult one song has sustained J. Priest's entire career, but the implications fail to spill over into their stage manner.

Bikes notwithstanding, Halford's visual has softened considerably: he's let his hair grow, had his roots done (blonde) and what appears to be a leotard stretches between his leather jacket and his silvery boots — to the point where he frankly looks just the teeniest bit of a nancy boy. Then if he kept his hair short, he might be taken for a mod (a recurring chant of 'We hate mods' was a feature of the interval).

Sometimes you just can't win.

Such Priest songs as have been beamed my way have usually shown considerable grasp of dynamics, even if the emotions thus conveyed weren't ones I'd care to have around the house. But tonight Mr Marshall largely wins out over the shape of the songs.

Dressed in a fetching black and red leather ensemble,

Nazareth Saxon

Hammersmith Odeon

THE pigeons have come home to roost, and a shampoo is in order. Tonight in Hammersmith, two groups perform: one group of youthful(?) comers (??) called Saxon and one group of hardened(?) vets (??) called Nazareth. I am told that their chosen genre is heavy metal, but many years ago nearly all groups were like this.

In some smoke-wreathed psychic realm, it is always autumn of '69 in Sheffield City Hall, and the band is always Nazareth.

Saxon have left a few ringing eardrums and a foul-smelling haze behind them. One wonders what goes on backstage on heavy metal tours: are roadies dispatched from the support band's dressing-room to that of the headliners to borrow a drum key, a couple of leads and a few smoke bombs? Saxon perform in front of an astounding number of Mr Marshall's well-known amplifiers. Exactly what is it that drew these people to play rock music? The dream, the promise, the defiance, the emotion, the questions, the delirious moment?

Don't, as they say, talk daft.

The reason Saxon play rock is that they like running around under lights playing manic squibby guitar solos chucking mike stands around, waving clenched fists in the air and making audiences say, "Yeah!" What the audience say yeah to is irrelevant: what is relevant is that they should say yeah as often as possible. Not a song in the carload.

Heavy metal is a preoccupation with certain stylised mannerisms evolved in the late '60s as either random gesture or as a means of expressing something. What these devices originally signified or why those gestures came into being has been long since forgotten.

Did they ever mean anything at all, ask the post-modernists. Yes, they did, replies the older, ruefully checking his mirror for silver hairs. But these days I can hardly remember what I used to know. When I first heard Hendrix and The Who invent what their successors have transformed into cliché, I knew.

Glen Tipton scurries around like an HM Ronnie Wood and the rest come over as the Good Blokes they reputedly are, but their efforts congeal in a sonic blur.

On this showing, Iron Maiden are not so much snapping at the heels of Priest and Co, as biting on scorched grass.

Titles like 'Phantom Of The Opera' and 'Iron Maiden' itself suggest a leaning towards the Gothic rather than the just plain savage, while musically they are somewhere between

the headliner's disciplined riffs and primeval sludge. An occasional speciality is the kind of galloping guitar 'boogie' I associate with Deep Purple at their most histrionic and successful, giving rise to much three-in-a-row Quo-type headshaking. Dave Murray certainly has the hair for it.

Dwarfing everything else in Iron Maiden's set was the appearance of Rob the Loon, a plywood guitar merchant who scored two pics in NME's recent HM feature.

"We'd like to bring on the

Saxon never knew. When the rock and roll baby was thrown out, Saxon kept the bathwater. They are now bottling it, and there is no shortage of takers.

Two drinks later, on come Nazareth. They're out of the denim and sneakers Status Quo school of sartorial, as opposed to the cowboy, glam and bondage schools of HM, and vocalist Dan McCafferty is clad in an unpretentious little ensemble that wouldn't look incongruous at the Bridge House. On his left is Manny Charlton, a doleful looking fellow with a moustache and a Les Paul; on his right, a drastically tamed Zai Cleminson, a timorous denuded shadow of the deranged creature who used to be a hero to fans of the original Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

Nazrock is lumbering rhythms, screeching vocals and the droning Gibson noise that hall marks HM. When not thudding away like so many bulldozers, Naz play the blues (I think I'd rather I never heard any blues again in my life than hear it played by HM bands) or else demonstrate their sensitivity with neo-Eagles ballads. They did one that sounded quite witty until I realised that it was called 'Showdown On The Border' and not 'Showband In The Ballroom', but that's the breaks.

When they try to get contemporary they sound like bad Lizzy; when they get out the acoustic guitars for a folksy sit-down bash through 'Cocaine', they sound like... acoustic heavy metal.

They climax with a smoke-bombed, hideously protracted version of the old Yardbirds chune 'Shapes Of Things'. (The B-side of that original single — 'Mister You're A Better Man Than I' — was, of course, a recent hit for Sham 69). The flares explode; the lights go berserk; the Gibsons blare... I suddenly realise that I haven't been to a panto since I was eight.

Heavy metal renders all gestures equally hollow and empty. Heavy metal rallies around trivia, isolates the icing, gets hostile to the cake. It's the loudest, most colourful dead-end in the (rock) world, form willingly and gladly divorced from content. Spectacle for its own sake, 'how' elevated without regard for 'what' or 'why'.

As a committed cop-out, given a choice between Nazareth and A Certain Ratio I'd take The Clash.

Charles Shaar Murray

sixth member of the band," announced singer Paul Di'Anno, whereupon Rob began to 'jam' like billy-o, all concerned behaving like it was the most normal thing in the world. HM bands and their audiences are nothing if not unselfconscious, but when you've said that you've said everything.

To ask whether such encouragement of the grosser forms of wish-fulfilment should be allowed without a licence is to question the whole nature of the ritual.

Harry George

April Wine

Hammersmith Odeon

FOREGOING *High Sierra* on the tube and a hot dinner with the plus-one, I was drawn to the call of community worship at the altar of Heavy Heaven (W6 Chapel). Was this to be the gig I'd always dreamed of missing?

A six-legged kaftan and crucifix combo with their star in the ascendant, Angelwitch galumphed along with a common purpose, satisfying the crowd's craving for volume and familiarity. Mournful song titles like 'Guillotine', 'Extermination' and 'Garrotted' could be an expression of common anxiety, but the finer points of Angelwitch's muse were lost on me. Although quite impoverished technically, they nonetheless got the patrons whooping it up something rotten.

By the time the bill-toppers came onstage (for their first ever London date), most of the audience were on Floor 66 of Elation House. I think I saw Jesus of Holland Park banging an invisible tambourine.

April Wine operate at the AOR end of HM (or is that the HM end of AOR?). Their — glistening pectorals, Bolanque tresses and indeed their name, seem to indicate leanings towards grandiose wimposity, rather than the bludgeon tactics of their heavy metal brethren. And in Myles Goodwin, the band have a worthy, if derivative — in the Plant vein — vocalist.

They churned out a string of brawny, melodic tunes and made all the right rock'n'roll noises in the finest '70s tradition. Result: a nebulous yik-yak of dank powerchords.

With a drum solo here, a mouth-harp solo there, obligatory strobe lights and measured yee-haws, April Wine provided enough activity for the most restless of honchos to shake their manes to.

Still a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, so I excused myself from the mounting hysteria to catch the last half of *Get Carter* and carefully peel the band-aid off my throbbing temples.

Rick Joseph

LEATHER

Jeans

Send for our exciting FREE LEATHERWEAR CATALOGUE NOW and see our range of leather jeans, waistcoats, jackets, skirts and accessories. Write or phone 0533 530886 or, after office hours, use our Ansafone service, simply give your name and address and we will send you a catalogue within 24 hours.

Telephone 0533 530886

SHARON KIDSON LTD NME 12, 2 Hotel Street, Leicester LE1 5AW

NEW BOOKS FROM HARLEQUIN

(Postage in brackets)

The Boy Looked At Johnny	£1.50 (20)
Bob Dylan — Illust. Discography	£1.50 (25)
The Olivia Newton-John Story	£2.50 (60)
Rock Guitarists Vol. I and Vol. II	EACH £4.95 (80)
The Led Zeppelin Paperback	75p (25)
The Kiss Paperback	35p (25)
The Bowie/Human Fanzine (20 pages)	35p + s.a.e.
The Bowie Photo Mag (20 large pages inc. poster pull-out — this magazine is exclusive to 'Harlequin')	£1.25 (30)
Bowie — Life And Times	£1.25 (35)
Bowie — Stage Anthology	£4.95 (65)
Bowie — Low/Station To Station	£4.95 (65)
Bowie — Words and Pictures	£2.50 £2.50 (60)
Bowie — The Songs Of	£4.95 (65)
Bowie — Photo File	35p (25)
Bowie — His Private Life 1947-1976. Japanese	£5.95 (60)
The Who — In Their Own Words	£2.95 (65)
Modul (100s of pics from the 60s)	£3.95 (65)
The Who File	£3.95 (65)
A Decade Of The Who	£4.95 (£1.25)
Genesis — Evolution of a Rock	£5.50 (85)
Genesis — Illustrated Lyrics	£5.50 (85)
Status Quo Authorised Biography	£5.50 (80)
Sex Pistols File	£2.50 (60)
Sex Pistols Double — Mag	85p (20)
Siouxsie and Banshees	£1.95 (60)
Sting Police Songs	£2.50 (60)
Thin Lizzy — Best Of	£3.25 (50)
Thin Lizzy — Black Rose	£2.75 (50)
Bowie — Lodger	£5.50 (60)
Blondie Picture This	£3.95 (65)
Blondie	£1.25 (35)
Clash Song Book No 2	£3.95 (65)
Sex Pistols — Song Book	£3.50 (65)
Led Zeppelin (Japanese)	£5.95 (60)
John Cooper Clarke — Directory	£2.50 (60)
E.L.O. Fanzine	70p (10)
Jimmi Hendrix Biography	£3.95 (65)
Jam Song Book	£1.95 (60)
Kiss Songbook — Alive 2	£4.50 (80)
Kiss Songbook — Destroyer	£4.50 (80)
Kiss Songbook — Double Platinum	£4.95 (80)
Kiss Songbook — Love Gun	£4.50 (80)
Kate Bush — Lush Heart	£3.50 (60)
Deep Purple — Best Of	£2.95 (60)
E.L.O. — Anthology	£4.95 (65)
Blondie — Eat To The Beat	£2.95 (60)
Queen — Tour Of Japan (Japanese)	£5.50 (25)
Teds!	£4.95 (60)
Dave Robert Jones Bowie	£5.95 (70)
The Savvy Kiss Paperback	£1.25 (40)
Rock Family Trees	£3.95 (65)
The Man Who Fell To Earth	60p (30)
Genesis — Trick Of The Tail	£4.95 (70)
Wings — Tour Of USA	£3.25 (65)
The Concerts	£5.50 (95)
Rolling Stones On Tour	£4.95 (95)
Jam — Setting Sons	£3.50 (60)
Elvis — 56	£3.95 (80)
Great Songs Of Abba	£7.95 (95)
The Billy Joel File	£2.50 (65)
Led Zeppelin Complete	£5.95 (80)
Pocket Beasts Complete	£7.95 (80)

Free! Catalogue (send s.a.e.)

All payments to

HARLEQUIN

68 ST PETERSGATE

STOCKPORT SK1

WEEKLY NEW POSTER GUIDE

Full 25 Deb Posters

Sent each order — or S.A.E.

Deb 24 £1.40	New Clint Eastwood £1.35
Sting (4) £1.35	Deb 16 £1.40
Marilyn B/W £1.60	New Posters £1.40 each
Kate Bush No6 £1.35	Sting (3) £1.35
Cliff (2) £1.35	New Abba £1.35
New Police 3 £1.35	New Deb 27 £1.35

CARDS & POSTERS
22 Moor Street,
Queensway, Birmingham 4
Add 45p p&p for up to 2 posters, + 5p for each extra one

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

SPECIAL OFFERS

CONCERNING FANS OF
 KISS · LED ZEPPELIN · QUEEN · POLICE
 ELVIS PRESLEY · DAVID BOWIE · JAPAN
 BEATLES · ERIC CLAPTON · WINGS
 JEFF BECK · AEROSMITH
 PETER DINKlage Etc.....
 ALSO MOVIE FANS OF
 BRUCE LEE · JAMES DEAN
 MARILYN MONROE
 CLINT EASTWOOD
 FARRAH FAWCETT
 ROGER MOORE
 SYLVIA KRISTEL
 JANE FONDA · LINDSAY WAGNER Etc.....
 For illustrated lists send 50p plus S.A.S.E. stating
 interests to: S I P (DEPT NME) 28 WOODSTOCK ROAD
 FINSBURY PARK LONDON N4 3EX ENGLAND



PUNK STRAIGHTS IN SHINY BLACK P.V.C. WITH ZIPS

Mens 24" to 38" waist
 Girls sizes 8-16

ONLY £5.99 + £1.01 p&p
FAST DELIVERY
THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST IN THE U.K.

Also available

Shiny Black P.V.C. Mini Skirt

£3.99 + 61p p&p
Tube Skirt

ONLY £4.99 + 61p p&p

All the above are also available
 in Navy or White or Orange P.V.C.

Send cheques, P.O.s. or cash to
KANDA FASHIONS (N)
 BANNERMAN ROAD,
 EASTON,
 BRISTOL BS5 0RR

CARNABY STREET MOD FASHIONS

Girls' suits in
 stock in black &
 white. Sizes: 8,
 10, 12, 14.
 £18.99



SKIRTS
 Colours: Black &
 white, Prince of
 Wales check,
 dogtooth and
 also in plain
 colours.

Mail order: State waist & inside leg measurement
 & second choice. Cheques & P.O.s to:
ROY'S FASHIONS
 1st Floor, 45 Carnaby St., London W.1.

DRESSES
 in black & white. Sizes: 8,
 10, 12, 14. Other sizes by
 request.
 £15.99



SKI PANTS
 In sizes 8, 10, 12,
 14, 16. Colours:
 Black & white,
 plain black, brown,
 white or navy.
 £9.99.

COWBOY BAGGY JEANS
 Sizes: 26-32. Colours: Blue
 with red or gold piping.
 £12.99.

Men's trousers, 15"
 bottoms. Colours:
 Black, grey, brown,
 navy. £10.99.
 Sta-Pre trousers
 in beige or black,
 also Prince of
 Wales check.
 Sizes: 28-34".
 £11.99

HARRINGTONS
 in black, blue or
 brown. Sizes: XS,
 S, M, L. £9.50.



X-ray spec's that give you the
 amazing illusion to see right
 through everything you look at!
 See the bones in your hands; the
 yolk in an egg, the lead in a pencil
 and ... the most amazing things,
 when looking at girls and friends!
 Especially amusing at those fun
 parties!
 £1.75 incl. P. & P.

Order soon so as not to be
 disappointed: C.W.O. to
 SENE PARK PRODUCTS (ME12)
 LAMBERTON HOUSE, SENE PARK,
 HYTHE, KENT, CT21 5XB

MOD PARKA

Hurry while stocks last!!
 ONLY £10.95 + 80p P&P



MOD PARKA based on U.S.
 Army Fishtail original.
 complete with hood and lining
 State chest size with order
 Please allow ten days for delivery

PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS
 (Dept. N.M.)
 28A ABINGTON SQUARE,
 NORTHAMPTON
PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS

HEAVY METAL BEAT GEAR

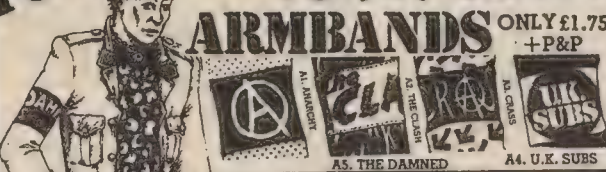
Kick Your Gear Into The 1980's With
HEAVY METAL STUDDED BELTS
AND MATCHING WRISTBANDS



SPECIAL INTRODUCTION OFFER
 2" Black Hide Belt with four square steel
 buckles and 3 row studs, only £3.75
 2" Black Hide Wrist Bands with 3 row
 steel studs, only £3 a pair, or £1.50 each
 Free post and packing
 Zoom Into The 1980's with gear guaran-
 teed made from top quality hide and
 heavy duty steel studs, hand finished in
 top quality leathers.

Send cheques or postal orders to:
BULL BRAND LEATHERS
 34 Courtyard Rd, Southport, Merseyside
 Phone 0704-3676
 STATE WAIST AND WRIST SIZE IN
 INCHES
 Money back guarantee

PUNK GEAR



GIANT SEW-ONS

ONLY £1.25 + P&P
 THE ORIGINAL range of GIANT
 PUNK SEW-ONS and elasticated
 'ARM-BANDS'. All multicolour,
 backed and trimmed.
 Postage and packing
 1-3 items 20p, over 3 items 30p. Great for your leather!!

CLOTHING



Original German Officers LUFTWAFFE JACKETS (in picture):
 Bluey grey, state chest size £3.95 + 80p P&P.
 BONDAGE TROUSERS (in picture): 2½" straps, D' rings etc good
 value in heavy cotton drill. In Black, Red Blue and Red, Tartan.
 state size and alternative colour £12.95 + 80p P&P.
 LEOPARD and TIGER STRIPE TEESHIRTS. All over prints in
 yellow or blue inks on black tees, state chest size £3.50 + 30p P&P.

STRING VESTS. British Army heavy string vest dyed black; nasty £2.75 + 30p P&P.
 Please allow ten days for delivery. For TRADE ENQUIRIES please ring (0604) 30804. Send cheques and P.O.s to:
PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS
 28A ABINGTON SQUARE, NORTHAMPTON

BONDAGE TEE Red or black tee with zips, 'D' rings and bondage
 strap. £3.50 + 30p P&P.
 PRINT SHIRT Black shirt overprinted with U. Jack on front and
 Anarchy 'A' in white on back. £9.95 + 30p P&P.
 BONDAGE SHIRT Black shirt trimmed in contrast colour with zips,
 'D' rings and strap. £9.95 + 30p P&P.
 State chest/bust size with all above.

PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS

For
 Guys
 + Girls

MOD'S

Mod Trousers in black, white,
 navy, red and brown 24" to 38"
 waist only £9.95 Sta-press
 Trousers in beige, lt green, navy
 black and light blue, 26" to 34"
 waist, just £11.50
 2/one Tonik Trousers in
 green/tan, red/blue, blue/tan
 26" to 34" waist only £11.95
 Matching Jackets only £28.95
 34" to 40" chest.
 As Suit £38.95
 Prince of Wales and Dog Tooth
 Trousers 24" to 38" waist just
 £11.95
 Mohair Trousers in black, grey,
 navy and brown 24" to 38"
 waist only £15.95
**THE CHEAPEST CROMBIES IN
 ENGLAND**
 black only £25.50 32" to 42"
 Pork Pie Hats black only £8.50
 S.M.L.
 Ties in black with Mods,
 Specials, Madness, Jam print
 £2.50.



SKA'S

Very Latest
 Ska Jackets £28.50 black, grey,
 navy and brown 34" to 42"
 Ska Baggy Trousers £14.95
 Colours as Jackets 24" to 38"
 waist
 As suit £42.50
 Ska Large Dog Tooth Check
 Jackets £30.95 34" to 42"
 chest.
 Matching Baggy Trousers 24"
 to 38" waist £16.95
 As Suit £45.95
 Button Down Shirts white only
 14½" to 16½" £7.95
 Ties in black, grey, navy and
 brown £1.95



BOWIE'S

Bowie Jackets (as David Live
 LP) in black, white, navy, red,
 royal blue, yellow and grey 34"
 to 42" chest only £28.50
 8 pleat Trousers, colours as
 above 24" to 38" waist just
 £14.95
 20 pleat Trousers, colours as
 above 24" to 38" waist only
 £16.95
 As Suit with 8 pleat trousers
 £42.50
 With 20 pleat Trousers £43.00
 Bowie 1 button multi stripe
 Blazer 34" to 40" chest just
 £26.95
 Short collar shirts white, only
 £5.50
 Satin Bowie Ties colours as suit
 £3.50
 SKID TROUSERS Four pleats,
 baggy leg, 24" to 38" waist.
 Colours as above, only £16.95

When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurements (Girls also state hip) and 2nd choice. All priced include P&P.
 Allow 12 days for delivery.

Money back guarantee if goods are returned in 7 days unworn or washed.
 Cheques / P.O.s to

Christopher Robin Ltd. (Dept NME)

We have moved to: 25 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1

Fantastic Value

FRENCH BRIEFS

FOR THE MODERN MAN



Narrow sides and fitting
 high on the hips for that
 long legged look. Superb
 fit and very comfortable,
 highly recommended.
 Black, White, Hot Puppy
 Red French Blue. 100%
 nylon. Size S.M.L. £1.75
 2 prs £3.20 3 prs £4.20



The French posing pouch
 backless with G-string.
 Great under fitting
 trousers as there is no
 outline to be seen. White,
 See-through Black and
 Shiny Black nylon. Size
 S.M.L. £1.20
 2 prs £2.00 3 prs £2.75



The padded bulging
 brief. A fantastic new
 brief featuring strategic-
 ally positioned moulded
 cushion foam to give you
 a very manly profile.
 100% nylon. Blue or
 Black. £2.75 2 prs £4.75
 3 prs £6.25



French posing brief open
 sides with elastic waist
 band. Beautifully con-
 toured, very different.
 White or Red nylon
 £1.95 2 prs £3.50 3 prs
 £4.70

Outstanding value for briefs of such high quality + modern
 design. Please order with absolute confidence, there is a
 complete money refund if you are not 100% delighted.
 FREE brochure with order or send 20p for brochure only.
 Very fast service. Add 25p. p&p to orders
 KINKI Dept. NME 1, 11 Boma Road, Trencham, Stoke-on-
 Trent ST4 8EA.



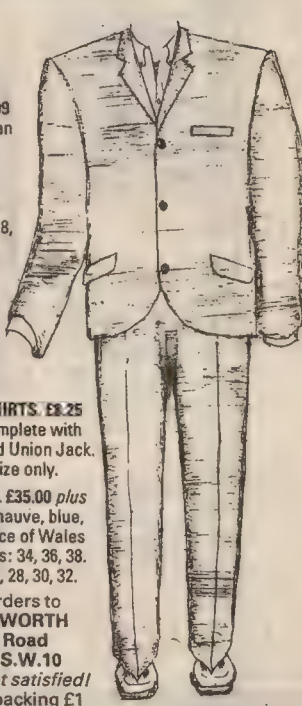
BONDAGE TROUSERS. £11.99
 plus p&p. Tartan
 bondage with
 bum-flap and
 straps in red or
 green also plain
 black. Sizes: 26, 28,
 30 & 32.



BONDAGE SHIRTS. £8.25
 plus p&p. Complete with
 zips, straps and Union Jack.
 Medium size only.

TONIC SUITS. £35.00 plus
 p&p. In red, mauve, blue,
 grey and Prince of Wales
 check. Jackets: 34, 36, 38.
 Trousers: 26, 28, 30, 32.

Postal Orders to
J. HOLDSWORTH
 95 Lots Road
 Chelsea, S.W.10
 Refund if not satisfied!
 Postage & packing £1





MOD DRESS
as illustrated in black & white cotton.
Sizes 10, 12, 14
£13.95



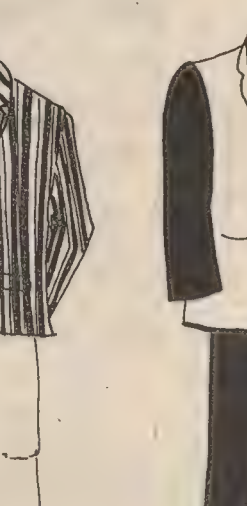
BLACK & WHITE MODETTE SUIT
as illustrated in black & white cotton.
Sizes 10, 12, 14
£19.95



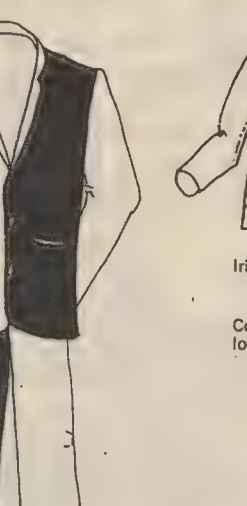
SKI PANTS in dog tooth check. Sizes 10, 12, 14
£12.95



PEDAL PUSHERS
Black & white stripes. Sizes 10, 12, 14
£13.95



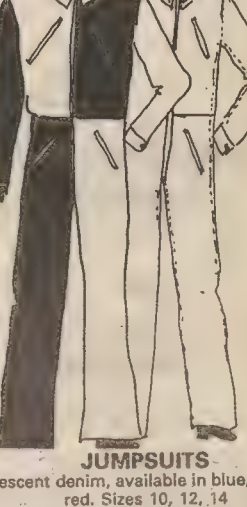
MOD BOATING BLAZERS
Narrow lapel, centre vent, 3 buttons. Colours: 1 Blue, red & white; 2 Grey, maroon & white; 3 Green, red & white. Sizes SML **£24.95** Now with white trousers **£12.99** As a suit **Only £37.50**



BLACK & WHITE GENTS SUIT
Narrow lapels, centre vent, 3 button. Sizes SML **£24.95** Matching trousers **£14.95** or as a suit, only **£38.50**



DINNER JACKETS
Iridescent denim, available in blue, green & red. Sizes SML **£24.95**
Cotton drill, available in black, yellow, green, red, blue & white. Sizes SML **£23.95**



JUMPSUITS
Iridescent denim, available in blue, green & red. Sizes 10, 12, 14 **£22.95**
Black & white panels as illustrated in cotton drill. Also available in plain black or white. Sizes 10, 12, 14 **£22.95**



SWEATSHIRTS
3 styles
£7.25
each or buy all three for only **£21.00**

Also many other lines

FISHTAIL PARKAS
Lined, pockets, drawstring, etc **£14.95** (Please state size)

IRIDESCENT SHIRTS
Small collars. Sizes SML in maroon and bronze **£4.95**

MOD TANK SUITS
Available in blue, brown, green, black & Prince of Wales check. (Please state alternative) Jacket sizes 36"-40" **£26.95** Trousers sizes 26"-32" **£12.95** or as a suit **£37.50**

SKI PANTS
Available in towelling, pink, blue, green & yellow **£13.95**

"BRIAN FERRY"
style box jacket in blue, tan or brown suedette with one button **£16.95** or in brown check or green back wool with 2 buttons **£16.95** 6 Staprest trousers. Say no more! Sizes 26"-32" **£13.95**

FLAGS



All cotton. Size approx 18" x 36". Also available Confederate & Jolly Roger

£2.75 each or **£5.00** for two

Individual Trading Company

81 TAVISTOCK STREET, BEDFORD MK40 2RR

TO ORDER

Please send cheque, PO cash (registered) to or C.O.D. available on order over £20.

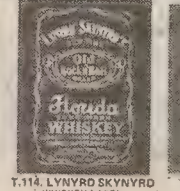
Many lines added all the time. Why not send S.A.E. for current list.

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION PHONE 01-261 6172

JET LAG DIRECTLY IMPORTED T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, BASEBALL JERSEYS POSTERS AND CONCERT PROGRAMMES GENUINE AMERICAN QUALITY SILK SCREEN PRINTED



T.151. FLEETWOOD MAC
PENELOPE (TOUR SHIRT)
BLACK



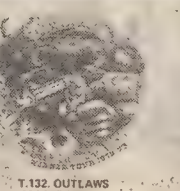
T.114. LYNRYD SKYNYRD
WHISKEY LABEL
BLACK



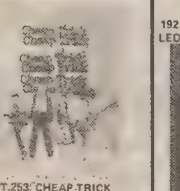
T.166. BLUE OYSTER CULT
DARK BLUE OR BLACK



T.108. SANTANA
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



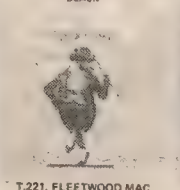
T.132. OUTLAWS
76 TOUR SHIRT
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



T.253. CHEAP TRICK
LIGHT BLUE



T.214. SAMMY HAGAR
BLACK



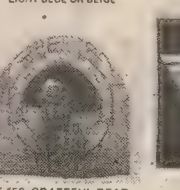
T.221. FLEETWOOD MAC
BEIGE



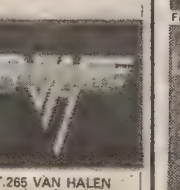
T.127. JIMI HENDRIX
FLYING EYEBALL
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



T.237. JIMI HENDRIX
JAPAN TOUR
BLACK



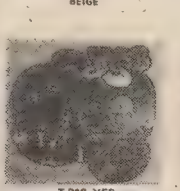
T.156. GRATEFUL DEAD
BLUES FOR ALLAH
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



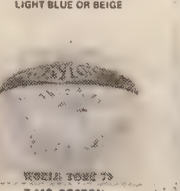
T.265. VAN HALEN
Logo Black



T.224. GRATEFUL DEAD
SHAKEDOWN STREET
BLACK



T.212. YES
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



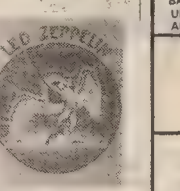
T.113. BOSTON
TOUR SHIRT
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



T.213. KANSAS
POINT OF KNOWN RETURN
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



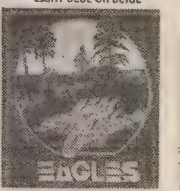
T.242. SUPERTRAMP
BREAKFAST IN AMERICA
DARK BLUE



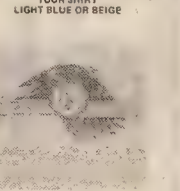
T.161. LED ZEPPELIN
SWAN SONG
LIGHT BLUE



T.216. LYNRYD SKYNYRD
EAT A PEACH
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



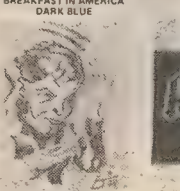
T.149. EAGLES
HOTEL CALIFORNIA
BLACK



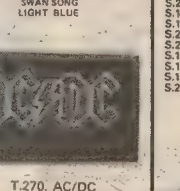
T.101. DOOBIES
78 TOUR SHIRT
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



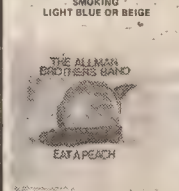
T.139. HEART
(DOG & BUTTERFLY)
BEIGE



T.201. DAVID BOWIE
HERES
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



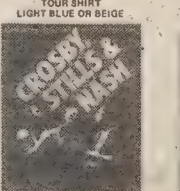
T.270. AC/DC
LOGO BLACK



T.226. ALLMAN BROS.
EAT A PEACH
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



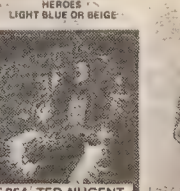
T.119. BEATLES
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE



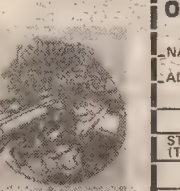
T.112. CROSBY, STILLS, NASH
78 TOUR SHIRT
BLACK



T.255. TOM PETTY
DAM THE TORREDOES
BLACK



T.254. TED NUGENT
STATE OF SHOCK
BLACK



T.251. LYNRYD SKYNYRD
COLLAGE
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

PRICE £3.75 PLUS POST & PACKING
COLOUR CHOICE SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY
SEND S.A.E. FOR BROCHURE

SPECIAL T-SHIRTS
192. LED ZEPPELIN BACK AND FRONT PRINTS
GRATEFUL DEAD
FRONT
BACK
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 77
POSTAGE AS FOR T-SHIRTS

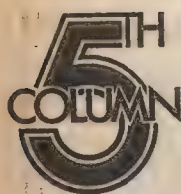
POSTERS - £2.95 inc P & P
EXCLUSIVE POSTERS IN FULL COLOUR. LITHO PRINTED ON HEAVYWEIGHT POSTER PAPER OF MEMORABLE U.S.A. CONCERTS.
PINK FLOYD
OAKLAND COLISEUM 1977
ROLLING STONES
TUMBLING DICE
ALSO AVAILABLE
WINGS OVER AMERICA
THE LAST WALTZ (BAND, DYLAN ETC.)
FLEETWOOD MAC - OAKLAND STADIUM 1977
WHO AND GRATEFUL DEAD - TOMSTONE
BOZ SCAGGS - SLOW DANCER
LED ZEPPELIN - OAKLAND STADIUM 1977
ROLLING STONES - COW PALACE
ROLLING STONES - HONOLULU
GRATEFUL DEAD - NEW YEARS EVE 1978

CONCERT PROGRAMME OF CALIFORNIA MUSIC FESTIVAL 1979
PROGRAMME
California World Music Festival Programme. Full Colour.
Artists include - Van Halem, Aerosmith, Ted Nugent, U.F.O., Boomtown Rats.
Price £1.50 including P&P.

SWEATSHIRTS
100% American Quality Sweatshirts
S.210 - LYNRYD SKYNYRD
S.113 - BOSTON
S.166 - GRATEFUL DEAD
S.212 - YES
S.213 - KANSAS
S.127 - JIMI HENDRIX
S.108 - SANTANA
S.151 - FLEETWOOD MAC
S.267 - E.L.O.
S.114 - LYNRYD SKYNYRD
S.214 - SAMMY HAGAR
S.149 - EAGLES
S.221 - FLEETWOOD MAC
S.237 - JIMI HENDRIX
S.166 - BLUE OYSTER CULT
S.255 - TOM PETTY
S.224 - GRATEFUL DEAD
SWEAT SHIRTS
Please add the following Post & Packing
1. Sweat Shirt 40p
2. Sweat Shirt 55p
3. Sweat Shirt 90p
Then 25p per additional shirt
£6.50 + P&P (See Rates)

BASEBALL JERSEYS
American Quality Baseball Jerseys & Shirts
B.114 - LYNRYD SKYNYRD
B.113 - BOSTON
B.221 - FLEETWOOD MAC
B.192 - LED ZEPPELIN
B.102 - GRATEFUL DEAD - SKULL
B.166 - BLUE OYSTER CULT
B.212 - YES
B.237 - JIMI HENDRIX
B.243 - GRATEFUL DEAD - COLLAGE
B.244 - AEROSMITH
B.247 - JOURNEY
B.262 - CHEAP TRICK, DREAM POLICE
TOUR 1980 (Front & Back Print)
CE - £4.50 + P&P (See Rates)

ORDER FORM
SEND CHO'S P.O.'S TO JET-LAG, 1, STORNOWAY, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, HERTS. HP2 8TB.
ALL GARMENTS SIZES SML - 34-36 MED 38-40 LGE 42-44
NAME (BLOCK CAPITALS)
ADDRESS (BLOCK CAPITALS)
NME.1.
STYLE (T.B.S.) DESIGNS No. SIZE QTY COLOUR PREFERENCE PRICE POST & PACKING TOTAL



5TH T-SHIRTS

Mail order

Cheques & Postal orders payable to: 5th Column
4 The Parade, Kilburn High Road, London NW6

2-6 COLOUR DESIGNS.
SIZES: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. CLASH-London Calling | 21. SELECTER | 41. SHAM-Jimmy Pursey |
| 2. CLASH-Take the 5th 'Skull' | 22. THE BEAT | 42. LOU REED |
| 3. CLASH-Take the 5th 'Chain' | 23. THE MO-DETTES | 43. PENETRATION |
| 4. CLASH-Kamikaze | 24. PRETENDERS | 44. THE POLICE |
| 5. CLASH-Strummer | 25. HOLY & THE ITALIANS | 45. GARY NUMAN |
| 6. CLASH-Belfast | 26. ADAM & THE ANTS | 46. GENERATION X-45 |
| 7. JAM-Setting Sons | 27. BLONDIE | 47. WHO-Anyway, Anyhow |
| 8. JAM-Eton Rifles | 28. RAMONES | 48. DAVID BOWIE |
| 9. JAM-Union Jack Logo | 29. B-52's | 49. TALKING HEADS |
| 10. JAM-All Mod Cons | 30. THE SLITS | 50. CONQUERING LION of Judah |
| 11. JAM-Tubestation | 31. THE POP GROUP | 51. PATTI-Vive L'Anarchie |
| 12. JAM-Weller & Target | 32. GANG OF FOUR | 52. SEARCH & DESTROY |
| 13. JAM-Live Band | 33. ESSENTIAL LOGIC | 53. SHANGRI-LAS |
| 14. X-RAY-SPEX-3D Glasses | 34. SIOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES | 54. MARILYN-Some Like it Hot |
| 15. X-RAY-SPEX-Identity | 35. SCREAM HONG KONG | 55. REGGAE REGULARS |
| 16. X-RAY-SPEX-Germ Free | 36. BUZZCOCKS | 56. THE QUEEN-African Tour '79 |
| 17. WHO-Maximum R&B | 37. U.K. SUBS | |
| 18. THE BEATLES | 38. SID & NANCY | |
| 19. TARGET | 39. THE DAMNED | |
| 20. THE SPECIALS | 40. SHAM 69 | |

£3.00 POST FREE
*50p extra overseas

WEAR WHAT YOU WANT-WANT WHAT YOU WEAR

BONDAGE TROUSERS

T-SHIRTS All Post Free!!

TROUSERS

TARTAN BONDAGE complete with bum-flap, straps and zips. Red, yellow or green tartan in guys' size 26, 28, 30, 32. Girl's 8, 10, 12, 14. (State second colour choice) **ONLY £17.95**. Also in black drill at £17.45.

T-SHIRTS (at £3.50 and in small, medium or large). Leopard print, red or yellow. Siouxie. Also mode T-shirts, black/white or red/black checks.

BONDAGE T-SHIRT, zips and straps **£5.95**

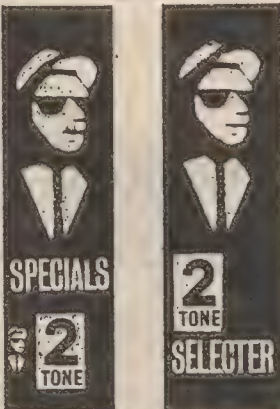
Cheques or postal only to B. Leach, 50D Redcliffe Gardens, Chelsea, London SW10

All monies cheerfully refunded if not satisfied. Please include SAE with any inquiry
Overseas add 75p postage per item except T-shirts



OFFICIAL TOUR TIES

Available on tour or direct from Apollo



All ties black or red with white print
£1.75 + 25p (p&p)
Top 10 maximum straight TIES

- 1 MADNESS.....(pic + logo)
- 2 JAM.....(logo)
- 3 SPECIALS.....(pic + logo)
- 4 POLICE.....(logo)
- 5 2-TONE.....(pic + logo)
- 6 SKA.....(pic + logo)
- 7 BOWIE.....(pic + logo)
- 8 PISS OFF.....(logo)
- 9 CLASH.....(logo)
- 10 SELECTER.....(pic + logo)

BUBBLING UNDER
MODS — LAMBRETTAS
Send Postal Order/Cash/Cheque to



APOLLO
TOUR MARKETING
BASEMENT STUDIO
33 NORTON ROAD
HOVE
SUSSEX BN3 3BF

(Trade & Group enquiries welcome)

CANNABIS LEAF
Unique Jewellery for You in fabulous precious metals.
OUR FAMOUS LEAF PENDANT 1" HIGH

Solid Silver Leaf on real silver chain.....	£9.50
1" Solid Silver Leaf on silver plated chain.....	£5.50
1/2" Solid Silver on real silver ear hook.....	£2.50
1" 9 carat on real gold chain.....	£40.00
1/2" 9 carat on real gold ear hook.....	£11.00
1/2" 9 carat on fine gold chain.....	£23.00
Popular Solid Silver Leaf ring.....	£10.00

(Send size or we make it adjustable)
Join the rush and send money to—
ATLAS
2a KENSINGTON GARDENS,
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

ALKALI IKE'S

A miner discovery from Levi's

FREE LEVI'S BRACES

There's been nothing like them since the 1850's. Levi Strauss custom made the famous of the California Gold fields. Tough men, doing a tough job. They started rocks in their pockets all day. But if they wore Levi's new waistcoats they could rock on all night. Levi had really struck gold. Original design. Today, they are called Alkali Ike's after the famous prospector. You'll find they're authentic right down to the rivets. They have the original button-through fly.

The high-riding waistband features a distinctive slit seam and a cinch belt to ensure the very best fit. Copper rivets strengthen all major pressure points, such as pockets and stretch braces are optional but the buttons are there to stay. The loose cut makes for working comfort, while the narrow bottoms fit smoothly over boots. There's nothing like Alkali Ike's. Get this for a Great Giveaway. We will send you FREE a pair of Levi's superb leather trimmed braces with each order.



Sizes: 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. Inside leg 36. **PRICE £16.95 plus 90p P&P**

Please send PO/Cheque to
Matchplace Jeans Ltd, Dept. NX, FREEPOST, CROYDON CR9 9ET
Access and Barclaycard, please quote No.
NO STAMP REQUIRED
Customer Service Number
01-686 8631

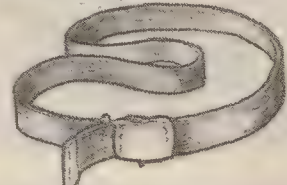
LIBRA MAIL ORDER

Come and visit Libra's New Giant Bargain Basement at 113 Victoria Street, Victoria, SW1



CANVAS JEANS

Superb slim fitting canvas drainpipes with 16" bottom in black, emerald green, red, white, natural, khaki and olive. In sizes 25-35 (inc odd sizes). Girls state hips. **£7.99 + 99p P&P**.



AMERICAN MILITARY BELT

The latest thing, original webbing belt, direct from the U.S.A. Complete with brass fastener in black, yellow, pink navy, white, red, khaki and beige. **£1.50 + 50p**.



HAWAIIAN SHIRTS

Best quality 100% cotton Hawaiian shirts. Design 1: Colours purple, pink blue, sea green, orange. Design 2: Colours red, amber & turquoise. Design 3: Lime green, khaki, beige, turquoise & orange. Sizes 32-40. **£5.99 + 75p P&P**.



PEPE CORD BAGGIES

Super quality needle cord baggies with braces by PEPE of London in black, light brown, olive and burgundy. Sizes 26-32. Excellent value at **£6.99 + £1.15 P&P**.

DICKIES HERRINGBONE PLEATED TROUSERS

Top quality pleat fronted straight-leg trousers, made in America, in herringbone design polyester/cotton. Great for casual or formal occasions. Brown or grey, sizes 26-34. Highly recommended at this special offer price of **£5.99 + £1.15 P&P**.



Please send cheque or P.O. made payable to LIBRA. Access welcome, just send number. Please add double postage and packing for overseas orders. Send to LIBRA Mail Order (Dept NME), 15 Shrubbery Road, Streatham, London SW16. Phone 769 4861. Money back guarantee on goods returned with 7 days unworn. Shop open Monday to Saturdays 10am-6pm. Personal callers welcome. Send s.a.e. for catalogue. Also at Jeansville, 20/22 Streatham High Road, SW16

GIANT ROCK SEWONS

ONLY £1.25 + P&P



All of the above designs are available on **ROCK ON TEE and SWEATSHIRTS**. TEESHIRTS £3.50 + P&P. SWEATSHIRTS £6.95 + P&P. State chest size with order. **ROCK ON YOUR CHEST!**



DENIM WAISTCOATS Waistcoats made from reconditioned and new denim to an original pattern, as illustrated. State chest size or bust size. Great for the summer. **£7.50 + 30p p&p**.
SPLIT KNEE JEANS (as illustrated) Made to an original pattern of reconditioned denim, great fit and great looking. State waist and leg measurements with order. **JEANS £9.95 + 80p P&P**.
GREAT COATS Ex-German Army Greatcoats in Grey. State chest size with order. Only **£11.95 + £1.50 p&p**.

Please add the following for postage and packaging:
1-3 PATCHES 20p 3+30p. 1-3 TEESHIRTS 30p. SWEATSHIRTS 40p
Please allow ten days for delivery. For TRADE ENQUIRIES please ring (0604) 30804. Send Cheques and P.O.s to

PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS (Dept NW)
28A ABINGTON SQUARE, NORTHAMPTON

PRINTOUT PROMOTIONS

Heavy Sheepskin Flying Jackets

Made in heavy Sheepskin with the sheep leather on the outside, pockets and seams bound in leather; large sheepskin collar with storm straps, zip sleeves and sheepskin lined pockets. Available either in brown with brown inside sheep pile or in black with grey inside sheep pile.
State size.

£75
P&P £1.75

BRAND NEW SWEDISH GOVERNMENT SURPLUS SKI PATROL COATS WITH HEAVY WHITE NATURAL SHEEPSKIN LINING

In grey canvas with two large hunting pockets and snug sheepskin collar. Sizes over 40" chest only.
State size.

£49.50
P&P £1.75

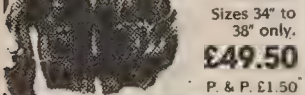
Genuine Ex-Government Surplus NATO Parkas

In proofed heavy cotton with warm fur fabric or quilted lining, roomy pockets and hood. Not new but in excellent condition.
State size.

£14.95
P&P £1.50

Brand New Tough Navy Cowhide Leather Navy Type Jackets from the U.S.A.

Colour, Dark Brown with 2 pockets, inside pocket, taffeta lining, knitted waistband and smart fur fabric collar, gusseted at back for added comfort. Sizes 34" to 38" only.
£49.50
P & P £1.50



From the U.S.A. GENUINE HIDE FRINGED TRAPPER JACKETS

Now Only **£49.50**. P & P £1.50. State Size.

Genuine Brand New U.S.A. Nylon M.I.A. Flying Jackets

As illustrated. In sage green nylon, with Orange Quilted Lining. State size
P & P £1.50 **£32.50**

Cash, Money or Postal Order, cheques with order. Satisfaction or money refund Access and Barclaycard acceptable. Please authorise and quote number.

Nashville Tennessee
Dept NME
27 Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.

PLATTER

Phone CHRIS on 01 261 6172
for details of Advertising

REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE
DADDY KOOL RECORDS
(Second on left down Oxford Street from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station)
34 DEAN STREET, LONDON W1 Hotline 01-431 3535
Send now for Britain's biggest free Reggae Mail Order List

1st AGAIN — ZIMBABWE/AFRICA UNITE — 808 MARLEY (11) £2.20 (P&P free)

1st AGAIN — ZIMBABWE/AFRICA UNITE — 808 MARLEY (11) £2.20 (P&P free)

1st AGAIN — ZIMBABWE/AFRICA UNITE — 808 MARLEY (11) £2.20 (P&P free)

A UNIQUE SERVICE

Worldwide — to all Record & Tape Buyers

★ BRAND NEW LP'S AND TAPES SUPPLIED AT INCREDIBLY LOW PRICES

★ THOUSANDS OF QUALITY GUARANTEED SECONDHAND LP'S

★ BOOKS, ACCESSORIES, SINGLES, Etc

Write or phone now for our FREE 25 page catalogue — Inland and Export Enquiries welcomed.

Your unwanted good conditioned records and tapes bought for cash or part exchanged for ANY brand new items of YOUR OWN CHOICE. Send list to us for official offer.

Probably the world's most complete mail order service.

COB RECORDS (N3), PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES
Tel: 0766 2170 or 3185

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

LP Polythene (2000) 25 £1.60, 50 £2.90, 100 £3.95, 250 £6.75, 500 £16.00, 1000 £27.40

LP Polythene (4000) 25 £2.45, 50 £4.15, 100 £5.20, 250 £9.45, 500 £19.00, 1000 £33.50

LP Paper Polythene (inner) 30 £3.65, 100 £10.45, 250 £24.50, 500 £45.65

LP Paper Polythene (outer) 30 £3.65, 100 £10.45, 250 £24.50, 500 £45.65

LP White Card (Master Stamp) 30 £2.20, PVC Double LP 1 £2.50, 10 £4.50

LP PVC (Heavy Duty) 25 £4.85, 50 £9.35, 100 £18.90

Singles Card/Poly 30 £3.90, 100 £10.50, 250 £21.25, 500 £39.40

Singles White Card 30 £3.50, 100 £7.85, 250 £16.70, 500 £30.35

Singles White Paper (inner) 100 £2.25, 250 £4.90, 500 £10.10, 1000 £21.25

Singles White Paper (outer) 25 £3.80, 50 £7.10, 100 £13.55

Singles Polythene (4000) 50 £2.50, 100 £4.95, 250 £9.50, 500 £18.25

NEW COVERS: LP PVC Heavy Duty Special Quality 25 £6.35, 50 £12.55, 100 £24.90, Singles Polythene (2000) 100 £2.20, 250 £5.20, 500 £10.10

Blank Cassettes Decca C30. Professional quality message or demonstration cassette 15 minutes per side, can be erased and re-used. Music or speech. Price, including UK postage: 1 to 4 tapes 50p each; 5 for £2.95; 10 for £7.45

SPECIAL OFFER: The Lin-Track, instant tracking record cleaning unit, an advanced design, high quality automated record cleaner. RRP over £3.00. Offered at £1.99 including postage to all countries. Offer limited to existing stocks. (Mail order customers only)

Prices include postage and packing in UK, Eire, Channel Islands, and BPO's. Overseas and trade customers write for list.

Cheque or PO with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage.

WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 CHISWICK ROAD, LONDON W6 3DR (DEPT NME)

ROUGH TRADE

MUTE RECORDS STRIKES AGAIN WITH ANOTHER FAB RECORD FROM FAD GADGET IT'S CALLED RICKY'S HAND AND IT COSTS 75p

O.A.F. — KEBABTRAMME 75p

CLIT RITS E.P. 80p

BLACK NOISE — IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT BABY 80p

TEARDROP EXPLODES — TREASON 80p

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS — BOOKS 80p

THROBBER CRISTLE — UNITED 80p

ANTS — CARTRIDGE 80p

SLIPPERPOURRI — 75p

WANT HATE — BETTER SCREAM 80p

PHASMS/PRODUCT 80p

CITY FANTASIES — GOD'S GROT RELIGION 80p

FLAMECASTS — ADMISSION YOURS 80p

HOME SERVICE — THE NEW AGE 80p

INCENSE — RADIO INTERFERENCE 80p

THE PHANAS — YAP YAP YAP 80p

5000 MISSIONARIES — WINING UP THE SEMITE WORLD 80p

DELECTORS — TARGET BABY 80p

KILLING JOKE — WARDANCE 80p

THE VERSATILE NEWS — BLIMP 80p

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS — COLOSSAL YOUTH 80p

FANTASIES

POSSER ISSUE 4 Split 80p, UK Subs, Body Snatchers 75p

MAX 12 — Stranger than Fiction, Artery 75p

CRASTIC MEASURES Bulletin 3 10p

INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM Vol. 1 No 3 30p

NEW YORK RICKER issue 27p

P.L. John Cale, Specials 10p

ALTERNATIVE SOUNDS/OTOS 13

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM by P. GIRLS, B. BRECHT, P. WRIGHT 75p

LET'S BE ADULT ABOUT THIS (Scotch Picnic, Doanand Window, Sweet Maps) 75p

PHOTOGRAPHIA a certain ratio, Ada Wilson, Sizz 80p

UK and Eire — 7 1/2p, 24 40p, 50p, 84p, 7 and over £1 (maximum) 12 1/2p, 2 or more £1 (maximum) P&P in £1

15p, 23 25p, 48 25p, 64 50p, 91 80p, 11 and over £1 (maximum)

Europe — 7 1/2p, 65p, 47 1/2p, 81 1/2p, 12 1/2p, 23 1/2p, 48 1/2p, 64 1/2p, 91 1/2p, 11 and over £1 (maximum)

USA — 7 1/2p, 23 1/2p, 48 1/2p, 64 1/2p, 91 1/2p, 11 and over £1 (maximum)

Japan — 1 1/2p, 2 1/2p, 3 1/2p, 4 1/2p, 5 1/2p, 6 1/2p, 7 1/2p, 8 1/2p, 9 1/2p, 10 1/2p, 11 1/2p, 12 1/2p, 13 1/2p, 14 1/2p, 15 1/2p, 16 1/2p, 17 1/2p, 18 1/2p, 19 1/2p, 20 1/2p, 21 1/2p, 22 1/2p, 23 1/2p, 24 1/2p, 25 1/2p, 26 1/2p, 27 1/2p, 28 1/2p, 29 1/2p, 30 1/2p, 31 1/2p, 32 1/2p, 33 1/2p, 34 1/2p, 35 1/2p, 36 1/2p, 37 1/2p, 38 1/2p, 39 1/2p, 40 1/2p, 41 1/2p, 42 1/2p, 43 1/2p, 44 1/2p, 45 1/2p, 46 1/2p, 47 1/2p, 48 1/2p, 49 1/2p, 50 1/2p, 51 1/2p, 52 1/2p, 53 1/2p, 54 1/2p, 55 1/2p, 56 1/2p, 57 1/2p, 58 1/2p, 59 1/2p, 60 1/2p, 61 1/2p, 62 1/2p, 63 1/2p, 64 1/2p, 65 1/2p, 66 1/2p, 67 1/2p, 68 1/2p, 69 1/2p, 70 1/2p, 71 1/2p, 72 1/2p, 73 1/2p, 74 1/2p, 75 1/2p, 76 1/2p, 77 1/2p, 78 1/2p, 79 1/2p, 80 1/2p, 81 1/2p, 82 1/2p, 83 1/2p, 84 1/2p, 85 1/2p, 86 1/2p, 87 1/2p, 88 1/2p, 89 1/2p, 90 1/2p, 91 1/2p, 92 1/2p, 93 1/2p, 94 1/2p, 95 1/2p, 96 1/2p, 97 1/2p, 98 1/2p, 99 1/2p, 100 1/2p

PLEASE PUT ALTERNATIVES WHERE POSSIBLE. SEND POSTAL ORDERS, CHEQUES, INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS TO ROUGH TRADE MAILORDER, 169 CHISWICK ROAD, LONDON W6 3DR.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

SPRING CLEARANCE

25 ASSORTED PUNK/NEW WAVE SINGLES, MOSTLY PIC COVERS, MANY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

£6 inc. P&P (U.K. only)

from:

Good Vibrations Records,
102 Great Victoria Street,
Belfast BT2 7BE.

ZIPZ

SINGLE OUT NOW

Double A Sides **TONIGHT** "Picture sleeve"

And "NEW WAVE"

AS I PASS YOU BY V0Y 0014

on Voyage International Records Ltd 01-223-6543

Distributed by: Pinicle 0689-73146

Also — Lightning, Wynd-Up, Rough Trade, Bonaparte and Inferno

TAKE NOTE!!!

A Message to all my Mail Order and Platterstall clients. Due to the Easter Bank Holiday copy date for the 12th April issue is Thursday, 3rd April, at 3.00 pm.

No copy will be taken after then

Cheers, CHRIS

THE 2 TONE PLASTIC MEN

1 2 3 4 5 6

50p EACH (including P&P)

GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES

1. PISTOLS 5 Things I See When I'm With You (LP) 2.75

2. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

3. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

4. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

5. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

6. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

7. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

8. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

9. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

10. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

11. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

12. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

13. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

14. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

15. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

16. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

17. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

18. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

19. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

20. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

21. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

22. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

23. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

24. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

25. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

26. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

27. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

28. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

29. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

30. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

31. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

32. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

33. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

34. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

35. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

36. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

37. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

38. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

39. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

40. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

41. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

42. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

43. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

44. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

45. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

46. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

47. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

48. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

49. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

50. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

51. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

52. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

53. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

54. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

55. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

56. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

57. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

58. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

59. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

60. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

61. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

62. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

63. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

64. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

65. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

66. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

67. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

68. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

69. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

70. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

71. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

72. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

73. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

74. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

75. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

76. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

77. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

78. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

79. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

80. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

81. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

82. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

83. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

84. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

85. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

86. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

87. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

88. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

89. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

90. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

91. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

92. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

93. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

94. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

95. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

96. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

97. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

98. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

99. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

100. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

101. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

102. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

103. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

104. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

105. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

106. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

107. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

108. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

109. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

110. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

111. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

112. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

113. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

114. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

115. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

116. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

117. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

118. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

119. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

120. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

121. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

122. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

123. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

124. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

125. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

126. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

127. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

128. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

129. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

130. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

131. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

132. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

133. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

134. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

135. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

136. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

137. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

138. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

139. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

140. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

141. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

142. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

143. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

144. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

145. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

146. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

147. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

148. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

149. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

150. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

151. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

152. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

153. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

154. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

155. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

156. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

157. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

158. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

159. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

160. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

161. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

162. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

163. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

164. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

165. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

166. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

167. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

168. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

169. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

170. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

171. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

172. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

173. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

174. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

175. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

176. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

177. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

178. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

179. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

180. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

181. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

182. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

183. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

184. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

185. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

186. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

187. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

188. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

189. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

190. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

191. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

192. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

193. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

194. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

195. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

196. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

197. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

198. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

199. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

200. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

201. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

202. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

203. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

204. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

205. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

206. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

207. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

208. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

209. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

210. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

211. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

212. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

213. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

214. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

215. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

216. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

217. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

218. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

219. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

220. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

221. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

222. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

223. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

224. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

225. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

226. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

227. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

228. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

229. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

230. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

231. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

232. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

233. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

234. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

235. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

236. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

237. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

238. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

239. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

240. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

241. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

242. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

243. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

244. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

245. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

246. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

247. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

248. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

249. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

250. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

251. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

252. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

253. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

254. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

255. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

256. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

257. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

258. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

259. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

260. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

261. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

262. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

263. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

264. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

265. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

266. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

267. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

268. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

269. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

270. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

271. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

272. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

273. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

274. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

275. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

276. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

277. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

278. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

279. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

280. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

281. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

282. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

283. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

284. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

285. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

286. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

287. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

288. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

289. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

290. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

291. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

292. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

293. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

294. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

295. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

296. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

297. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

298. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

299. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

300. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

301. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

302. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

303. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

304. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

305. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

306. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

307. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

308. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

309. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

310. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

311. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

312. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

313. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

314. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

315. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

316. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

317. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

318. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

319. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

320. PISTOLS My Way/No One (LP) 2.75

321. P

RECORDS WANTED 20p per word

ABSOLUTELY ALL your unwanted LP's, cassettes exchanged for ones you DO want. 10p — £2.70 each exchange value allowed (less for singles). We guarantee NONE refused! Bring ANY quantity in ANY condition to: Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hall Gate, London W.11. (01-727 3539). Cassettes ONLY may be sent by post with S.A.E. for cash (our price MUST be accepted — nothing returned once sent).

ALBUMS AND cassettes wanted, top prices paid — for prompt quote send list and SAE — Catapilla, 17 North street, Exeter.

ALL ALBUMS, cassettes, singles accepted £1.50, £2.00 for many. Send direct or S.A.E. for quote: Rip-Off Records, Wernidrin Cottage, High Street, Lampeter, Dyfed.

ANTS BOOTLEGS. Mark after 5 p.m. — 01-893 1093.

A.T.V./MISSIONARIES / Transmitters tapes etc. Tony 01-558 4657 6-8 p.m.

BLONDE RARITIES, bootlegs, cuttings, state prices. John Pickles, 71 Preston Park Road, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

BLUES RECORDS Books, magazines, highest prices paid. Send full details for offer. Red Lick, Ynysfor, Llanfrothen, Penrhyneddurath, Gwynedd, Wales.

CASH PAID for your unwanted singles and LP's. Bring them round or arrange collection. Raven Records, 64 Northcote Road, London SW11 — 01-228 4537 — ask for Simon.

"DONOVAN GIFT from Flower to Garden. Also Yes Sweet Dreams. Good price paid. 29 Temair House, S.E.10.

LIVE AT Shea (L.P.) Beatles. Your price paid for good copy. L. Gaubert, Skelton House, Hemingbrough, Nr. Selby, N. Yorkshire.

ONLY ONES bootlegs. Andy, 264 Kingston Road, Teddington, Middlesex.

TOP PRICES paid for LP's/Cassettes. Any quantity. Send full details plus S.A.E. for quotation. — Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

TYRANNOSAURUS REX singles. Tim, 84 Auckland Road, Potters Bar, Herts.

ZEPPELIN, QUEEN bootlegs especially Duckosop and Knebworth August 4th record. Graham — 01-639 1056.

WANTED 18p per word

BILLY JOEL tickets wanted desperately. Woburn (052625) 269.

BILLY JOEL: Two or three tickets wanted for Sunday, March 30th, in exchange for same, Monday, March 31st. Ring Staines 61997 after 7 p.m.

ELVIS, EASTWOOD, JAMES DEAN, BRONSON, JOLSON — VHS — VIDEO TAPES FOR EXCHANGE — S.A.E. VNM — Ivy House, North Street, Milverton, Somerset TA4 1LT.

GENESIS SWAP may two good Drury Lane tickets for two any other London night or rarities or sell. 670 7920, evenings.

GENESIS SWOP Birmingham. Saturday for Friday also want any other Midlands ticket. 0254 76889.

GENESIS TICKETS anywhere. Dave 0977 683506.

GENESIS TICKETS, Glasgow, Edinburgh. Phone Sandy 041-552 2754.

MUSIC PAPERS WANTED: Old N.M.E., Disc, Melody Maker, Record Mirror, Sounds. Also fan mags, sheet music, programmes. 01-540 3668 evenings.

ROBIN TROWER videotapes. — Graham 070-132-775.

ROD STEWART rarities, early records, bootlegs, video cassettes, absolutely anything. Box No. 3933.

SCOTT/WALKER Bros. Material import records, scrapbooks, cuttings etc. Lynne, 71 Cheyne Court, Glengall Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting propositions. Details (sae). Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

STRANGLERS RAINBOW transport needed. Will pay way. Stuart, 18 Malford Road, Liverpool L14.

TWO GENESIS tickets. Phone Leeds (0532) 658455 after 5pm.

SPECIAL NOTICES 30p per word

ATTENTION! JEAN Jacques Burnel. I desperately need stage pass (Rainbow). You can help? Bobby ... 534 1787 message.

IDIOT DANCERS dance.

UFO'S EXIST! Photos, books, investigation, meetings, s.a.e. details. British UFO Society, 47 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3.

INSURANCE 18p per word

ATTENTION — ALL Disco groups, pop groups, musicians, youth orchestras. **FULL** comprehensive replacement cover up to 15% discount available. **ACT NOW!** including (transit) given. Apply for application form **DIRECT** to: LHN (Insurance & Mortgage) Brokers Ltd., 46 Station Road, Stechford B33 9AB Birmingham.

MUSICAL SERVICES 18p per word

ABOUT 100 Bands, groups, discotheques! Keenest prices! London's leading entertainment agency — Claymans 01-247 5531.

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Twenty Songwriting Questions answered" is a book explaining copyright, promotion, publishing, recording, contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

BRENDA SNAKE designs stage clothes. Bizarre or straight ideas — anything a speciality! 686 2029 Janet.

DEMO TAPES 3H tape duplicating service. — 01-729 5462.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1. (10p. stamp).

FAMOUS DEMOS — 0207 503181.

IDIOT DANCERS. Weddings, Bar-mitzvahs, receptions undertaken.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St Albans Avenue, London W4.

RECORD COMPANY, management, looking for modern bands, artists, songwriters. Call 01-890 3884.

PERSONAL 30p per word

AA FOR PENFRIENDS, personal friends, marriage partners. Efficient, reliable, inexpensive. One year's membership: £7. Free details from: Atlantic Agency, 34 Beaconsfield Avenue, Colchester CO3 3DJ. Telephone: (0206) 44884.

BOB YOU + me = Energi Juliet.

BRIAN, CHIPMUNKS are go — Collen.

CATHY HAVE a very happy birthday with all my love.

DATLINE'S PSYCHOLOGICAL accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (NEX), 23 Abingdon Road, London, W8. Tel 01-937 8503.

DOVELINE PENFRIENDS. Stamp obtains free Photo brochure. A17 P.O. Box 100, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

HITCHING CONTACT Paul re Twins Anesh.

HYPNOTIST/BEHAVIOUR PSYCHOLOGIST, shyness, stammering, nail-biting, emotional or personality problems — Ring 01-546 5720 for quick and effective help.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex. BN1 3GJ.

LOVELY SAILOR seeks lovely girl for genuine friendship leading to marriage. Photo appreciated. Box No. 3934.

MALE 23, seeks female 18-25 companion for Kibbutz '80. D. P. Farrington, 36 Petersgate, Mordishaw, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 2DD.

PENFRIENDS — U.S.A. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interest for free reply. Harmony, Box 1X, Brooklyn, NY 11223.

PUNKS, SKINHEADS wanted for friendly scrap in amateur film. Box No. 3931.

RALPH — GOOD luck with your band.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — write for free details — Pen Friend Service, PL27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

MUSICIANS WANTED 18p per word

BASSIST / DRUMMER / synth. Committed and imaginative; ability irrelevant. Bristol 24870 (John) or Yatton 832219 (Graham).

BLUES GUITARIST seeks Bluesband / Blues Breakers type group. Stratocaster, Les Paul, Burman amplifier, preferably based in London. Eric — Maidenhead 38245.

DRUMMER AND singer to form New Wave group. Bristol 660869.

GUITARS, MANDOLIN, WORDS, IDEAS, NEED GIRL PECOSSION-IST: An audience likes to hear the xylophone and triangle. If you do too, and are enormously ambitious, young and bright, with no ties, write a long letter to Nicki, Bob & Roy at 16 Davenport Road, London S.E. 6. Please include a photo — alternatively ring (01) 624 8579. Thanks.

GUITAR / VOCALS into Electric Folk. Traitors Gait. Phone between 4 and 7 pm — 692 2350.

INVENTIVE BASSIST to join guitar and drums playing own material. Phone Peter — 01-267 3904.

NON GUITARISTS — to start band in N.W. London — New wave, Beefheart. Doors, Iggy, everything — Dave — 01-868 5166 after 7 pm.

THE SWITCH require drummer, enthusiastic above ability. Tony — 01-855 6496.

URBAN PARANOIA require good enthusiastic punk drummer. Phone Steve — Pelsall 685597.

VOCALIST MALE Female required for modern band with own material. Rehearse Wandsworth. Phone 672 4526 Saturdays, 223 0443 6-7 p.m. weekdays.

VOCALIST NEEDS P.I.L. Banshees type group to scream with. Interested! Ring Steve 845 6267 after 8.30 pm.

WANTED: PROGRESSIVE New Wave band: Enthusiastic: South London — Bruce 669 1377.

DISCOTHEQUES 18p per word

A BETTER Disco. Sounds Omega. 01 286 1511, ext 5 evenings.

ATTENTION, MIKE Elvin. London and South. 0293 23720.

DAVE JANSEN — 01 699 4010.

NIGHT RIDER mobile disco full stereo sound. 061-427 2957 (Stockport).

"SAM PLANX DISCO. John Ferguson 388 2424 or 624 3254.

STEVE DAY 01-524 4976.

TUITION 18p per word

GUITAR, BASS guitar, songwriting cassette/text courses £5.50. Send S.A.E. details — "Harmony House", (N.M.E.), 194 Frimley Road, Camberley, Surrey.

"SIMPLIFIED GUITAR Postal Courses. S.A.E. 40N Arley Hill, Bristol 6."

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE 18p per word

AMP. VOX AC — 30 £120.00 o.n.o. 01-520 1736 after 7 p.m.

STEINWAY AND Sons 9ft concert grand piano recently reconditioned. Owned by concert technician who is emigrating — £8,000 or best offer. Phone Horsham 67574.

FAN CLUBS 18p per word

AMANDA LEAR Fan Club, Send S.A.E. P.O. Box F.O.A.L. Drogheda, Co. Louth, Ireland.

CHELSEA GROUP Official Fan Club, Step Forward Records, 41-B Blenheim Crescent, London W11 2EF.

GENESIS OFFICIAL Fan Club: Send S.A.E. for details to Genesis Information, P.O. Box 107, Southwood Lane, London N6 5RU.

MOTORHEADBANGERS — THE Official Fan Club named by Lemmy. Send S.A.E. for details to Philthy Animal's Sis. Helen Taylor, 35 Upper Accommodation Road, Leeds 9, Yorkshire.

OFFICIAL UK Subs Fan Club. Send SAE to P.O. Box 12, Guildford, Surrey.

RUSSIAN INFORMATION, 38 Dulverton Road, Faversham, Northampton.

THE WHO Official Club: Send S.A.E. for details to The Who Club, P.O. Box 107A Southwood Lane, London N6 5RU.

WILKO

From page 24

John Denton, equally is one of the best rock'n'roll pianists in the UK, not just a technical adept, but a magnificently natural, performing pianist, who speaks in reverent awe of how Jerry Lee Lewis at the Rainbow the other week tore off the lid of his piano and threw it across the stage. John, a long-time Southend crony of The Wilko, is pure talent. His position in the band is still undecided, a result of his own indecision as to whether he should turn professional. Wilko concedes that there is an onstage chemistry between the two of them that is the equivalent of that between him and Lee Brilleaux, and openly admits that at one time he was prepared to turn The Solid Senders into a semi-pro outfit just so he could play all the time with John Denton. Come on, Denton, you know it makes sense.

Totally self-controlled, and totally flipped out at the same moment, Wilko does his Wilko bit all over the stage, his red shirt and black suit matching the colours of his guitar.

It's true: I prefer The Solid Senders to Dr Feelgood. Not the present Feelgoods, either, but the original Wilko band. The Solid Senders are far more subtle and possess/suggest far crazier, looper possibilities, that often dance about on the edge of genius.

They get the strongest, wildest, most loving applause I've ever heard and are only prevented from playing more than two encores by the cramps in Wilko's right arm.

THE JOURNAL is filled in immediately afterwards: "The highlight of a career", "immense", "The sort of thing that could stunt your growth" are just a few of the plaudits attributed to an exceptional gig. "Piano monitored by D12 placed in soundhole and out through Poland Amp. Two Sennheiser digitally delayed 1/2s second output — technical data on excellent Bechstein grand rig-up. ... — this all in Glum's handwriting.

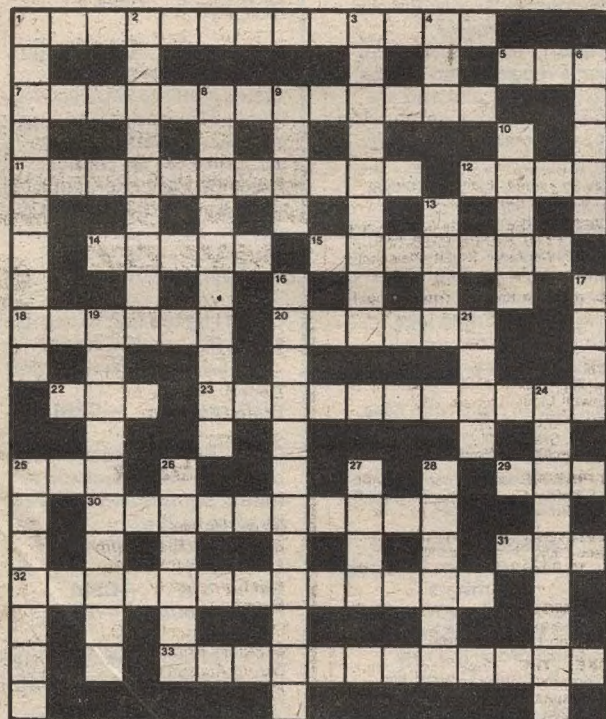
Writes Russell: "Gig was fantastic. People chanting 'Wilko' like it is an international football match. 'Back In The Night' and the middle of the mixing platform vibrated and fell out. 1st encore: hundreds of flames everywhere. The best gig I've ever experienced."

Written in the cramped, crabbed pen of Wilko Johnson: "What can I say, boys? You've done it again. Social sec, British Legion, Gt Woking. 1972."

AFTER the show a number of young people collect together for fun and party-time in Wilko's room. Impassioned, profound conversations on The Meaning Of Life break out with the same ease with which youthful Ports daub a wall with a slogan.

"Jesus was a Communist," proclaims the obligatory Weird Girl.

"Actually, I think he was a Fascist," disagrees Glum. "No", decides Wilko, from where he is stretched out on his bed, "God definitely votes Tory, Jesus is a Liberal, and The Holy Spirit's probably an anarchist."

NME X-PRESS WORD

- 10 See 30
13 See 4
16 The original was by The Fabulous Ronettes (4,1,4,3)
17 Gary's gang?
19 Reggae combo who hit the disco chart in '78 (5,5)

- 21 Type of music
24 'Airport' was their big debut hit (3,6)
25 Rainbow boss
26 Ricky or Bill
27 Made their debut on 'Music From Big Pink'
28 Liverpoolian recluse

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 Rufus; 8 'Hey (Joe)'; 9 'My Sharona'; 10 'Stomp'; 13 'So Lonely'; 14 Paul Cook; 15 (Joe) Ely; 16 Edgar Froese; 18 (Gang) Of Four; 19 Cat (Stevens); 21 Rush; 23 Annie; 25 George Melly; 26 'Hey) Joe'; 27 Gladys Knight; 28 Joe (Ely).

DOWN: 1 Dr Hook; 3 Fast; 4 Sham (69); 5 'My World'; 6 Dr Feelgood; 7 Andy Partridge; 11 Orchestra; 12 Pioneers; 17 John Lodge; 19 (Stewart) Copeland; 20 Gang (Of Four); 22 & 24 Helen Reddy; 26 John.

Professional D.J's

Do you have the qualities to become a DJ for EMI DANCING?

- ★ BAGS OF PERSONALITY
- ★ GOOD SPEAKING VOICE
- ★ SMART APPEARANCE
- ★ GOOD LOOKS
- ★ KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC
- ★ PROMOTIONAL ABILITY
- ★ ENTHUSIASM TO SUCCEED
- ★ EXTENSIVE AND VARIED DISC COLLECTION

If you have, you can earn top money on the EMI dancing circuit, venues include ROMEO'S and JULIETS in DERBY, SHEFFIELD, OLDHAM, BLACKBURN, DONCASTER, HULL, BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM plus the EMPIRE BALLROOM, LONDON and BAILEYS OF WATFORD.

Regional auditions will be held in the near future. Interested? Write with career details and recent photograph to: MR A SPRAGG, EMI DANCING, c/o ROMEO'S AND JULIETS, BANK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

FREE RADIO 18p per word

CAROLINE NEWS sheet now named FRI! Same crew in charge, now eight (yes eight) pages only ten pence! Send money (plus S.A.E.): P.O.B. 35 Wellington, Telford, Salop.

GASBAG

ALTHOUGH Neil Norman's review of *Rude Boy* is a fair and perceptive assessment of the film's issues, his viewpoint underestimates the imaginative and creative elements that constitute part of the final visual collage. His sense of the film as primarily documentary disregards the extent to which the material was actually malleable and the techniques that made it so. His misapprehension is limiting in that it encourages a rather one-dimensional viewing, ignoring some of the more complex and multi-faceted aspects of the work which have been noted in varying degrees by other critics.

In this attempt to balance out his review I must admit to having played a small part in the film as one of Ray Gange's (principle Rude Boy) girlfriends (porn in the game . . .). I can speak only for myself — not for any other cast member — and express what is merely personal opinion based on a brief and minor association with the making of the film, but my intuition was never that the film was intended primarily as visual reportage, a sort of *The Clash — This Is Your Life — The Acne and the Ecstasy*, drawing its significances, story and 'universal implications' (N.N.) in a usual way from straightforward, ordinarily edited documentary evidence. I assumed (partly on the evidence of Hazan / Mingay's previous film *A Bigger Splash* with its meticulously skilful editing) that it was to be a far more subtle and complex montage utilising a variety of methods to achieve its overall effects.

Ray Gange apparently typifies Salient Characteristics of the Blank generation and the film tracks, convincingly, his involvement with a rising punk band (remember — circa '78). The whole — at times genuinely touching and now evidently threatening — tale is performed before a veritable back-plunge of racial tension, not at all too toned down. This open synopsis acquires its present content from an edited assemblage of footage acquired in various ways: — direct documentary filming; spontaneous events 'captured' on, or re-enacted for, the camera; and sequences structured and contrived to meet the directors' aims in sustaining and substantiating the messages and style of the film.

So, documentary-drama, factoids, New Journalism — all are attempts to define types of this form of expression — and mean, essentially, a conscious and selected synthesis of 'facts' and imagination designed to convey whatever message or project it might be. *Rude Boy* is *Rebel without a Cause* but 30 very odd years on after *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, after Ziggy Stardust, Warhol, *Performance* and *In Cold Blood*.

Thus, in the film are the reasonably straightforward documentary concert sequences (musically rivetting). There are sequences such as my short scenes with Ray which, (without going into a detailed, um, blow by blow account of London balling on scatological location) were constructed from a variety of suggestions, observations and actual recollections intended to convey the sort of experience that might characterize the sort of life lived as Ray portrays it on screen, depicting another aspect of the attitudes and character.

There are also sequences in which, as one of the directors claims, "I try not to be manipulative. I frame the picture in a certain way and let

things happen within the frame." But the frame *is* there and the actions, reactions and confrontations of the characters are, I think, inevitably relative to the overall intentions of the film and its directors. This is a long way from the old-style documentary film with its persistent dogging Seeing-Eye camera, anonymous, invisible, the unobtrusive Recorder-of-The Truth / The Reality (or rather, what was meant to be seen as The Truth and Reality. . .).

Such documentaries can be viewed straightforwardly, if sceptically. *Rude Boy* is both more and less realistic. Natural characteristic events, provoked and unprovoked, are incorporated and utilised alongside deliberated, crafted, improvised-acted sequences. Spot the difference. Or forget all this *Cahiers Du Cinema* bullshit and just rock around your digital time-piece, or tear up a few seats in the local Sensarounderama A.B.C., 1,2,3. . . Liz Young, Camden, London. This Bag is constructed entirely from genuine



documentary letters. There are no scripted sequences, no 're-enactments', and no staged sequences. — CSM. The answers, however, are portrayed by professional actors. — A PURIST.

How come whenever BBC radio makes cutbacks it's always the black programmes that are the first to go? Paul Webb, London. No idea. This is, after all, a society totally free from racism. — CSM.

I was at the Clash concert,

(white jacket / jeans. Chic?) and nothing changed. Will it ever? Honest, punks, I'm not a Space Alien — just black — so why the looks? All that putrid mob racialism. One popular terrace chant "We all hate Wogs". Why? What have we done? Ranking Roger goes on about being criticised by blacks but what of the verbal flak and cold stares from white punks? That feeling of "Is this white man's territory?" are exacerbated when a reggae band comes on the support slot and are booed off with accompanying tedious racial insults. White punks are so cool (sic) wearing their Nazi T-shirts, pendants, *ad nauseum*. Anyway, Roger, you looked so strange in your bondage pants and Rasta big black hat I honestly thought that this was some kind of subtle joke. Sartorial elegance now is nearly on your side. Fank God for 2-Tone. Black Boy in the Green Mac (soulie / dread). Some people just can't see why we should keep politics out of rock, can they? — CSM.

What's so special 'bout the 2-Tone "thing"? Am I the only one who remembers G Parker's 'Heat Treatment' LP of 1977? Does the Specials exception prove the rule "Catch 22 says if I sing the truth they won't make me an overnight star"? The Holy-Rood Boy, Edinburgh. And they won't thank you, either. — CSM.

What about the Folk Revival then? Cecil Sharp, Brompton Morris. Most topical letter of the week. — CSM

I agree with Jah Wobble's assertion that *The Guardian* is totally for progressive teachers at comprehensive schools and no-one else. "You don't realise you're being misled . . ." (NME 9.2.80) but talk about the kettle calling the pot mucky-arse! Who does he think likes NME or listens to PiL? That rubbish is totally for weirdo vegetarian students, name dropping poseurs, Anne Nightingale and other



No-one prints what the Rude Bag prints

All graphics: Serge Clerc

Post your toast the Gasbag way, send us a letter every day. The address: Monty's Bin, Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W.1.

Feeble, Partridge, feeble. Keep listening and you'll find 'em. After all it says on the cover they're there. Right, Neil? — CSM
Next letter, please. — NS

I'm beginning to get the feeling that NME has got something against 'Heavy Metal' music. I was not surprised at Glenn Gibson's unfavourable review of the Rainbow gig in you March 1st issue. One could hardly blame him for expressing such an opinion, especially when you remember that the last time one of your writers went to see Rainbow, and had the nerve to say he thought Blackmore was brilliant', he was rewarded by having his name left off the bottom of the piece.

Your comments in last week's rag about the March 1st Wembley gig were even more blatantly biased than usual. "So much for the myth of peaceful Heavy Metal gigs," you said. Well, unless I'm mistaken the only damage was done to the Arena itself, and look at the faces in that photo, they don't seem particularly anguished, do they? Does this mean that NME makes no distinction between damage done to property and that done to human life? At the risk of being unfashionable, I still prefer a gig where people bang their heads on the stage to one where they use other peoples'. Mike Whiteway (no address given)

Total agreement with your last point, Mike, but HM-oriented audiences only maintain their niceness when none of their preconceptions are challenged from the stage. Ever hear about what happened to Wayne County and The Mighty Diamonds at the '77 Reading Festival? — CSM

I'm sure we all sympathise with G. Holman who wrote into *Gasbag* about his cancelled Clash gig, but spare a thought for me and my friend Carole, who travelled the 300 miles from Middlesbrough to see The Clash at their Mile End gig in London, only to find it cancelled, and then being faced with the problem of where to spend the night. I don't care, I still love 'em! Christopher Todd, Middlesbrough. Just what is it that makes Middlesbrough so different, so unique? — CSM

In response to A. Ringpeaces' somewhat emotional — and, I might add, unjustified — outburst in which he expressed his dissatisfaction at the deficiency of live bands in Middlesbrough (NME 8th March) may I just state for the benefit of himself and indeed all readers with an active interest in Middlesbrough, that the Cleveland Philharmonic Choir and Cleveland Youth Orchestra had a concert here just last week, thus proving once and for all that Middlesbrough really is "the entertainment centre of the North". Chris A. Raistick Middlesbrough. No answer to that, is there? — CSM

Concerning the 5ft pair of pink plastic spex stolen from the Fabulous Poodles (TZers — March 8th) — I saw a young punk in a pink Captain Sensible jumper taking them home on a 92 bus in Birmingham on Sunday March 2nd and I claim my prize. H. E. Bates, Solihull, W. Midlands. Ah, the last of the summer spex . . . — CSM

reported the trouble that occurred at a recent Stiff Little Fingers gig in Dublin.

Secondly there were not 99 injuries as you stated. The official figure from the St. John Ambulance Brigade was 30, most of them being the result of crushing and fainting. I would finally like to thank the Rats on behalf of the 14,000 people present for one of the most enjoyable days of my life.

Paul Bracken, Dublin. Typical! NME troid to smear the Rats again and then thought they could weasel out of it with one fokin' letter in the Bag! You're foolin' no-one, and as for Joe Strummer . . . — THE DUMMY BOB GELDOLF

Dear A. Guppy, I was shocked to find out you were a fish. I thought I was the only one that could write. I have been a fish for a year now and was getting very lonely. A. H. Fish, Stoke Goldfishbowl Emetick. And welcome to Aquatic Solutions In The Bowl. — CSM



ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK is just an anagram of: HARK, VD RAMONE, ANUS TESTICLE HERO. N'est-ce pas? Pete Dorey, Sussex. This correspondence is now unfashionable. — CSM

Could someone please tell me which XTC records I electronically processed shattered and layered with other sounds or lyrical pieces on my new album, 'cause I've forgotten, and I'm damned if I can work 'em out. Mr Partridge, Swindon

bourgeois pseuds like MacKinnon who want to be in, and no one else! It's so subtle you don't realise you're being misled hahahahaha . . . Peter Moore (rock fan), Glengormley. Well, I hope that numbers all you arty types who after all keep us going. I know it's true because I've never seen anyone reading NME in McDonalds. — CSM

How come Si of Tunbridge Wells can only find one member of the NME staff to dislike? I suppose listening to Simon and Garfunkel atrophies the perceptive function. Very interesting . . . must try it in the laboratory. Pavlov, Barking. No, do the DOG (not the donkey). — CSM

Could I be the first to complain about the price increase? John Connolly, New Barnet, Herts. Well, maybe . . . — CSM

Can I be the first to protest over the NME's decision to follow *Sounds* and increase its price to 25p? Brian Clark, Bradford University. Better, but . . . — CSM Follow *Sounds*? — NS

My folks own a newsagents so the price increase is unlikely to affect me. Stan, B. W. Powys. . . this bloke takes the uh-proverbial cake. — CSM In actual fact, we were the first to complain about the price increase. — A CONCERNED PERSON

With reference to 'Riots Mar Rats' Dublin Show' (NME — 8.3.1980) I wish to state that your report was both unjust and inaccurate. There were no riots during the concert, in fact it was one of the most peaceful shows I have ever witnessed. The little bit of trouble that occurred was small taking into consideration the large attendance. But alas the reports were not interested in the music. They went to Leixlip with the sole purpose to discredit the Rats! It's amazing the way they never

T-ZERS

LOOPY! Lame-brained! Politically unsound! Extremely silly! These are the comments flying around a hectic T-Zers desk in response to the week's most frolicsome exhibition of Self-Destructive Mindless Violence Provoked By The Demon Rock Music. And all because The Lady loves... **The Roomtown Bats!** Now T-Zers has not professed great admiration for recent Brats' output, but the reaction of society prankster **Lady Sophia 'Minkie' Murphy** could be deemed a trifle over the top. Furthering the fine art of "bungy-jumping", wherein the participant flings himself from a great height while attached to a piece of elastic, 'Minkie' leapt off the highest bridge in the world — the Royal Gorge in the Rocky Mountains — screaming 'Rap Trap' as she plummeted towards the foaming Arkansas River 1,052 feet below at a speed in excess of 50 mph. Meanwhile a church choir sang 'Lead Us Heavenly Father Lead Us' from the clifftop. "I'm doing this because of The Boomtown Rats", Minks later emoted. "They've made me realise that you have to experience everything in life..."

Action of a fervently religious nature was being taken of late in Amarillo, Texas, where hundreds of righteous citizens thronged before the Civic Centre waving candles to protest about the arrival of heinous pagan extremist rock group Kiss. They claimed the cartoon cut-outs advocate "demon worship, sexual perversion, etc." If only it were true...

Not 'arf as bad, mark you, as the brand of brainless bravado provoked by the new **Clash** skinflint **Rude Boy**. Following a press screening, excitable **Observer** gossip columnist **Tom Davies**, 38, set upon co-director **David Mingay** without warning and thumped him in the laughing tackle. Said Mingay: "I was horrified. There's never anything like that at the wildest rock concert." (*Shows how many you've been to — Ed.*) Said Davies: "I found the film very pornographic. I've never punched a man before in my life but it was what I felt like doing at the time. Violence is horrible and squalid," added the heckling hack.

Bushy-browed TV comedian **Denis Healey**, seems to have traced a link between rock's subversive element and our sceptred isle's ailing cash stockpile. He told a shocked crowd in Cardiff last week: "It's this half-baked punk monetarism which is pushing Britain towards terminal decline"... And it's not just the UK that's suffering a drastic lack of loot. Scanda-pop monopolists **Abba** appear to be losing a cool two million bucks in some dodgy crude oil deal. **Pol Oil**, a company owned by the mercenary megastars, have been hawking 55,000 tons of "crude" around Rotterdam but due to the current oil glut around the Dutch domain they can't get a sod to buy it. The heart bleeds...

Dumb. Dorkish. Politically unsound etc. Yet more cruel observations volleying around the T-Zers desk this week on account of the latest edition of that never-ending serial, the **Rock Romance Post Mortem**. "On that first night together he carried me into the bedroom and I discovered after far too long just how beautiful a young man's body can be..." Could this really be **R. Mugabe** apropos his fateful first meeting with **Governor Soames**? Sorry, we err. Make that ex-playmate **Marilyn Cole** on **Bryan Ferry**



How does Jean-Jacques Burnel (Stranglers bassist, very famous) maintain his uniformly awesome state of excellent health? The mystery is that there is no mystery. If you too would want to be a glowing example of physical fitness, the solution is obvious. Get a small female child to sit on your ass. (A Doctor writes: "This advice is not only medically irresponsible but dangerously sexist. We recommend fifteen hours sleep a night and no drugs.") Pic: Rex Features (whoever he is).

(or was it the other way round?). Ms Cole was reminiscing in the sunny *Daily Mirror*...

Ex-Red Indian squaw(ker) **Cher**, on her marriage to Grassin' **Gregg Allman**, which ended after nine days when Gregory fell face-first into a plate of spaghetti: "It was like going to Disneyland on acid. You knew you had a good time but you just couldn't remember what you did"...

Mick Jagger's memory is evidently in better shape. Jag, with soulmate **Jerry Hall** on his arm, walked into **Bianca**

and the new love of her life, New York millionaire **John Samuels Jr.** at a party thrown by sexual therapist **Woody Allen**. By all accounts it was a chilly meeting. Bianca nodded coldly to Mick and Jerry, and Mick winked at Bianca, gritting the two immortal words "Hello, gel". Nobody, however, winked, nodded or said anything to Mr Samuels...

Progressive rocker **Steve Harley**, who's recently severed the knot (nasty, that) with chanteuse **Yvonne Keeley**, is apparently to re-tie

it (amazing what modern surgery can do) with **Dorothy Crombie**, an air hostess who Stevie met on a flight to Edinburgh. "They've been inseparable ever since," a close friend let drop...

It must be the time of year. Music millionaire and reggae impresario **Chris Blackwell** is to wed French actress **Nathalie Delon**, ex-wife of heart-throb **Alain**...

It is the time of year. **Richard Jobson**, tall, cool, sultry singer with Scots fashion models **The Skids**, has revealed to a horrified world how he fortifies with the over-40s. T-Zers is aghast to learn that older women tend to take a bit of a shine to Jobbo and — worse! — they're prepared to pay for it!!!

Gauche. Gruesome. Politically, etc. Such was the outcry in the region of the T-Zers desk that greeted the revelation that **Elvis Presley** is soon to be warbling duets with the likes of Southern firecracker **Dolly Parton** on an upcoming album. His resurrection is to be achieved by stripping backing vocal tracks from The King's old hits, whereupon new voices

On the left is a man deeply concerned with the state of his health. He is **Jimmy Vaughan** of **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**, and he knows that the more intently he reads his copy of **NME**, the faster his broken leg will heal.



And on the right is another man equally concerned with corporeal well-being. He is **Dave Stewart** of **The Tourists** and he knows that the more the nurses rub his chest, the faster his punctured lung will repair itself. Which of them is right? Only **Burnel** knows for sure. **Ray Marlowe** and **David Thorpe** were them men in the surgical masks and the sterile lenses.



will be dubbed in and harmonised. Both **Barbra Streisand** and herb farmer **Wacky Macca** have been approached for the project but it's not known yet if either have given the 'thumbs up'...

Whofolk **Pete Townshend**, **Ox Entwistle** and **Kenny Jones** nipped into Oxford Street's **Classic Cinema** on Monday lunchtime to present a **Lambretta scooter** to the lucky winner of a **Quadrophenia** film comp. Also spied in the Parka-packing throng was **Phil Daniels**, fresh from rehearsals with his underground combo **The Cross** and bracing himself for the imminent release of his latest celluloid sortie **Breaking Glass**...

A **Jam For All Seasons** and one in the eye for all the **Def Iron Saxones** of this world as **The Jam** enter BBC's chart at No. 1. After consulting our very own **Doomsday Books** in the very bowels of IPC's crumbling towers we observe that this is the first time this dreadiferous feat has been achieved since one **Samuel Plowmanne's** madrigal composed on the death of **Sir Thomas More**, 'Aire On A Stubborn Catholyck (Version)', was the toast of Hampton Court way back in the razzzy 1520s.

DID YOU know that **Marion 'M' Nugent**, Ted's old dear, pens a monthly column in the *Illinois Entertainer* music mag? Thought not... Or that **Pink Floyd's** meisterwerk 'Dark Side Of The Moon' has now overtaken **Carole King's** 'Tapestry' in enjoying the longest run for a 'contemporary' LP in the Stateside charts? 303 weeks now out. Fearful innit? And did you hear how monotony maestro **Mike Rutherford**, of gospel trio **Genesis**, managed to play a whole two hours of **Radio 1 Star Special** without once deviating from the path of 'classic' rock records that everybody and his (or her) dog knows all too well. Or that **Tom Verlaine** is to apply his acid fretwork to the projected **Bowie** album? Thought not...

The **Jam's** next single is to be 'Heatwave'; **Elvis Costello's** is to be 'Ghost Train'; 'Dr. Luther's Assistant' and **The Pretenders** next is 'Talk Of The Town'. Don't say we never warn you...

An international critics poll scoured from such revered rags as *Music Life* (Japan), *Stern* (Germany) and *Avant Garde* (Newton Poppleford) voted sylphlike **David Sylvian** of the foppish **Japan** 'The Most Beautiful Man In The World'. For reasons which are not clear, **NME's** nomination was not sought, much to 'Handsome' **Monty Smith's** chagrin...

It gives us moderate pleasure to welcome into our staff ranks **Mr Adrian Thrills**, the celebrated star of stage, screen and Stevenage Labour Exchange. Mr Thrills — whose petit stature ensures he is always the last person to know it's raining — signs with us on a four million pound contract inked just before the deadline from BBC2's **Arena** programme, where last week you may have seen him revealing all about 2-Tone Records. Adrian — or Christian Aid as we know him — supports **Tottenham Hotspur** but doctors say he should regain consciousness in time...

Skeleton of the week: current office faves **The Q-Tips**, who are about to shake the nation with their thundering version of **Joe Tex's** 'Letter Song', used to be chart novelty act **Streeband**, of 'Toast' fame (some of 'em, anyway)...

NME

EDITORIAL

3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR

Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor

Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff

Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus Mackinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley
Adrian Thrills

Design

Caramel Crunch

Photography

Pennie Smith

Contributors

Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmonds
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Mark Ellen
Paul Du Noyer
Deanne Pearson
Graham Lock
Gavin Martin
Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.

Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director

Percy Dickens
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager

Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads

(01) 261 6122

Live Ads

(01) 261 6153

Ad Production

Brian Gorman

Pete Christopher

Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson

Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray

IPC Magazines Ltd.

Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

BETTER BADGES

MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|-----|
| 1 | (2) Madness '2 Tone' | 20p |
| 2 | (1) Madness 'Big M' | 20p |
| 3 | (3) Selector '2 Tone' | 20p |
| 4 | (4) Specials 'AKA' | 20p |
| 5 | (7) Police 'A&M' | 20p |
| 6 | (5) The Beat '2 Tone' | 20p |
| 7 | (9) S.L.F. | 20p |
| 8 | (-) Spizz 'Capt. Kirk' | 20p |
| 9 | (-) Police 'Blanc' | 20p |
| 10 | (-) Mod Stinks | 20p |
- 20p Body Snatchers, Buxcocks green/red (not green/blue), Poison Girls, Dangerous Girls, We are all prostitutes, Everyone has their price, Ants White Sox, hybrid Kids, Pop Aural, The 80s, Brian Saves, Animal Life otter, Badger, Kangaroo, Elephant, U.K. Decay, The Cash, 16 Tons.
- Wire 154, Mike Malignant & the Parasites, English Subtitles, A Certain Ratio, Doggers, Iggy Pop Soldier, London PX, Purple Hearts, The Cure, 25p Mother Gong, King Sounds, Black State, Killing Joke.

Add 10p P&P Free 11st
286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 0K

Look who's down at Woolworth.

Every month the Woolworth Record Department discounts a minimum of 50 top LP's and cassettes against manufacturer's recommended price.

And by spending £4 or more in our record department, you may be able to enter the 'Stars Cars' competition to win a Burlington Special Fiat 126 De Ville. (Competition closes 30th April 1980).

ALBUM DISCOUNTS

	Album M.R.P. Discount	Woolworth Price	Cassette M.R.P. Discount
Midnight Magic Commodores	80p off	£4.89	50p off
On Through The Night Def Leppard	80p off	£4.19	50p off
Barbara Dickson Album Barbara Dickson	80p off	£4.19	50p off
Loud & Clear Sammy Hagar	80p off	£4.49	50p off
Freedom At Point Zero Jefferson Starship	80p off	£4.69	50p off
Greatest Hits KC & Sunshine Band	80p off	£4.19	50p off
Late At Night Billy Preston	80p off	£4.49	50p off
Rock 'N' Roll Juvenile Cliff Richard	80p off	£4.49	50p off
Initial Success BA Robertson	80p off	£4.20	50p off
Sky Sky	80p off	£4.45	50p off
Love Somebody Today Sister Sledge	80p off	£4.20	50p off
Nobody's Heroes Stiff Little Fingers	80p off	£3.99	50p off
Tennis Chris Rea	80p off	£4.49	50p off
Short Stories Jon & Vangelis	£1 off	£4.35	50p off
Kenny Kenny Rogers	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Stranger In Town Bob Seger	£1 off	£4.69	50p off
Too Much Pressure Selector	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Tell Me On A Sunday Marti Webb	£1 off	£4.35	50p off
Big Smash Wreckless Eric	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Keep The Summer Alive Beach Boys	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Parallel Lines Blondie	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Oceans of Fantasy Boney M	£1 off	£4.00	50p off
The Age of Plastic Buggles	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
The Unrecorded Jasper Carrott	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
I Am Earth Wind & Fire	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Discovery ELO	£1 off	£4.49	50p off
Glass Houses Billy Joel	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Greatest Hits Elton John	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Greatest Hits Vol 2 Elton John	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
But The Little Girls Understand Knack	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Nolans Nolans	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Outlandos D'Amour Police	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Pretenders Pretenders	£1 off	£4.00	50p off
A String of Hits Shadows	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Wet B Streisand	£1 off	£4.29	50p off
Three Degrees Three Degrees	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
OST The Wanderer	£1 off	£3.49	50p off
Reality Effect Tourists	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
Off the Wall Michael Jackson	£1 off	£3.99	50p off
September Morn Neil Diamond	£1.20 off	£4.09	50p off
London Calling Clash	£1.20 off	£3.80	50p off
Get Happy Elvis Costello	£1.20 off	£3.80	50p off
Sometimes You Win Dr Hook	£1.20 off	£4.09	50p off
Reggatta De Blanc Police	£1.20 off	£3.79	50p off
Eat To The Beat Blondie	£1.20 off	£3.79	50p off
Fine Art of Surfacing Boomtown Rats	£1.20 off	£4.45	50p off
Greatest Hits ELO	£1.20 off	£4.09	50p off
Against The Wind Bob Seger	£1.20 off	£4.49	50p off
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road Elton John	£1.50 off	£5.99	50p off
Out Of The Blue ELO	£1.50 off	£6.49	50p off
On The Radio Donna Summer	£1.50 off	£5.00	50p off
Various War Of The Worlds	£1.50 off	£6.49	50p off
Greatest Bee Gees	£2.00 off	£6.75	80p off
Secret Life Of Plants Stevie Wonder	£2.00 off	£6.50	80p off
The Wall Pink Floyd	£2.00 off	£6.45	£1 off



The three LP's immediately above are being sold at Man. Rec. Price.

WOOLWORTH



COMPETITION

Offers at all record departments, subject to availability. Prices and availability of advertised products may be different in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands.

Everybody needs
WOOLWORTH
these days!
 And Woolco